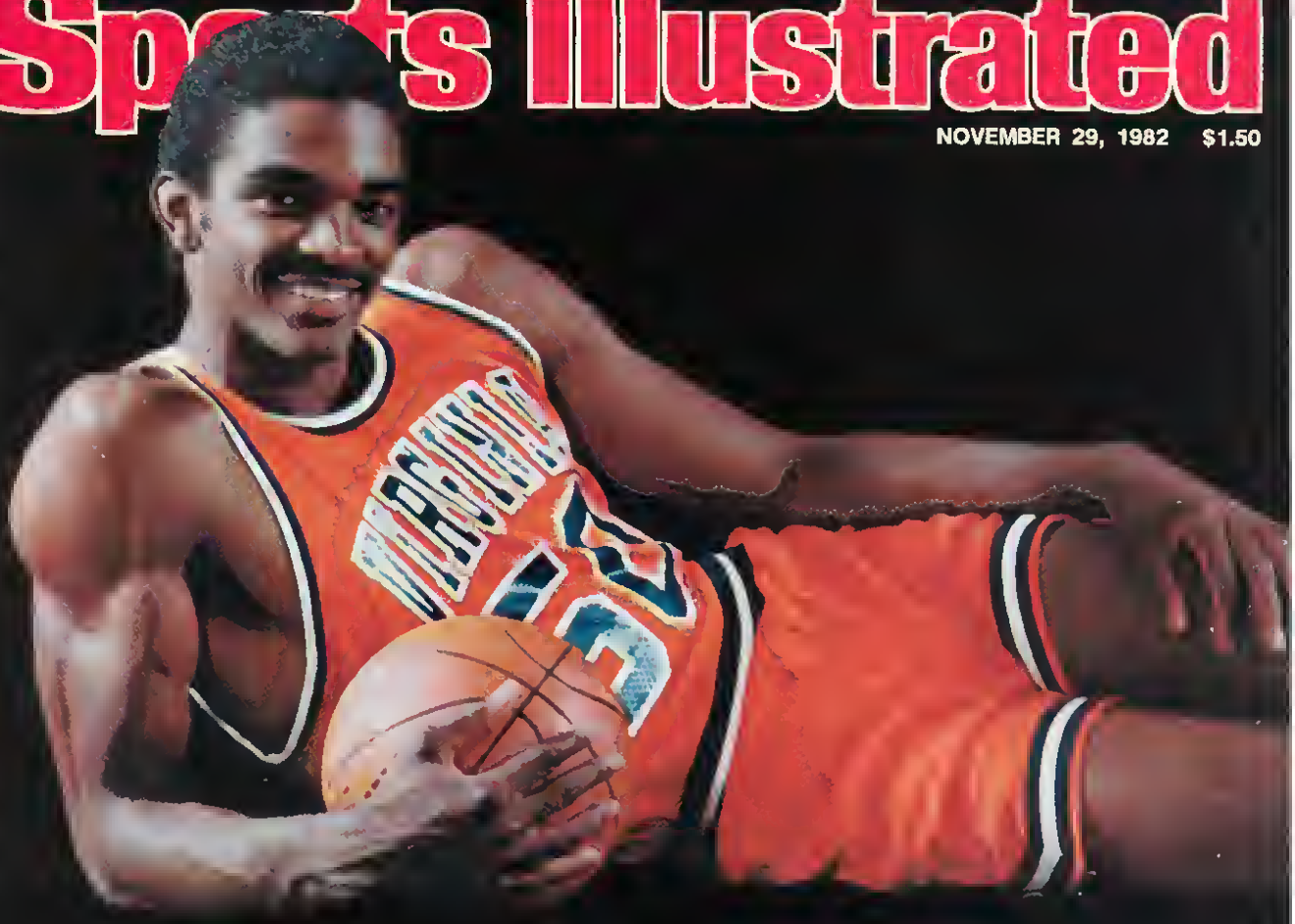
THE NFL: THE FIRST WEEK BACK

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 29, 1982 $1.50



COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

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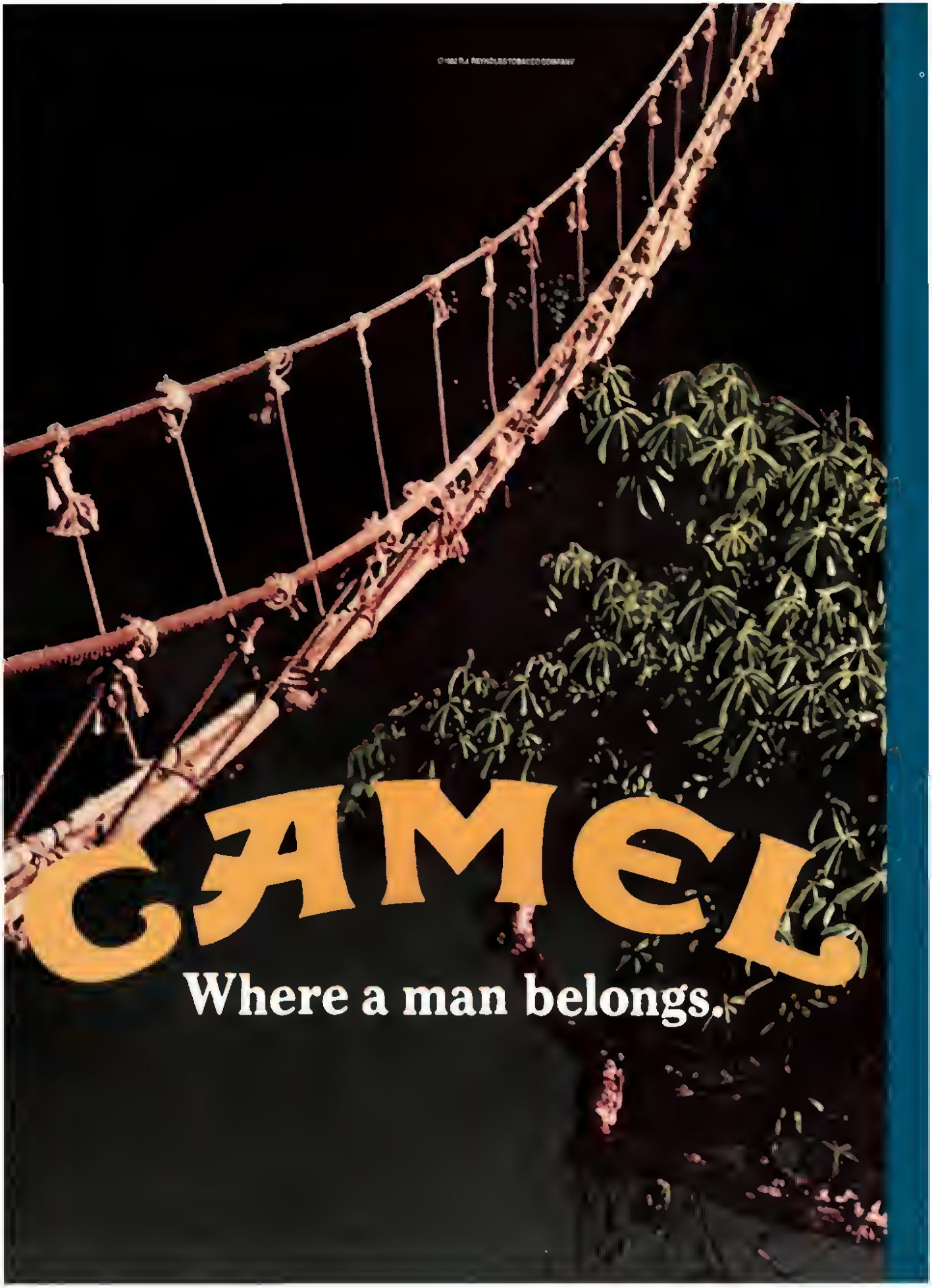
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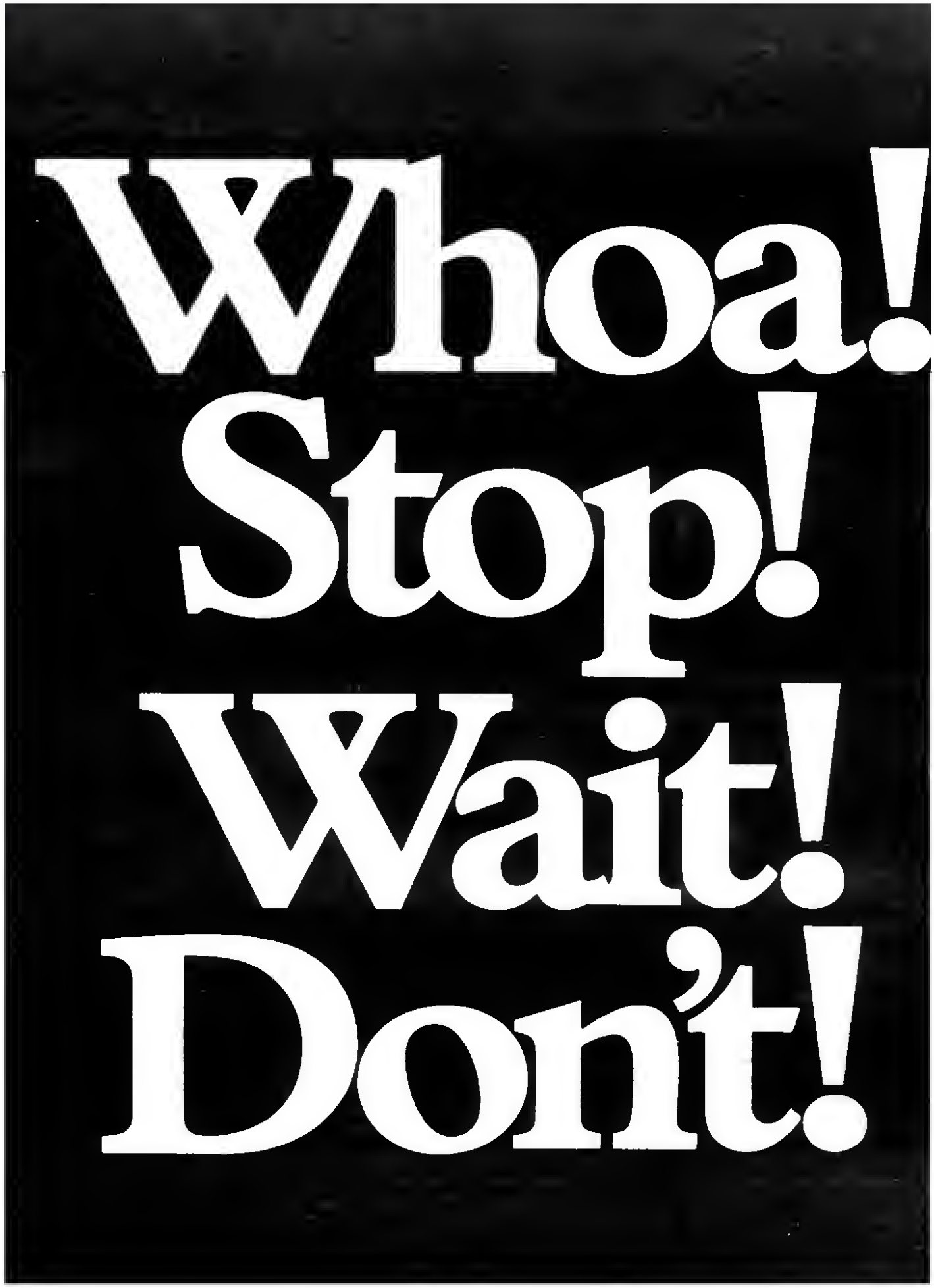
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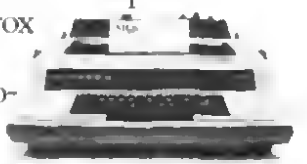

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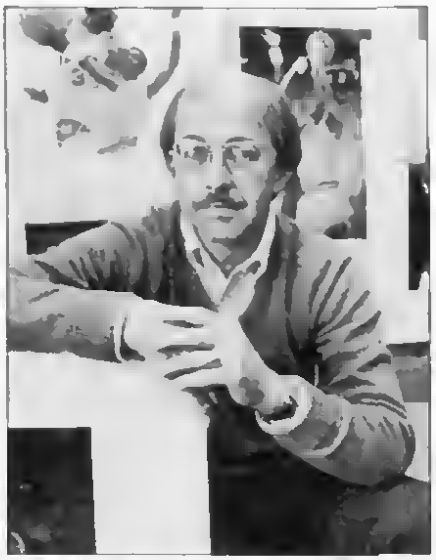

FORBES' PREVIEWS ARE "MORE THAN PLAUSIBLE"

The two best centers in college basketball are Virginia's Ralph Sampson and Georgetown's Pat Ewing, which is why they play a major role in this, our 26th annual college basketball issue. A major role—and a magical one. They have never competed against each other, and won't until Dec. 11, yet, on page 76, here they are, *mano* a *mano*, in living watercolor: Sampson leaps to shoot, the ball lingers on his fingertips and Ewing's arm extends to block it. Such action, seven pages of it, comes courtesy of 43-year-old Dallas artist Bart Forbes.

His paintings complement Senior Writer Curry Kirkpatrick's analysis of the upcoming Sampson-Ewing encounter. Forbes pored over action photos of the two players, matching them up in his mind's eye. As he says, "The challenge in this kind of work is to put both men together in situations that are more than just plausible—the perspective and lighting must be correct, so that it doesn't look as if two separate sets of reference material were used."

Forbes wasn't fazed by the assignment to preview Sampson vs. Ewing. This confrontation has already generated as much excitement as a championship fight, and Forbes has done similar previews of three such bouts for us, including Muhammad Ali-Larry Holmes, Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns and Holmes-Gerry Cooney. Forbes's research for Leonard-Hearns even included an informal sparring session with Associate Writer Pat Putnam.

Forbes's most recent boxing pictures were done for the long-delayed heavyweight showdown between Holmes and Cooney. We had planned a pullout cover photo of the two for the June 7 issue, but Holmes refused to share the limelight, and we found ourselves with no boxing cover. Forbes, who already had done the art for our seven-page preview of the fight, stepped into the breach. He got the assignment on a Wednesday, and a week later his cover painting depicting Cooney and Holmes in the heat of battle hit the newsstands.

The son of an Air Force career man, Forbes was born in Oklahoma, then lived in Guam, New Mexico, Texas and Florida before finally settling down in Cincinnati for his high school years. He was there long enough to become a Reds fan; "My second home was Crosley Field," he says. He went on to the University of North Carolina, taking a BA in art in 1961. He now stays put in Dallas, in his studio or his antique-filled English Tudor home, following the Cowboys as well as the Reds and playing a little tennis and golf between assignments. His wife, Mary Jo, operates their nearby Vineyard Gallery, and Forbes helps coach his 11-year-old son Ted's basketball team; eight-year-old Sarah plays soccer. (The family dogs, Shadow and Arf, and cat, Tom, aren't into organized sports.)

As for his work, Forbes says, "I feel God gave me a break. I do what I love most, every day, painting and drawing pictures."

Philip D. Hoblet

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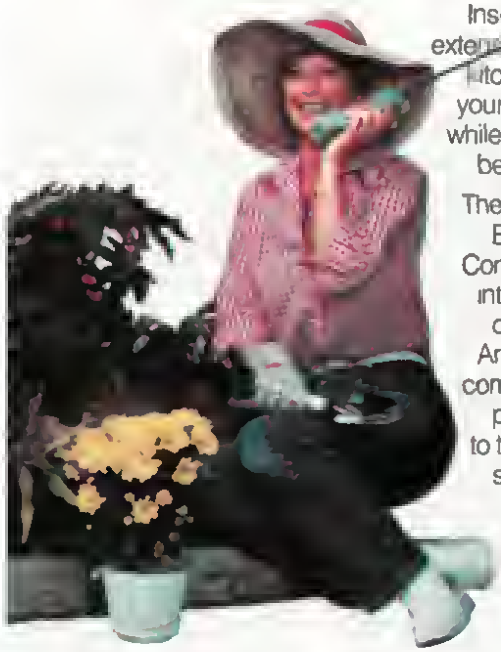

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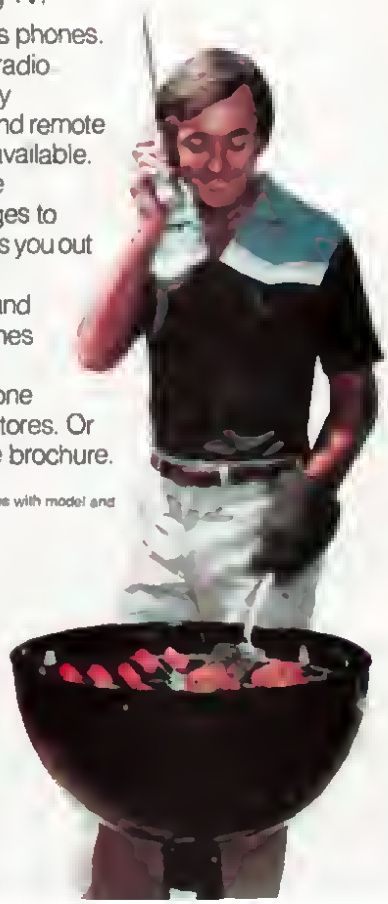

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ON DECK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

DEON MAYFIELD'S A TOUGH JUMPER TO BEAT—HORIZONTALLY AND VERTICALLY

Deon Mayfield, 20, should have known that no good can come to an athlete who spreads his efforts over three events as demanding and specialized as the high, long and triple jumps. The muscles and techniques developed for one to a degree work against those of the other two.

But because Mayfield, a 6′ 1½″ junior triple jumper at Arizona State, wasn't wholly aware of this, he had no way of knowing how difficult it was to compete as well in the high and, when he could arrange it, the long jump. Besides, he was excelling in all three.

In a dual meet last March with Tennessee, Mayfield long-jumped 25′ 2½″ (good for a second) and won the high jump (7′ 0″) and triple jump (54′ 2¼″). One week later, against Houston, Mayfield cleared 7′ 2¼″ to finish second in the high jump and leaped 24′ 10″ and 54′ 10½″ to win the long and triple jumps, respectively.

A number of names come up in the search for Mayfield's predecessors as multiple jumpers. Ron Livers, a 5′ 9″ San Jose State jumper, once cleared a bar 20 inches above his head on the same day that he tripled 54 feet. Willie Banks, now a UCLA law student, has often combined the triple and the long jump. But so far no track nut has uncovered anyone who has come close to Mayfield's marks in all three events.

How did he do it? The most important fact, says his jump coach of last year, Ralph Lindeman, now an assistant at the University of Arizona, "is that the guy has got springs in his legs. And he was willing to train and train and train, even when I told him not to."

Mayfield's greatest difficulty is keeping his takeoff techniques in order. In the long jump one arm is forward and one back, with the knees driving for vertical thrust. In the triple, the thrust is all horizontal and both arms move forward, as they do in his Fosbury flop high-jump launch. But in the high jump, his thrust is all upward.

As if that weren't confusing enough, two of the events are often held simultaneously, so Mayfield often must change shoes and run between pits as many as six times. "One of the things Deon has going for him," says Lindeman, "is his ability to relax in competition. He's mellow enough to change gears from one event to another without getting too confused."

Mayfield is, by his own description, "a pretty laid-back guy." His mother, Margorie Black, puts it differently: "I thought he would sleep his life away—and he would if you let him."

Mayfield grew up in Pasadena, Calif., and when he was in the ninth grade his parents divorced. His mother remarried and moved to Wichita, but she let him

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stay behind in California with her sister and brother-in-law, Deloris and Calvin Gums, because he was so happy at Pasadena's John Muir High. "It was a very big thing for her to do," says Deloris, "and we never minded having Deon for half a minute."

"He's a whiz with anything mechanical," says Calvin, a medical assistant in a program for alcoholics and drug addicts. "He'll fix anything, from a blender to a truck." Mayfield intends to follow his uncle into medicine, probably as an X-ray technician.

Mayfield was a gymnast—the double back flip was his specialty—and a third baseman when he moved in with the Gums. Because his cousins ran track at Muir, Mayfield took it up as well, competing in five events, including the relay and hurdles. His coach at Muir, Walter Opp, who died in August, recalled Mayfield's sleepy side: "He wasn't really caught up in it all, it was more like he was doing it because somebody put him there and told him to do it."

The turning point in Mayfield's career came in his senior year, at the league championship meet at Arcadia High. He was favored in the triple jump, but one of his teammates, Ricky Holiday, who's now at UC-Irvine, let Mayfield know early in the week that he intended to beat him. After having jumped a respectable 50' 9" and having used only three of his four tries, Mayfield changed into his street clothes and headed for the stands, where he watched as Holiday leaped 51' 11". "I had decided that if he could beat my mark then he could win it," says Mayfield, "but then he started in 'I'm Number One. I'm the best. Now I'm going to be on Channel 7 [Mayfield had been interviewed on local TV] and you're going to be on Channel 0.'"

Mayfield changed back into his uniform, returned to the field and set a National High School Federation record of 52' 10½". "That was the one time," said Opp, "that he truly became competitive."

After placing fourth in the triple jump at the NCAAs in May, Mayfield was selected as an All-America in that event. He plans to keep competing in all three jumps and hopes to be invited to some indoor meets this winter, such as the Sunkist and the L.A. Times. But the common wisdom is that he will have to narrow his sights—probably to the triple jump—to become a contender for a spot on the U.S. Olympic team. On the other hand, says Bob Hersh, records chairman for The Athletics Congress, "With an athlete who's already shown so much versatility, it's difficult to establish limits on what he can and can't do. Just because no one's ever done it doesn't mean that it can't be done."

Says Mayfield, "I had never thought there was any big deal about my doing the three events until they announced it at those meets in March. I'd always done all three whenever I could because I liked them, but I like the idea of doing something that nobody has ever done before. It's like a kid's dream to be famous for track and the three events. But they still seem like one event to me." END

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Sideline

by N. BROOKS CLARK

THIS SCOUTING COMBINE LOOKS OVER THE OVERLOOKED FOOTBALL PLAYERS

In the case of Billy Joe Hedgepath, the Free Agent Scouting Combine (FASC) did its job: It got him a chance. As a 5′ 10″, 197-pound halfback from Southwest Missouri State, Hedgepath had been passed over in the 1982 NFL draft, at three free-agent camps and by an Exxon dealer back home in Gary, Ind. who told him he was overqualified to pump gas.

In mid-June Hedgepath took part in an FASC camp in Chicago. He was tested in the 40-yard dash, the bench press, the vertical leap and quickness and agility drills. His results, along with those of the other 18 free agents on hand that day, were sent with the players' addresses and phone numbers to every NFL team, the Canadian Football League and the new U.S. Football League. Hedgepath's results caught the eye of Tom Bland, assistant director of football operations for the Tampa Bay Bandits of the USFL, who says, "His 40 time [4.71] isn't so great, but his agility and quickness drills were done in NFL-acceptable times. You look at the numbers and say, 'Here's a kid you can take a chance on'" Bland checked with Hedgepath's college coaches and offered him a tryout contract over the phone in mid-July. Since then, says Hedgepath, "I'm a new man."

FASC was founded last March by Ron Real, the executive director of the Minor Professional Football Association. Real helped start up the MPFA two years ago with the idea of bringing some respect to the 26 minor leagues around the country. Part of Real's job, as he sees it, is to solve the Catch-22 confronting minor league players who hope to make the pros. Because NFL scouts don't take minor league play seriously, a player can't get himself into a pro tryout camp without a battery of test scores to convince a scout he belongs there. But the place to get all those numbers has always been in college or at an NFL tryout camp.

There have always been free-agent camps—like the Cowboys' annual media event in Dallas—but for all but the rare Herb Mul-Key, the traditional camps add up to a stack of travel bills and a chance to get lost in the crowd. Real's idea was to

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set up a scouting combine that would travel *to* the free agents and provide their numbers to the pro scouts whether the scouts wanted them or not. Says Real, "We just aren't convinced that NFL scouting is as scientific as people think it is. We'd like to think there are some players whom the scouts missed." One of them may be Quarterback Mike Houston of St. Joseph's College of Indiana, another of the Bandits' acquisitions off the FASC lists. "On film he looks like a young Danny White," says Bland, "but he was playing baseball when the scouts came through."

Hedgepath's camp was No. 13 on a tour of 35 cities that covered 33,140 miles and tested 1,256 would-be pros between March and September. The FASC operation is simple. Real and his assistant, Chuck Lawrence, haul all the equipment—weights, plastic cones for agility drills, etc.—from camp to camp in a 24-foot van, sleeping in it along the way. They rent fields by the day, and—like magic—anyone with stars in his eyes and $50 in his pocket can have an evaluation of his football talents sent to every pro director of personnel development.

There were no NFL Cinderella stories in the Combine's first months of operation. Fourteen players did sign NFL contracts, and one, Center Al Steinfeld, made the Kansas City Chiefs' final roster. Two others, New York Giant Running Back Ted Blackwell and Green Bay Packer Wide Receiver John Dettman, are on injured reserve. "It's too early now to tell how many players they're going to be able to place in the NFL," says Les Miller, director of player development for the Chiefs, "but teams are always looking for an additional way to keep track of all the people out there, and the Free Agent Combine is doing a very good job of it. It helps to get updates on people we've looked at in the past, and it also helps us evaluate the thousands of calls and letters we get every year. If I can look and see that a guy really *is* 6' 4", 240 pounds and really *does* run a 4.7 40 well, I'm going to give his letter a little more consideration."

Real runs FASC out of his home in Elmhurst, Ill. with the help of his wife, Ceil, his seven children (ages 9 through 24) and Lawrence, 26, whose parents don't approve of his running all over the country with a stopwatch. "They don't know how to have fun with their work," Lawrence says.

Real and Lawrence have had plenty of that. They relied on a friend to secure a field for their third camp, in Houston. They ended up on the outskirts of town in front of a school that had closed seven years before. There were cows on the field, but the camp went on. In Kansas City, Mo. they had to rent four lawn mowers before proceeding. The mowing was done in an hour, but it's strictly BYOTurf from now on. In Chicago Real bought 3,000 square feet of Tartan Turf from an indoor-soccer facility.

Real has been criticized for taking money from the pockets of dreamers, but at least he makes no promises to the aspiring pros. Before each session he reminds each hopeful of his slim chance of making a pro team even if he does get a tryout and offers him his money back. "For a lot of guys," says Real, "it's their one moment of truth. A guy can see just how he rates with the other guys on the field and how his numbers would look in the NFL—and right then he might put away those dreams and get on with some other career." And Real never acts as an agent when a player actually *does* get an offer from the NFL, CFL or USFL, as 65 of the 1,256 testees have. "I'm not in this to take advantage of anybody," says Real. "We're providing a service, and it's a service that these players *need*, if only so they can become familiar with the drills that pro teams are going to judge them by. I always tell them, 'You wouldn't be here if you had anywhere else to go.' "

At an FASC camp in Chicago in August there were no complaints. Wide Receiver Kevin Kennedy, 23, clocked a 4.48 40 and showed remarkable agility and close-to-NFL-cutoff strength. Though he'd never played football in college, last year he'd given up a $13,000-a-year manager's job at a Popeye's restaurant for one packing screws and sockets at $3.50 an hour so he could play for the minor league Chicago Lions and—just maybe—try out for the USFL. Another receiver, Cleotis Fields, 23, unemployed, ran a 4.56 at the FASC camp. He played four seasons at Lincoln University in Missouri and said of a pro tryout, "It's all I ever dreamed of. It's a chance in a million, but I got my head up high."

Real's camper will be on the road again in December, touring the Southern states in preparation for the USFL draft. For details write Free Agent Scouting Combine, 135 Prospect Ave., Elmhurst, Ill. 60126, or call (312) 941-0185. **END**

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THE STRIKE: THE WINNERS. THE LOSERS. AND WHO DID WHAT TO WHOM

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The longest strike in sports history ended last week, and the National Football League went back to work after 57 days on the beach. Who won?

The owners.

The union—make that the future of the union.

Any players who figure they'll be around five years from now when a new contract will be negotiated. Based on current longevity figures, that's 31.7% of the work force.

Who lost?

The rest of the players—68.3%.

The superstars.

The fans.

Pete Rozelle.

Ed Garvey.

The owners won because they retained solid control over the game. For five more years they won't have to worry about the specter of free agency, which has sent salaries in basketball and baseball soaring. For those same five years NFL players will continue to draw the lowest average salaries in major pro sports. The owners also fought off percentage-of-the-gross and central-fund plans the players had so ardently espoused. In sum, the owners preserved their way of life for half a decade. To do it they had to sacrifice seven/sixteenths of a season's revenues (an estimated $210 million)—although, remember, they didn't have to write any salary checks for those seven weeks, thereby saving $63 million. Was it worth it to them? Yes. While the union showed the world it could sustain a strike, the owners demonstrated they could take one. Neither lesson will be lost when the parties sit down again in 1987.

The union won because it showed strength and organization. It established itself as a unified force, something it hadn't been able to do before. The owners' first major offer, a five-year, $1.6 billion package submitted on Sept. 8, came with the threat of a strike hanging over their heads. It wasn't a final offer, it was an opener, and although a lot of union people dismissed it, it was still a big step upward from those ridiculous openers in past negotiations. The union got new concepts in the final contract (*see box on page 22*)—a wage scale, severance pay, the right to bargain individual contracts and to reject agents it deems unfit. "History-making" is how Cincinnati Guard Dave Lapham describes the pact, which is also worth $1.6 billion but contains far more guaranteed money for players than the owners' original offer. "Severance gives players a year to adjust to income loss. It gives you a good feeling to know that for at least one year you'll be able to make it financially."

"People don't understand the full implications of this contract," says Pittsburgh President Dan Rooney, a key figure in working out the final agreement. "It's revolutionary."

Those revolutionary concepts give the union something on which to build when it comes to the table in '87. But most of today's players will be gone. The price they paid to firm up the future was heavy. A machinist or auto worker who might spend 40 years in his trade can well understand sacrifices in one contract for down-the-line benefits, but the average NFL life-span is 4.26 years, and most players don't want to make history, they want to make money. The loss of seven paychecks amounts to 10.27% of an average career's paydays. Will the financial gains the players won from the strike, the difference between the first offer of Sept. 8 and the final package of Nov. 16, cover the losses? Probably not, if you assume that the owners would quickly have improved their early offer if they smelled a settlement.

The superstars were losers. Most of them wanted free agency, the chance to peddle themselves in an open market. It's still debatable whether the union ever could have gotten this—"We would have gone without football for two years to keep free agency out," one owner says—but no one ever got a chance to find out. The concept was scuttled at the Players Association's convention last March. Big-name stars such as Terry Bradshaw and Dan Fouts were among the earliest critics of the NFLPA demands. Players who want to follow the route taken by Tom Cousineau, Bruce Clark and Eric Harris, all of whom went to Canada and then came back two or three years later and auctioned themselves off for a bundle, are semi-losers. CFL or USFL jumpers now have to wait four years instead of two before they can return to the NFL as free agents.

The fans lost—their favorite form of entertainment disappeared—but the networks, surprisingly, didn't. CBS, for example, says counting what it saved in payments to the NFL, its profit margin during the 57 days was the same as it would have been had the network telecast football every Sunday.

Rozelle was a loser in this strike. His image has suffered. He stayed out of the negotiations because he wanted to keep

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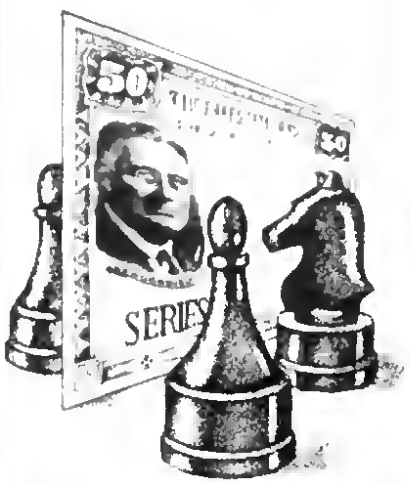

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the Commissioner's office separate from the bargaining table, but the world had come to look on him as some kind of savior. He wasn't.

The image of Ed Garvey also suffered. The cocky majordomo of the Albuquerque Convention became the beleaguered commander of a little garrison at New York's Summit Hotel, desperately trying to hold out as his treasury dwindled and his strength eroded.

But Garvey's image suffered in '74, too, when he couldn't sustain his training-camp strike into the season, and in the ensuing 2½ years when the players went without a contract, and in '77 when he settled for a limited free-agency system and a dues checkoff that would get the union treasury healthy. He bounced back from those grim times.

"Ed's resilient," says Rooney. "And in his own way he's formidable."

"He wants to become a historical figure," says one Management Council member. "In '77 he took a settlement so he could prepare for the big strike in '82, and now he settled so he could get the union ready for the big push in '87. It's become a narcissistic hall of mirrors for Ed Garvey."

Most of the 28 player representatives remained fiercely loyal to Garvey. "I don't know how he did it," says Packer representative James Lofton. "He never got any sleep, yet he was like the Rock of Gibraltar."

But among the rank and file there was great criticism. "I think Ed Garvey was there for his own personal interest," said Green Bay's Leotis Harris.

Adds NFLPA Vice-President Jeff Van Note of the Falcons, "Our organization is going to have to undergo a lot of changes."

Management's strategy during the strike was to sit tight and wait for the union to crack. The owners didn't make their first serious contract offer until nearly two months after the old pact had expired on July 15. "We waited much too long," says Rooney, who represented the Management Council's liberal wing. "By September we should have been deep into negotiations."

The owners addressed themselves to a wage scale only after NLRB general counsel William A. Lubbers announced on Oct. 21 that he would issue an unfair labor practices complaint. But even then the figures they came up with affected only 6% of the players, according to the

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NFLPA. They put a complete package on the table early in November—and waited. The first crack came two weeks ago when New Orleans players, followed by those in Houston and Denver, voted to accept the package in principle. The next one came the weekend before the tentative settlement when Garvey heard that the five-man NLRB in Washington would go against Lubbers' recommendation to issue an injunction that would have forced immediate bargaining by the owners on a wage scale. "Frankly, that shocked us," a management spokesman says. It also gave the owners the upper hand. They weren't in desperate need of funds. Their season-ticket money for 1982 already had been collected, with very little of it as yet refunded. The NFLPA treasury was in bad shape. "Our union is just about broke," says San Francisco player rep Keith Fahnhorst. "We wouldn't have had the finances to go at the owners again in 1983 if we had stayed out this whole season."

Garvey knew that time was running out. He was able to get some last-minute improvements, such as increasing the starting point of the wage scale to $50,000 by 1985 and qualifying the second- and third-year players (who are 25% of the union's membership) for severance pay, but only by sacrificing some earlier gains, notably guaranteed incentives for certain performance levels. At an afternoon meeting on Nov. 16 at New York's St. Regis Hotel with Rooney and intermediary Paul Martha, a former Steeler who's now the San Francisco 49ers' general counsel, and other management reps, Garvey and union president Gene Upshaw agreed to put management's proposal before the NFLPA's seven-man executive committee.

The seven-block walk from the St. Regis to union headquarters at the Summit must have been a long one for Garvey. "Ed didn't look beaten when he showed up," says Kansas City's Tom Condon, a member of the seven-man executive committee, "but he looked resigned. He gave us the proposition, and we took an informal poll. Some guys were very strongly in favor of staying out." The dangers of a holdout, however, were obvious to everyone. "Canceling the season would have meant that a lot of older players would have lost their severance pay forever," Condon says. "I mean the guys who wouldn't be back next year. Could we have done that to them?"

The executive committee decided to leave the decision up to the player reps, who were waiting five floors above in rooms 1725-27. With two absent and one abstaining, they voted 19–6 to present the contract to the membership. When they were polled on whether they would recommend acceptance, however, only three said yes.

Clearly, there is still an undercurrent of rebellion. The Lions refused to practice the next day, and the Patriots talked of boycotting last Sunday's game at Cleveland. Garvey had to make an emergency trip to Foxboro to dissuade them. "I noted how the players kept their distance from me when I went out to practice today," Cleveland owner Art Modell said on Thursday, the second day back. "None of them even acknowledged I was there. I guess many of them are angry and bitter." As play resumed on Sunday, it was touch and go whether some of the more militant teams—New England, Washington and Chicago, among others—would vote to accept the contract. There was even some talk that the players would play last weekend's third game of the season, grabbing a paycheck while at the same time establishing a year's pension credit, and then go out on strike again. There's also the possibility that the players will decide to continue the season without a contract, as they did from 1974 to 1976, but that would sacrifice the immediate financial gains they made with this contract.

What pro football was left with was a parody of a season—nine games, topped by 16 (instead of the usual 10) of the 28 teams going at each other for three playoff weeks, with the two survivors playing the fourth week in Super Bowl XVII at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena on Jan. 30. "A Mickey Mouse playoff setup and an asterisk season," Lions owner William Clay Ford calls it.

And the fans, what did *they* think of it all? A lot of them stayed home Sunday. In 13 stadiums the average attendance was down 8,390 from last year and the no-shows—people who bought tickets but didn't use them—totaled 115,586. In all, the 13 games played to 77% capacity, off 12% from 1981. Before anyone predicts the demise of the NFL, however, remember that baseball fans showed the same sort of disaffection after the major leagues' 50-day 1981 strike but turned out to watch games this season in record numbers.

Pro football will go on. **END**

THE VALUE OF WALKING OUT

The following are some significant contract gains made by the players as a result of the strike

SEVERANCE—The owners originally offered $10,000 per player for every year played from 1983 to 1986. The new contract credits all past years and has a ceiling of $140,000 for a player with 12 or more years' experience. A player who retires after four years would receive $60,000 in severance.

WAGE SCALE—In September the owners called it "minimum salary" and set up a five-year scale during which minimums would go from $30,000 to $35,000 for rookies and from $50,000 to $55,000 for players with five or more years' service. The final contract establishes a scale that will range in '82 from $30,000 for rookies to $200,000 for 18-year men. In '85 the range will be $50,000 to $200,000.

POSTSEASON PAY—September offer was $5,000 per player for wild card teams up to $30,000 for Super Bowl winners. New scale: $6,000 to $36,000.

PLAYING RULES—In the owners' offer players had no say about rules. Now players can send disputed rule changes involving safety to arbitration.

RIGHT TO BARGAIN INDIVIDUAL CONTRACTS—Agents wouldn't have been restricted under owners' proposal. Now, the union can disqualify any agent for a veteran player and, with the player's approval, negotiate for the player itself.

BONUS—The owners offered bonuses of $10,000 for rookies, $20,000 for second-year men, etc., to a maximum of $60,000 for players of at least six years' service. Current proposal starts at $10,000 for rookies but jumps to $60,000 maximum for players in their fourth year. The increase affects 288 fourth- and fifth-year players, 18% of the league.

HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place, won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races, and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

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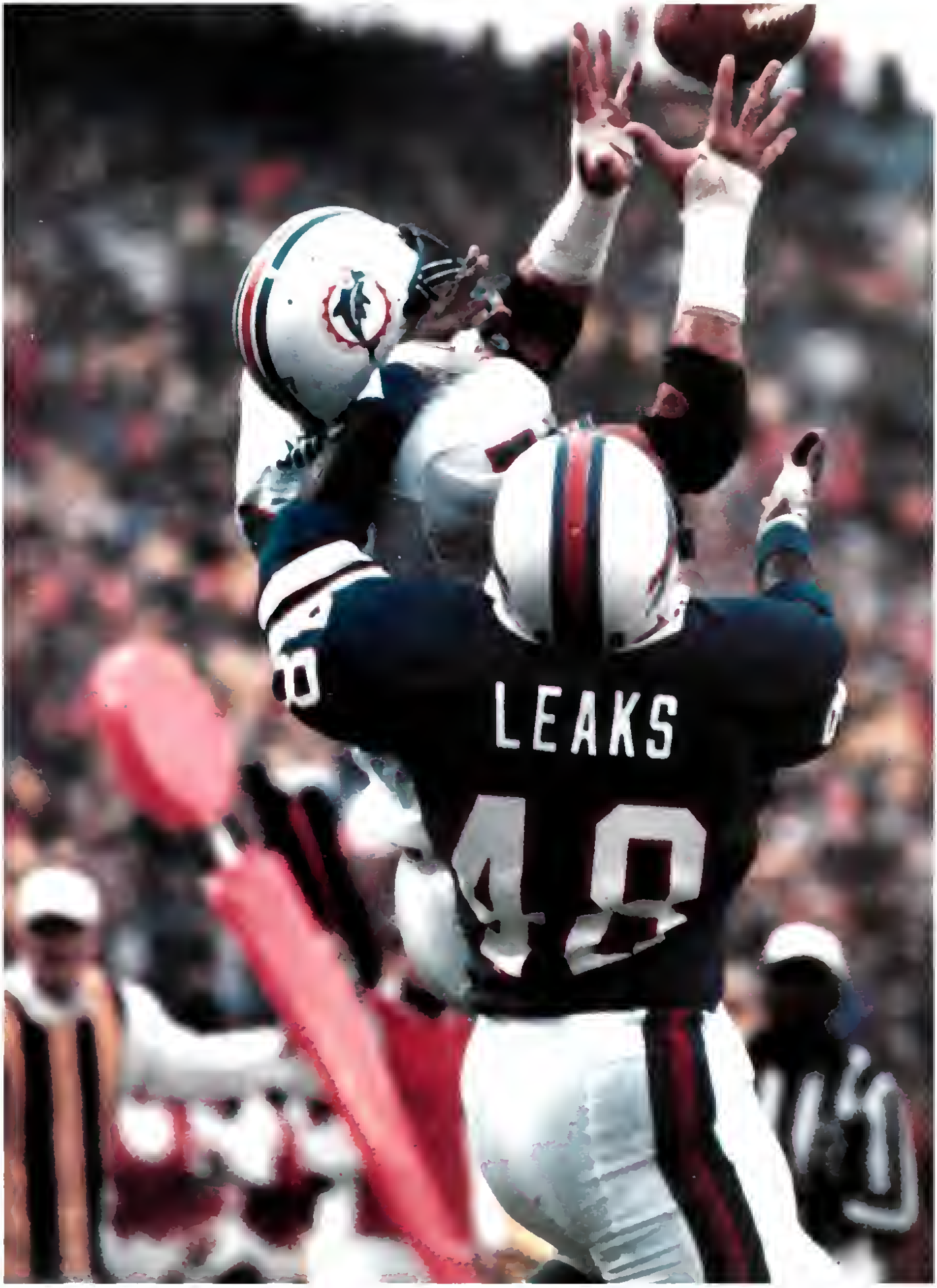
LEAKS
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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 22, 1982

Unbeaten, Untied, Unbearable

The NFL finally resumed play, but 2–0 teams Buffalo and Miami proved that without practice it's hard to be perfect **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

After the longest delay of game—eight weeks—in pro football history, the NFL returned to action last Sunday. The bitterness of the strike was forgotten—temporarily, at least—as attention shifted from percentage of the gross to percentage of completions, from defections to deflections, from payoffs to playoffs. Would the players be ready for 60 minutes of hitting after only four days of practice? What about injuries? What about game plans? What about the fans' plans?

Around the league the answers varied. In St. Louis the defending Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers reopened the shortened season facing hasty elimination from the new 16-team playoffs. They had lost their first two games in September, and a third straight defeat would mean they could practically kiss the postseason goodby. But the Niners profited by their long layoff, showing midseason form as they beat the Cardinals 31–20. The Washington Redskins and the Green Bay Packers, both 2–0 back in September, remained unde-

continued

Buffalo's hopes all but died when Duhe leaped in front of Leaks to intercept Cribbs's pass in the end zone.

feated by winning convincingly over the Giants (27–17) and the Vikings (26–7), respectively. Surprisingly, it was the only matchup of unbeaten teams, Miami vs Buffalo, that produced what most observers had expected for the league as a whole a sloppy exhibition lacking everything, including points.

In Buffalo the fans turned their backs on pro football's return. A crowd of only 52,945 showed up in 80,020-seat Rich Stadium to watch the Dolphins outdismal the Bills 9–7 under gloomy, drizzly skies, and you had to go back three years, through 19 home games, to find a punier turnout in Buffalo.

So much for the prediction that the fans, starved for the NFL's brand of entertainment, would come flocking back. So much for letting bygones be bygones. Buffalo is not Tinseltown. There are never any LUV YA BLUE hats in the stands. Skydivers don't alight n the 50-yard line at halftime. Bills fans are show-me people. The team sells only 30,000 season tickets; the rest of the 80,020 go on a let's-see-what-ya-got-for-us basis.

The people of Buffalo clearly didn't expect much from Week 1 of the post-strike season, and they didn't get much:

One touchdown, which came from a fumble.

The lowest scoring game of the 13 played on Sunday.

Nine turnovers, including seven by the home team.

Nine dropped passes and a completion percentage of 41.4 for both teams.

The fans booed Buffalo Halfback Joe Cribbs when he entered the game after five plays. Cribbs had been a holdout; he'd rejoined the team on Friday, and two days of practice were all he'd had since January. But they cheered when he darted for seven yards on his first play, and they kept cheering him because Little Joe had come back in shape. It soon became obvious, too, that Cribbs was one of the few things the Bills had going for them. He carried the ball 21 times for 74 yards—"About twice the work I expected they'd give him," Buffalo Quarterback Joe Ferguson said—and threw one pass that turned out to be the most significant Bills play of the day.

It came in the third quarter, with Buffalo leading 7–6 and looking very much as if it were going in for the touchdown that would put the decision away. Don't laugh. An eight-point lead in this game would have looked huge. The Bills had a first down at Miami's 11. They'd moved well on the ground. Their offensive line was getting off the ball smartly, and Cribbs was following his blockers and getting a lot on his own, too. There was nothing wrong with his timing.

"I felt all day we could run on them," said Right Guard Jon Borchardt, the best of the Buffalo linemen against Miami. "Hell, every time we ran a trap play we picked up eight or nine yards."

Instead, the Bills tried a gimmick play, a halfback option pass, Cribbs sweeping right and throwing to Fullback Roosevelt Leaks. Two men were in Cribbs' face when he let the ball go. It was a shotput, a slow-motion pass—"Let's face it, I am not a quarterback," he said later—and Miami Linebacker A.J. Duhe grabbed the interception in the en zone.

"It was a last-minut thing," Duhe said. "I just had to get on my horse when I saw the ball in the air."

It was the fifth Buffalo turnover of the day, but the curtain didn't come all the way down for the Bills until the fourth quarter, when they tried another gimmick. This was on a flanker reverse, with rookie Robert Holt carrying the ball, which he fumbled. Mike Kozlowski, Miami's nickel back, recovered and ran it 30 yards, down to the Buffalo 12, and the question was: Would the Dolphins screw up the chance for a go-ahead field goal or not? Their offense held, and Uwe von Schamann's 21-yard kick gave Miami its two-point victory.

Ferguson had already thrown four interceptions, but he still had one more left in him—and that was it for the Bills.

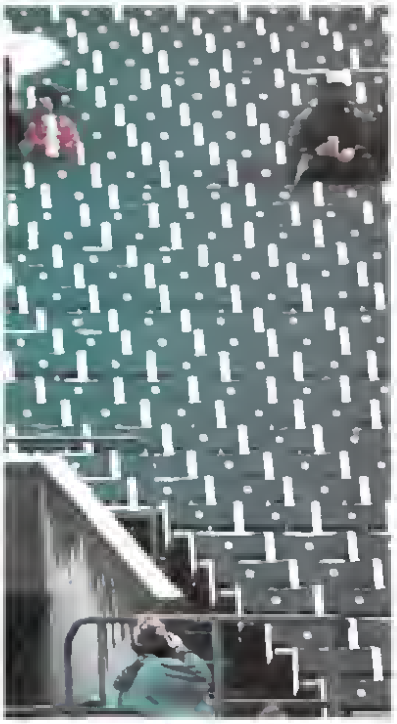
"Any consolation from this game?" someone asked Ferguson afterward.

"Yeah," he said, "we scored a TD." Actually, he scored it himself, scooping up a Cribbs fumble and running it in from the seven.

"I feel bad for the interceptions, bad for our defense, as well as they played," Ferguson said. "Some were bad throws, some came from missed timing. The rain was a factor in the second half. Maybe Miami was in a little better condition than we were. They worked out hard every day during the strike. It was tough to keep people in Buffalo. But conditioning

Some 27,000 of Garvey's fans came to

Typically, the game's only TD resulted from a simple play that was botched: Cribbs (20)



Rich Stadium disguised as empty seats

wasn't a factor. We outplayed them. We just gave the game away."

"How long before this team gets back to normal?" he was asked.

"A week, maybe two, I don't know," he said. "The Miami game is always a big one for us, but this time, well, the intensity just wasn't there during the week. I'm not talking about today. There was plenty of hitting out there. But even myself, I just wasn't up for Miami the way I usually am. I found myself thinking about whether the players would ratify the contract instead of thinking about Miami."

The caliber of play was deep freeze. Both offenses played it close to the vest, running the ball decently at times, throwing mostly safe, short passes and completing few of them. There were only two sacks in the game, one on each side.

"We didn't get to the quarterback because they were throwing one- and two-second patterns," said Buffalo Middle Guard Fred Smerlas. "As soon as they got the ball, whoosh, it was gone."

A two-time Pro Bowler, Smerlas had no tackles and no assists, which he blamed on a lack of timing, not fatigue. "I'd be thinking through a move rather than doing it," he said, "thinking instead of reacting, getting myself in bad position and getting blocked."

Miami Coach Don Shula said he saw some "great defense out there." He said he replaced Quarterback David Woodley with Don Strock at halftime because Strock had more experience, would handle the lousy weather and the overall strangeness of the game better. He said it was a "big win for us" and "puts us in great shape because all three wins were in the conference." He said all this with a straight face, and because he *is* Don Shula no one burst out laughing. All the victory meant was that the Dolphins are a cinch to reach the playoffs. And all the loss meant was that the Bills probably have to win three of their next—and last—six games to qualify themselves.

"It's like the NHL," said Buffalo Guard Reggie McKenzie. "If you can't make the playoffs in this setup, you have a major rebuilding job ahead of you. You have to evaluate your entire program."

It was a game to get through with as few injuries as possible. On Saturday Buffalo Coach Chuck Knox was asked if it might make sense to rest the varsity for a quarter or so. "I'll be watching for signs of fatigue very closely," he said. "If anyone shows them, I'll get him out of there." What he didn't say was that the Bills are in the business of selling tickets on a game-to-game basis, and what's good for the health of the squad might not be good for the box office.

While Shula kept rotating his backs and receivers, Knox stuck more with his regulars. The sad result was that he lost his two starting wide receivers to injuries as a result of the herky-jerk nature of the offense. Jerry Butler pulled a thigh muscle in the third quarter, stretching for an overthrown pass, and Frank Lewis sprained a knee on the slippery turf when he tried to come back for an underthrown one in the final period. The Bills' injury roster also listed Defensive End Ken Johnson (sprained knee) and Inside Linebacker Jim Haslett (pulled hamstring), while the Dolphins lost their left defensive end, Doug Betters, with a broken thumb. It was a normal quota of casualties for an NFL game.

Haslett was one of the few players on either team who would admit he was tired—that's right, tired—from being out of football eight weeks and in it for only five days, including one game. The rest of the locker room quotes were like something out of *The Manchurian Candidate*, everyone saying the same thing the same way: "Tired? Why no. I didn't feel tired." But Haslett broke the streak. "Let's face it," he said. "I'm beat."

So were the Bills. And the fans. END

took a handoff for a dive play, and when he fumbled, Ferguson (12) picked up the ball and scooted around right end for the Bills' score.

A Lucky Strike For The 49ers

by JOHN PAPANEK

For Joe Montana the question is: Will he remember the great NFL strike of 1982 for the $140,000 in salary that he lost, or for his 408 yards on 26-for-39 passing against St. Louis in the 49ers' first game after the walkout ended? Those figures not only made this the most productive game of Montana's four-year career, but also broke the 49er single-game record of 371 yards passing set by Y.A. Tittle in 1953.

Strike? What strike? In beating the Cardinals 31–20 in St. Louis Sunday, the 49ers, once they got fired up, looked more as if they'd just returned from a 57-day health retreat at Silverado than from a protracted labor dispute. How else can one explain San Francisco's elegant performance on a day when the quality of play was expected to be only slightly above Pop Warner League level? One could almost remember way back to the last Super Bowl, which these same 49ers—who were 0–2 before the strike and are now struggling for a playoff berth in this truncated season—actually won.

When he bade them farewell on Sept. 20, Coach Bill Walsh reminded his players of that game—still rather fresh in memory at the time—and of their recent losses to the L.A. Raiders and the Denver Broncos. Having invoked the Super Bowl, Walsh heaved a sigh of relief as his corps of injured defending champions hobbled off into the sunset.

The injury plague had begun on Memorial Day when All-Pro Offensive Right Guard Randy Cross fell from a rope he was swinging on at a charity function and broke his left ankle and tore ligaments in it. Cross was back—miraculously—when the season opened but was not his old self against either the Raiders or the Broncos. Left Guard John Ayers missed the Denver game because of viral meningitis. Charle Young, the old tight end, and Russ Francis, the new old tight end, had a sore leg and a sore back, respectively, and Linebacker Willie Harper had yet to play after arthroscopic knee surgery during the summer. Right Cornerback Eric Wright pulled a hamstring against the Raiders, and Fred Dean, the designated pass-rusher and the NFL's 1981 Defensive Lineman of the Year, had been suffering from a chronic groin injury. A dozen other 49ers were afflicted with assorted infirmities of varying severity. The constant position-switching had turned San Francisco into a second-division NFL team just as abruptly as it had become a champion a year earlier.

"Of course, none of us expected that the strike would last so long," Walsh said last week. "But the people who were out were not going to return the next week to play Chicago, or the week after that to play Tampa Bay. They were out. Had the season continued, we might well have been 0–5 before we even began to get healthy again. We might have been playing for a draft choice rather than the Super Bowl. We talked about how we would try to take advantage of the strike—by getting well."

And so they did—with two major exceptions. Bubba Paris, the 6′ 6″, 293-pound rookie from Michigan who was handed the starting left offensive tackle job the day he was drafted last spring, was out for the year after a knee injury in preseason. And Defensive End Dwaine

Nahamiah, who had three catchas for 93 yards, gainad 55 on this play and was denied a TD only by Perrin's last-grasp tackle.

Montana's 408-yard passing performance surpassed Y.A. Tittle's old 49er record.

Board became a knee victim in the Raider game. Board's loss is especially painful; in games he has started over the past three seasons, the 49ers are 17–5. Without him they're 5–18.

There were other problems as well, not the least of them being the pressure to defend the championship, plus the erosion of confidence that came with the 0–2 start. And there had been personnel changes, antedating the strike, that were galling to some of the 49ers. One was the acquisition of Francis, who spent last season in retirement, and another was the arrival of Renaldo Nehemiah, the out-of-this-world hurdler signed by the 49ers as an untried wide receiver with much fanfare and a guaranteed contract to boot. "Who was it who won the Super Bowl anyway?" said one 49er. "Not those two." Said Young, "Suppose you drive a car and it runs beautifully with Champion spark plugs. Now, if you replace a couple of those Champions with Bs and Xs, do you think the car will run as smoothly?"

"We just about have to win every game," said Montana on Friday. "The strike had to help us."

And it appeared that it had, even if Nehemiah, who had begun training to resume his hurdling career when his U.S. eligibility was reinstated during the stoppage, observed on Thursday that in his judgment, "Three-quarters of the guys are out of shape." Freddie Solomon, the veteran wide receiver whom Nehemiah plays behind, was one of them, with a slightly pulled muscle. Before the game, Solomon sidled over to Nehemiah and said, "Your time is coming, Nehemiah." Sooner than you think." That didn't particularly excite Renaldo who, though he had caught just three passes in the first two games, has never lacked confidence. "O.K., Freddie," he said. "I'll be ready then."

On Sunday, Nehemiah caught three passes for 93 yards, once receiving the ball and hits from two Cardinal defenders the same moment, yet hanging on. He lit up Busch Stadium in the third period, by which time Solomon had, as predicted, relinquished his job, at least for the day. Montana had just lost a fumble and thrown an interception to enable the Cardinals to go ahead 13–10, and the 49ers were showing rust around the edges. Split left, Nehemiah sped toward the post from his own 24, sucking two St. Louis defenders along with him. Montana just let the ball fly and Nehemiah accelerated, leaving Cardinal Cornerback Carl Allen as though he were standing still. Once free, Nehemiah had to slow up to wait for the pass, which he caught 55 yards downfield. Free Safety Benny Perrin was lucky to get a hand on Nehemiah's ankle to save a touchdown. To save it, that is, for Francis, who scored a moment later on his very first reception as a 49er.

From then on, Montana was on his mettle, throwing his next touchdown pass—a 33-yarder—after picking up a St. Louis blitz and calling an audible, for a quick post route for Dwight Clark. "That was the best-executed play we've run in my four years here," said Walsh.

It was a fairly remarkable performance all around, considering how little preparation the 49ers, like everyone else in the league, had had. After the breakup eight weeks ago, the team hung together, working out religiously the first week, a little less religiously the second. By week three, church was out for most of the players. "Guys got kind of tired of it," said Montana. Particularly the linemen. "There just wasn't anybody you could *hit*," said Dean.

A few got back in time for walk-throughs in the rain on Wednesday. And on Thursday, Hacksaw Reynolds went out early to help squeegee the practice field. But an unrelenting deluge sent the 49ers into a hangar at nearby Moffett Naval Air Station, where they ran on the concrete floor, avoiding several parked airplanes and pieces of automotive equipment. They had another desultory trot-around on a spongy field Friday and finally a brief workout on Saturday morning before flying to St. Louis. There hadn't been a lick of full-speed contact until game time.

Then the 49ers handled the Cardinals, who had beaten New Orleans and lost to Dallas before the strike, practically as if San Francisco had never been out at all. Montana, though, laughed at the suggestion that it might have been his best game ever. "I made a lot of mistakes. Two big, dumb ones right in a row," he said, referring to the third-quarter fumble and interception, before he caught fire.

"Was I surprised at how we played?" said Walsh. "No. Not at all. As I remember, we played this well a few times last season." **END**

PART III

Journal of a Plagued Year

The Ship Has Sailed Again...

. but last weekend the author and his Viking teammates foundered

by AHMAD RASHAD
as told to FRANK DEFORD

TUESDAY, NOV. 16: Gloves

I first heard the strike was over late this afternoon, when I was in a sporting-goods store. I said sure, thanks, when the guy told me. I'd heard that too many times the last 50-something days. But outside, in the mall, I met a neighbor of mine, and she told me the same thing. She's married to a Northwest pilot, and those guys are always on strike, so I figured she knew strikes. And she was right.

The first thing that came to my mind, Frank was: This is great. We can get hot and win the whole thing. The way I heard it first, eight teams would make the playoffs. We're 1–1 now, so I figured we could glide past some guys. We're a passing team, and passing doesn't demand as much precision as running. Besides, it's going to be essentially a cold-weather season now, and receivers always have the advantage on frozen fields.

Unfortunately, that also made me think. I wonder if Bud Grant has changed his theory on gloves. His theory

A little running at practice made Rashad (28) wish he'd worn cleats during the strike.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

is that no matter how cold it is, you don't need 'em. My hunch is, Bud hasn't changed.

I've changed, though. I've been growing a beard for six days. I needed to do something. At first, the strike was nice. I haven't had two days off in a row in the fall for many years. But having two months off was another matter. For several years I had a mustache, and I was a totally different-looking person with it. I appeared much older and tougher. I'm proof that all black people don't look alike, because with a mustache I didn't even look like me.

Thought for today: I just found out 16 teams, not eight, get in the playoffs. Great: I always wanted to play in the NBA.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17: Shoes

Up at 6:30 for a physical at 8. And I couldn't find my shoes. The last thing I did when the strike was called was to bring my cleats home, because I was going to work out a lot in them. That was the last time I thought about my shoes. I finally found them out in the garage.

Then everything went great. I was so excited I was actually looking all around for other Vikings as I drove to our training facility. And 10 minutes after we got there, it was like we'd never been away. It was fun all over again. The three things you need to play pro ball are good hands, quick feet and thick skin, and right away, the guys were all over each other. Like, if you've got a slightly large nose, everybody will say, "Hey, tell me what they're cooking in Spain today." Why, there were even some guys who actually had some unkind remarks about my new beard, such as: Did you just climb out of a garbage can?

The universal joke was, "Hey, where's my check?" because in the new agreement we're all getting big bonuses. The backup universal joke involved urine

continued

Grant apparently thought a picture was worth a thousand words during a short week.

specimens. The gag was that clean specimens were for sale, starting at $35 and going up to $100 if you had a reputation as a party boy. As you can see, Frank, the 50-some days haven't eroded any of the clever wit we gridiron stars are renowned for.

I had forgot my shoes again, so I had to go out to the car to get them. Then we had our first meeting, watching films of the Tampa Bay game, our season opener. Both the teams we played in September used the 3-4, and so does Green Bay, which we play Sunday, so that's good for us. And Jerry Burns, our offensive coordinator, just started the meeting off as if nothing had happened. Coaches are always up for meetings.

Green Bay? People ask me what my greatest pressure situation ever was in football, and I answer Green Bay. Only it was a Green Bay *meeting*. It was during the '75 preseason when I was with Buffalo. Lou Saban was the Bills' coach, and he's one of the great meeting coaches. Whenever Lou gave a speech I tried to memorize it in case I ever got into a war and had to fire a whole army up.

This particular time, the Packers had beaten us, and Saban was mad. I was sitting next to O.J. Simpson. That was my mistake. No coach was ever going to get mad at O.J. Later that year O.J. played a bad game, and so for the whole meeting after it Saban screamed at Jim Braxton, because Braxton was sitting next to O.J.

At the Green Bay meeting Saban was wearing khaki pants, with a real football coach's shirt and a cap, and he had a pencil stuck up under one side of his glasses, so it bounced up and down whenever he screamed. O.J. started to giggle, and I could feel myself getting ready to laugh. And I knew. If I laugh, I'm gone. This is serious. Green Bay has beaten us in preseason, and that is no laughing matter. And here I am, a new kid on the block, trying to get more money, and if I laugh, my career is over. And next to me, my friend O.J. is trying to make me laugh.

And then Saban lets it out another notch. He screams at the offensive line. They were called The Electric Company—remember that? He yells, "Electric Company? Electric Company, my ass—you guys blew a fuse!" And now I really can't stand it. I have to hold my hands up like blinders to keep from seeing O.J. And then Saban moves on to money and greedy players, which includes me, and his pencil is really bouncing now, and he hollers, "Money, money, money!—when you guys die, I'm going to stick a green flag in each of you, and it'll say, HE HAD SOME MONEY. Yeah, money, money, money!" And now I absolutely couldn't control myself, so all I could do was lay my head down and think serious things, sad things. I thought about people dying, everybody dying all over. And somehow I survived the meeting. But talk about pressure—that was my most ever.

After Burnsy's meeting came practice. It was indoors, under the bubble that covers part of our practice field, just helmets and shoulder pads. Bud told us he wasn't going to punish us, just work us as if it were a regular situation. Of course, normally we only have one practice a day during the season. We're having a second one this afternoon and a meeting tonight, just like we were in training camp. The first workout went surprisingly well—at least until Bud made us all run 10 40-yard sprints, gassers. I should have used those shoes some.

We broke for lunch. Scott Studwell started calling me Scuz in pointed reference to my beard. In the afternoon we worked in full gear. But you know, all day, there really had been no talk about the strike. Then, in the middle of afternoon practice, I looked up and saw Da-

That the Vikings hadn't lost their penchant for pranks was evident when the old man of the team got a pie in the face from Coleman.

vid Huffman walking toward the field. Dave is our player rep and he was just back from New York, where he'd been for about a week for the negotiations. He was carrying a big athletic bag, and I screamed out, "Hey, Huffman, is that bag full of money?" And everybody laughed. Well, everybody but Dave laughed.

We had our last meeting of the day at 7:30. Just beforehand, bowing to public demand and peer pressure, I shaved off my beard. It hadn't been much of a beard, anyway.

Thought for today: Everybody probably figures that all the teams will stick to pretty basic stuff this Sunday. I doubt that. You can probably pull off something like a double reverse flea-flicker at a time like this when the defenses aren't so well prepared.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18: Hits

Most guys didn't do much during the strike, but there's a rookie on our team named Steve Jordan who has an engineering degree, and he went right downtown and got a very good job as an engineer. Jordan went to Brown so, naturally, we call him Ivy, and if anybody ever has a question, whether or not Jordan is involved in the conversation, he'll get asked for the answer. Like, "Hey Ivy, how many miles is it to Denver?" Or, "Ivy, what's 8½% of $93,500?" And the thing is, he's usually right, too. Once when he was wrong, I said, "You see, Ivy, you should've gone to Harvard."

The guy who had the best deal during the strike was Curtis Rouse, another rookie. We call him Boo Boo. He and Jordan live together. Jordan supported him, and Rouse, who started the strike weighing slightly less than 300, ate. He gained about 20 pounds. Today he asked, "Ahmad, can they cut weight off you?"

I said, "No, Boo Boo, but they can staple your stomach."

Actually, the *only* guy on the whole team who really looks the worse for wear is Dave Huffman. I told him today that we all appreciated what he had done for us as the player rep, but that didn't exactly pep him up.

Of course, I know there's been some talk that we're all coming back to action without sufficient preparation, but none of us believe that. Nobody is any more worried about injury than ever before. Our bodies are mature, in excellent condition. If you think about it, eight weeks is a drop in the bucket physically in the life of a pro football player. Think how often it happens that somebody comes back from an injury after eight weeks—and nobody makes anything of that.

Rouse wanted a fast way to get rid of fat.

After all, we don't ever practice *for* contact. When we came to camp this summer, after being away from football seven *months*, we played our first exhibition after only nine days of workouts and one short passing scrimmage. If you practiced getting hit, you'd only get hurt more in the process. It's like remembering how to ride a bicycle—or maybe remembering how to fall off one. Whenever I practice and I catch a ball with a lot of guys around me, I just register somewhere: Well, if this were a real game, I'd be hit now, so you're prepared when it is a real game.

They really got me at practice today. They all bet me I couldn't stay quiet for three minutes. Steve Riley, the tackle, the poor guy who has to stand next to me in the huddle, came running over and said, "I want some of that action." I haven't heard Steve say that many words in the seven years I've been here. They won, too. But it wasn't fair. Sammy White followed around after me, sneaking tippy-toes, listening to hear if I was talking under my breath. And Sammy's a very sane person, too. None of us would have acted like this four days ago. I don't think you can be a part of a team and be grown-up, no matter how old you are and no matter what you do when you're not playing.

Thought for today: In our meetings, the rookie nearest the door is in charge of the light switch. Curtis Rouse won the honor tonight. He was the tiredest-looking guy on the team, and Jim Hough and I agreed that Curtis would fall asleep during the films. But as soon as the film ended and Burnsy said "Lights," Curtis flipped that switch right on. I think there's an extra ingredient in football players that makes them look involved as soon as a film ends. And, if you're going to last as a pro, you have to have answers, too. The best football players have answers. That's what coaches need. The top answer so far this season was Tommy Kramer's. We were watching films and Burnsy asked him why half the team went offside on a play. "Well," Tommy said, "half of them thought it was supposed to be on hut-one and the other half on hut-two." Great answer. World-class answer. I guess that's why Tommy's a quarterback.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19: Pies

The oldest player on the Minnesota Vikings—me—turned 33 today, and we have a tradition that the birthday boy is

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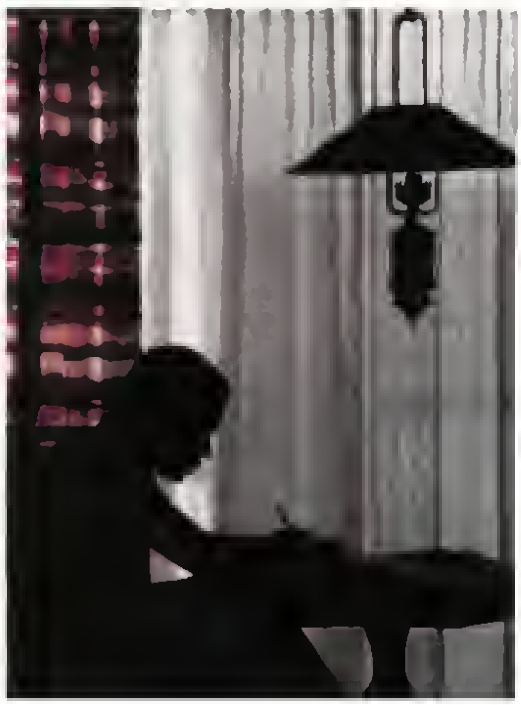

Grant's new plays set Rashad to studying in his hotel room on the eve of the game.

Rashad had good stats against the Pack, catching five pasaes for 68 yards, but ...

fair game for some kind of trick. At our first meeting this morning, Les Steckel, the receivers coach, put three numbers up on the board—17, 14, 10. "What's that mean?" he asked. Now, what it means is 17 yards down on a comeback pattern, 14 on a sideline, 10 for a quick out. But right away, Wade Wilson, a backup quarterback, says, "Add them up, you get Rashad's age."

When I came out of the bubble this morning, I saw a photographer there, and I thought, uh-oh. And sure enough, here come two guys at me with whipped-cream pies. I ran a quick down and out, they missed, and I was giving them all a big smug expression just as Greg Coleman came up behind me and got me right in the face with a reverse slam dunk. And Burnsy sees me with all this cream on my face and yells, "Hey, Al Jolson, sing for us."

The worst part is, I feel so old. No, the worst part is, Everybody else looks so young. Of course, that may be because they *are* so young. Frank, maybe you shouldn't take too seriously all that stuff I told you a couple days ago about how great it felt to be back. I ache. Who's responsible for ending this strike?

Thought for the day: Football practice sure is fun, at least for the first hour.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Packers

We didn't take off for Milwaukee, where we're playing tomorrow at noon, until 3:45 this afternoon. Bud believes in saving time. Guys will be home for dinner in the Twin Cities tomorrow evening. *We're always the last team to go to training camp*, and Bud has us leave for games so late that once, when we were playing in Detroit, we got caught in traffic and were late for the kickoff. I always ride the second bus. That's the one where you don't have to wear a real ugly pregame face. So did Fran Tarkenton. This time in Detroit he leaned out the window to a traffic cop and said, "Hey, we've got the Vikings here. Can you help us get to the game?"

And the cop said, "What do I care? I got the Lions and five." The whole bus exploded.

But we're always ready when we do get to the stadium. I feel like we're ready for tomorrow. Bud even told us today, "I'm not worried about you physically. I'm only worried about your mental preparation." But that's always the real pressure in this game, any game—the intellectual, the emotional. You are not *allowed* any mental mistakes. Those mistakes penalize too many other people who did things right. The many great athletes who didn't cut it in the NFL failed because they were way up here one game and down here the next, because they ran 10 yards on one quick out and eight the next. There's a lot of funny stuff on any team, but we need that outlet to preserve our sanity. Essentially, it's a very serious game. What's expected of us tomorrow will be no different just because we've been away eight weeks.

The Packer who has played me for years is Mike McCoy, and he's just a treat to go against. Mike is totally competitive, all heads-up, but never anything chippy. If I catch an out, he'll take my back off, but then we'll jog back together and talk about old mutual friends. After the game, if we were staying over, Mike and I would go out and have a few beers together and never even mention what we did to each other on the football field. That's the kind of thing I'll remember best when I'm gone from the game.

Well, I've got to study now. I was right. Bud gave us a whole lot of new stuff. Tomorrow it'll be third and long again, Frank. The ship is sailing once more at last.

SUNDAY, NOV. 21: Lines

I always try to have my own little private theme song for a game and listen to it on my Walkman. For the first two games this year—you know, B.S., Before Strike—I played *You Are a Winner* by Earth, Wind & Fire. Today I kept the group but switched songs to *Back on the Road Again*. That struck me as especially appropriate, but the fact is that nothing

continued

... he wasn't overjoyed with his performance, which included this drop and another.

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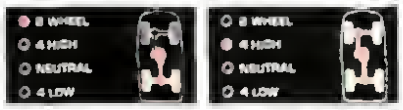

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF
Crown Royal
My sock runneth over.

Rashad's physical conditioning was fine, but he found he was out of shape mentally.

today seemed *again*, nothing was like any other experience I've ever had in football. I was even the most quiet I've ever been before a game. I was concentrating so. This was *really* catch-up ball we were all playing—trying to make up eight weeks in four days. It didn't even seem like the fans were on today. Their timing was off too.

We got whipped 26–7, and I can't pretty that up any. Except for our one touchdown drive in the second quarter, when we went ahead 7–6, we played terribly. The only consolation is that there's no in-between in football. It doesn't feel any better to play well and lose than to play rotten and lose.

And yet it was odd. We sacked the Packer quarterbacks eight times. How often does a team get more sacks than points? And except for two plays we might even have won. With a couple minutes left in the first half we still had them 7–6, and they were facing a third and long long—22—on their own 30. But Lynn Dickey hit Eddie Lee Ivery, their running back, coming over the middle, and he staggered through a whole posse of our guys over on the far sideline, cut back and went 62 yards before he ran out of gas. Then, a couple plays later he scored on a deflected pass from Dickey.

Still, we were only down six when the second half started, and we were getting the ball, but on the kickoff, Mo Harvey stripped the ball away from Sam Harrell. It popped up in the air and Harvey grabbed it and sauntered into the end zone. 19–6. It's a funny thing in football, but often it's *how* a team scores that breaks your heart. If we had punted to the Packers and then they had marched down the field in a normal manner and scored on a six-minute drive, that wouldn't have affected us nearly so much, even though it would still have been 19–6 and we'd have had even less time to catch up. But this way, it was cruel, and the instant Harvey scored you could feel the air go out of our balloon. In the whole second half, we made only four first downs and gained 67 yards.

I caught five balls in the game for 68 yards, which sounds good, but I can't kid you. I missed two catches, trying to run before I caught the ball. I never once got tired out there today. Nobody got hurt from the layoff, either. I took one tough shot, too, when McCoy knocked me sprawling into some boards that had been laid down a few feet outside the sidelines. Scraped up my back. Scared the hell out of Mike. For a long time after that, he kept saying, "Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to knock you into those boards." If I hadn't been in shape, I would've gotten hurt then.

But I—everybody—was out of mental shape. You know how I would characterize it? It was like an actor who has to go on stage while he's still learning his role. No matter how good an actor may be, before he has his lines down second-nature, he can't act fluidly, instinctively. Today, all of us were still trying to memorize our lines, so we couldn't play naturally. Our minds got in the way.

When I get back to Minneapolis, I'm going to talk to our owner, Max Winter, and tell him that I'm going to call it quits at the end of the season. Knowing I'll be hanging it up will give me a boost in the rest of our games. I don't want anyone to think my decision has anything to do with how we did today. I just know it's time for me to go on to other things. **END**

Ivery's two touchdowns were all Green Bay needed to spike Viking hopes.

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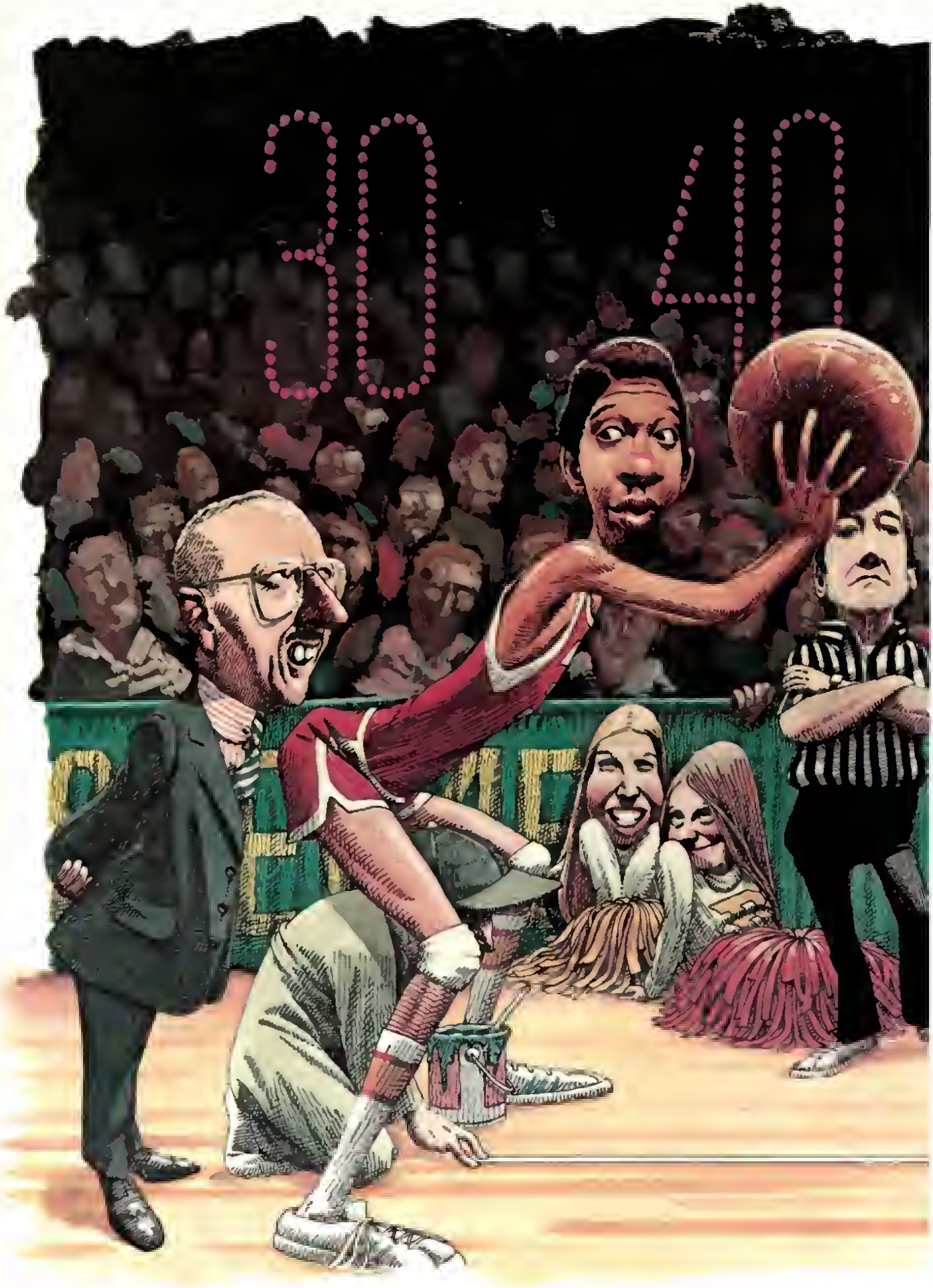

30-40

IT WILL BE ONE TESTY SEASON

Twelve major conferences are experimenting with new rules intended to increase scoring

BY JACK McCALLUM

The 1982-83 regular season will be remembered as the one during which college basketball turned its gyms into labs and its players into experimental mice.

The mice in five conferences will be set loose in a maze of three-point lines (*diagram, page 44*) and asked to shoot before shot clocks of all varieties sound their alarms (*chart, page 46*). The mice in four leagues will have only the three-point maze to deal with; in three other conferences they will need only to peek at a clock. In the nation's remaining 16 major conferences, there will be no changes so the players will be men, not mice. For this year, anyway.

There are, moreover, Pavlovian rewards for good mice. If they keep their wits about them, they'll probably score more points this season, which could add up to more cheese in their pro contracts. The laboratory scientists, meanwhile, will be charting the progress and/or regress of the mice. What will be the result? A permanent shot clock? A permanent three-point line? Both? Neither? More personality defects among jump-shooting mice?

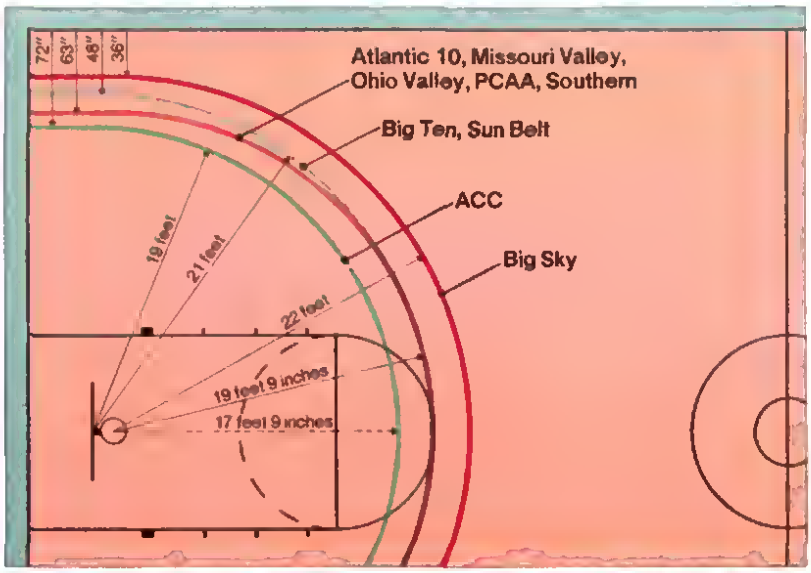
"I don't think you'll see any great changes," says Indiana Coach Bobby Knight. "But ask again at the end of the season." For now, we can worry over this question:

continued

Rule makers have ordered three different shot clocks and four three-point lines.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD ANDERSON

Why so many changes in the first place? After all, the major college game has enjoyed steadily increasing attendance over the years, and the Louisiana Superdome was sold out (61,612) for the 1982 NCAA final. This season there's a Ralph Sampson here, a Pat Ewing there, Keith Lees, John Pinones and Sam Perkinses everywhere. There are a number of strong contenders for the No. 1 spot, and a few mysteries. Can Dean repeat (*see page 102*)? Can Bowie play (*page 56*)? Can Bradley get a bid (*page 73*)?



There wasn't much agreement on how to measure, or where to draw, three-point lines.

With all this going for it, why would the college game go out and redesign itself in the mold of the troubled NBA? Would Mercedes-Benz ask its customers to road-test a remake of the Corvair? Isn't this the same thing?

It is. "I really think the rulemakers are fooling around with what's already a pretty good game," says Boise State Coach Dave Leach, whose league, the Big Sky, will use the three-point shot. "Certainly, in my estimation, the pros haven't done anything with their 24-second clocks or three-point plays to improve the game. I don't know that we need to do that same kind of experimentation to find out the same answers."

It isn't. "Some people are saying the new rules will make our game too much like the pros," says North Carolina State Coach Jim Valvano, whose conference, the ACC, will be playing with a 30-second shot clock and a three-point stripe that will be a paltry 17′ 9″ from the center of the basket at its nearest point. "Nothing could be further from the truth. The pros can only play man-to-man defense, but we can play any kind we want."

The debate goes on with no pattern, which is why there are four different three-point lines and six shot-clock variations. Some conferences adopted their new rules unanimously, while in other leagues there were polar differences of opinion. Coaches known for stall ball, like Dean Smith of North Carolina, voted for a shot clock. Coaches known for their running game, like Jerry Tarkanian of University of Nevada-Las Vegas, voted against it.

There are zealots who can't wait to get the new rules cranked up, like Gary Williams of Boston College in the Big East (shot clock). "We have an action image that we ought to foster," says Williams. There are others who face the season with a kind of dread, like Tex Winter, whose Long Beach State team is one of many that will play under at least two sets of rules. For the most part, the new rules apply only in intraconference games, but a few teams have agreed to play by their opponents' new rules in nonconference games. Others will opt for the standard NCAA rules. "Not only is [the diversity] a problem for the players," says Winter, "but what about the officials who may work in two or three conferences?"

And there are reluctant revolutionaries, like Idaho's Don Monson of the Big Sky. "I think changes in the game are inevitable," he says. "I was against the clock, and yet maybe it should be tried. But let somebody else pioneer the thing."

There are even martyrs to the cause, like Bobby Cremins of ACC doormat Georgia Tech. "The changes are definitely terrible from Georgia Tech's standpoint at this time," said Cremins, whose outmanned team often controlled the tempo with prolonged stalls last season and figured to do more of the same in 1982-83. "But what's more important, this season or the game of basketball over the long haul?"

But was college basketball heading for trouble over the long haul? If high-scoring games are your thing, the answer is unequivocally yes. Scoring in Division I went down for the seventh straight season in 1981-82 as teams combined for only 135.08 points per game. (*See chart, page 45.*) Moreover, the drop from 1980-81 to '81-82 was a significant 5.07 points, continuing a recent trend of dramatic point reductions. The key statistic is field-goal attempts. As recently as 1973, teams tried 139.2 shots per game. By last season that figure had fallen more than 20%, to 111.2.

Certainly stall ball has had something to do with the dramatic downturn in field-goal attempts. Every time a North Carolina beats a Virginia 47–45, as happened in the nationally televised finals of last year's ACC tournament, the average comes down and the cries for change go up. But the reduced number of field-goal attempts also has something to do with better basketball. The accuracy part of the chart clearly shows that teams are shooting less but enjoying it more. They're taking more time to find the good shot. And the good shot is coming from closer range. Field-goal accuracy isn't high because today's shooters are all that much better than yesterday's—if they were better, foul-shooting percentage would be better, too, but that has remained relatively unchanged for 20 years. Field-goal percentages are on an upswing because shots are being taken closer to the basket.

That's why Orlando Phillips of Pepperdine shot 64.6% from the field last season, and why Mark West of Old Do-

minion shot 61% and why Larry Micheaux of Houston shot 60.4. All three are among the top 10 returning percentage shooters, yet Micheaux has the best free-throw mark among them at 57.6.

The other part of the equation is defense, which has also improved—or, at least, changed. Teams are shooting less for two reasons: They're unwilling to throw up a prayer, and it *takes time* to penetrate today's sophisticated zone defenses. But let's not kid ourselves. The pressure to win—or to keep the score close against overwhelming odds—has in many cases taken the life out of the game by taking the air out of the ball. "If any side persists in delaying the game, the umpire shall call a foul on that side." James Naismith wrote that in his *Rules for Basket Ball*, printed in 1892 in Springfield, Mass.

Naismith, who by all accounts was a true sportsman, probably wouldn't have objected to rules that helped, say, Georgia Tech upset Maryland 45–43 last year. That's stall ball at its best—it sometimes helps a big underdog "shorten" a game to the point that a few timely baskets can result in an upset. In practice, though, the better teams usually win slowdowns, too. But Naismith might have carted his peach baskets back to the farm if he'd watched last year's North Carolina-Virginia ACC final. That game was to this experimental season what the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand was to World War I—the spark that set off a long chain of events.

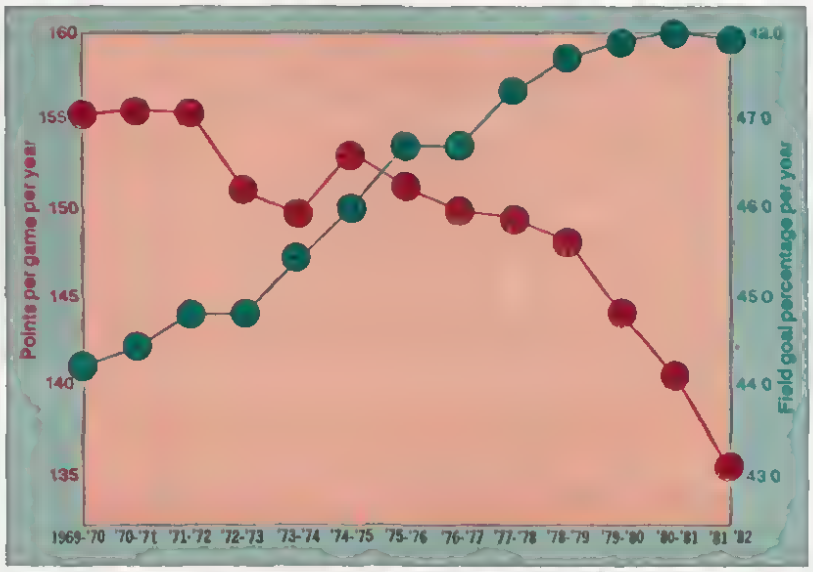
"Everybody who watched it on TV realized we wouldn't have a very marketable product if our games were played the way that one was," says Providence Coach Joe Mullaney. "People in the stands whose team has the lead may not mind the four corners, but the stall has a big negative impact on an outsider watching on television in some place like Montana."

Or in East Longmeadow, Mass., home of Dr. Ed Steitz, editor and national interpreter of the NCAA's rules. Steitz said his phone "rang constantly" for three days. "That game fostered more clamor for a clock than any single game in my 25 years on the rules committee," says Steitz. "It was *the* catalyst of the decade as far as rule changes go."

The game matched the nation's No. 2 team, eventual NCAA champion North Carolina, against then third-ranked Virginia. The Tar Heels won after Smith ordered them to sit on a one-point lead for most of the final seven minutes. And Cavalier Coach Terry Holland let them sit on it by refusing to order Virginia out of its zone. For the fans, it was like buying a ticket for a Horowitz concert and hearing him play scales. The game clearly showed that stall ball is at its worst when it's used by good teams, not bad ones. But remember that Smith violated no rules; in fact he's a strong proponent of experimentation. He has always said that, by forcing the action, a clock will help talented teams like his more than bad teams.

The ACC voted in the clock and the three-pointer early in May, around the same time that the Missouri Valley approved its three-pointer. This was about a month after Steitz had announced the results of a questionnaire he had mailed at midseason to 2,800 college coaches and referees: The response was overwhelmingly *against* a clock and a three-point shot. But the willingness of two leading conferences to experiment undoubtedly had a domino effect on the rest of the country. Keep things as they are and watch a bunch of offensive-minded recruits head elsewhere was the feeling throughout the land. It's amazing the impact a few blue chips can have on a coach's mind.

So this is what we have:



Scoring (red) and shooting accuracy (blue) have been going in opposite directions.

The Clock

If 47–45 bores you, does 88–42 sound better? That's what a shot clock could do. It tends to increase the number of possessions a team has during the game, and the whole premise of a lesser team's stalling tactics is to reduce the good team's number of possessions.

"Only good teams can hold the ball," says SMU Coach Dave Bliss. "Bad teams aren't good enough to hold it. I don't think our clock here in the Southwest Conference will make the lesser teams play faster, because they aren't good enough to hold it anyway."

The consensus, though, is that only a 30-second clock has the potential to drastically alter the college game. Most observers agree with Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton when he says of his league's 45-second clock, "I think 999 out of 1,000 times it will have no bearing on the game." Duke Coach Mike Krzyzewski even advances the theory that a 45-second clock could slow down games because teams "would have a tendency to run 30 or 35 seconds off before they'd look for a shot."

The example of the Sun Belt Conference, which has had a 45-second clock for four years, seems to support Sutton. The clock has gone off only 19 times in 164 league games, an average of about five a year. And both Fresno State's Boyd Grant and Princeton's Pete Carril—

continued

coaches at Possession U West and Possession U East, respectively—say their teams usually shoot within 45 seconds.

The clock may have the biggest impact on defense. At least that's the opinion of Grant, who sees Armageddon when he stares at the hands of a shot clock. "What we've done is very helpful to those who don't play defense at all," says Grant. Or those who play only zone defense, which many consider the real bane of the college game. The theory is that a shot clock doesn't afford the offense enough time to set up and extend the defense. "The defense will just stand back under the basket, and you're going to have to take the outside shot," Grant adds.

That logic may fall apart in conferences—Grant's Pacific Coast Athletic Association being one of them—where there's also an easily makeable three-point shot that discourages the use of the zone. Smith and others in the ACC wanted a clock only if a three-point shot was also voted in. The pressure of both a clock and a three-point line could result in more teams' applying full-court pressure. If a defense can constantly force an opponent to use precious seconds just getting into its half-court offense, that 30 seconds or even 45 seconds is going to seem brief indeed.

IT'S TIME TO PLAY BEAT THE CLOCK

CONFERENCE	SHOT CLOCK	RESTRICTIONS
Atlantic Coast	30 seconds	Off last four minutes
Atlantic 10	40 seconds	Off last four minutes
Big East	45 seconds	Off last five minutes
Ohio Valley	30 seconds	Off last four minutes
Pacific Coast	30 seconds	In front court only Off last four minutes
Southeastern	45 seconds	None
Southwest	45 seconds	Off last five minutes
Sun Belt	45 seconds	Off last four minutes

The Three-Point Shot

Obviously, teams with good long-range shooters will see more man-to-man defense when playing under rules providing for a three-point goal. A defense simply can't afford to let one bomber three-point it out of a game. Today's math lesson: A bombardier with two field goals can achieve the same effect as a center with three dunks—six points. And a three-point shot is likely to be as psychologically devastating to the defense as a slam can be.

But some coaches even dispute the notion that the deployment of man-to-man defenses will increase. Creighton Coach Willis Reed, for example, feels the Missouri Valley Conference's shot is close enough—19′ 9″ from the center of the basket—to be adequately covered by a zone. Only a shot of more than 21 feet would force a change in defense, he believes. Bradley Coach Dick Versace points out that defenses won't change that much until offensive players demonstrate they can make the three-point shot. This is further proof that the experiments will only make good teams better.

For example, North Carolina, if zoned, can go to Michael Jordan or Matt Doherty or Jim Braddock for the three-point shot. If manned, the Heels can bang it inside to Sam Perkins. Good teams have particular strengths, to be sure, but they also have the players to do other things well. One three-point marksman won't turn a bad team into a good one. One three-point marksman can make a good team a better one.

The three-point shot could have two specific consequences. The first is of questionable benefit to the game—players may be pulling up and firing more long-range shots off fast breaks. The pull-up jumper is a good idea for a good shooter, a bad idea if a Keith Lee is filling a lane on a three-on-one.

What all of college basketball will be waiting for is the first four-point shot off the break. That's where a guy like Arkansas' Darrell (Sky) Walker takes off from behind the three-point line, soars through the air to jam and draws the foul. Could it happen in the ACC where the shortest distance prevails? "I've seen Dr. J do it from about a foot inside the circle in the pros," says Coach Bob Zuffelato of Marshall. If that practice becomes commonplace, coaches may start recruiting long-jumping types like Carl Lewis instead of three-point shooters.

The second consequence is of unquestionable benefit to the game—if it happens. The three-point shot will help unclog the middle. "Players are getting so big, and inside play is getting so brutal," says Coach Les Robinson of The Citadel in the Southern Conference (three-pointer), "that it's getting hard to officiate. I hope this change will put more emphasis on the perimeter. The big men will still be major factors, of course, but it would help most schools if some of the importance of the big men could be reduced."

Adds Northwestern Coach Rich Falk. "We had to do something to open up the offensive end of the court, to make defenses get out of the paint. It had become very difficult to get penetration via the dribble. This had made basketball in the paint more of a football game. Now we might see more use of two genuine guards, instead of one point guard and a big wing player." Falk's point is valid in a conference like the ACC, where the dime-store three-pointer will definitely be part of every offense. Falk may be overstating the case in the Big Ten because a 21-foot shot isn't so easily made.

In the Big Sky (22 feet) the three-pointer shouldn't result in profound change, just as the NBA's 23′ 9″ three-point distance hasn't. The Southern Conference used a 22-foot three-point shot the last two seasons. The overall three-point percentage was 29.9, and the shot was generally a loser's weapon; teams that didn't try a three-pointer won 85% of the time. "If any of our players look down for the stripe or step back to be in three-point range," says Montana's Mike Montgomery, "that's the quickest way to get a seat next to me."

The Future

The experiments are in for this season. Conferences that want to tinker further with either the clock or the three-point line will have to petition the rules committee. Steitz's goal is uniform rules throughout college basketball, but this is unlikely to happen next year because some of the non-experimenting conferences will undoubtedly want to do some testing of their own in '83-84.

The vast differences in rules from conference to conference are disconcerting, and should be, to any true fan of the game. Even in the five conferences that have both the clock and the three-pointer, no combination is exactly the same.

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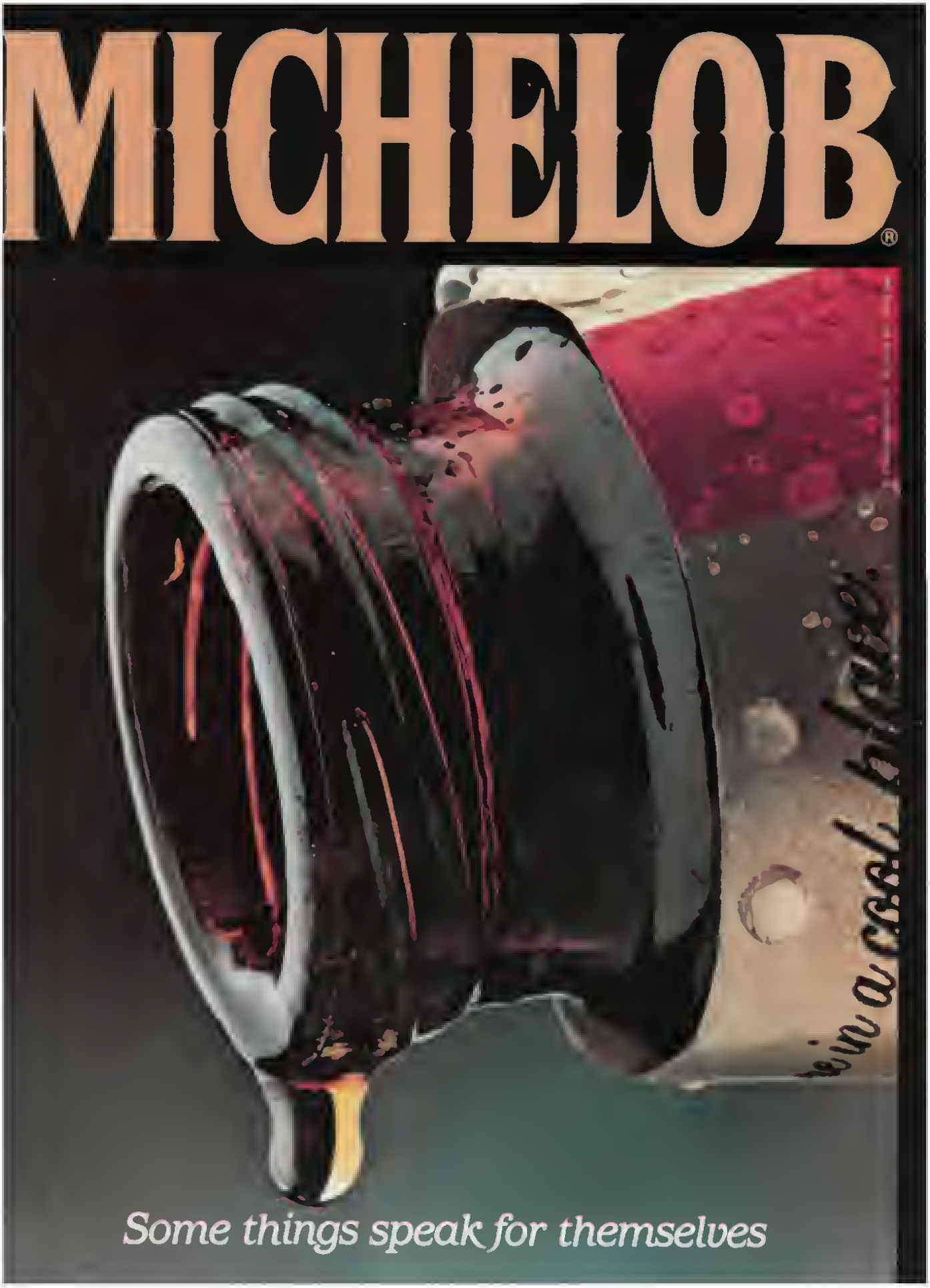

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The catalogue of excuses offered by coaches from experimenting conferences after they've lost nonconference or tournament games in which there's no clock and no three-point shot will be long and heartrending . . . and somewhat valid.

Steitz feels there might well be a clock eventually, "but I don't see it under 45 seconds." He also thinks it won't be "departmentalized"; that is, the clock will run throughout the game on a team's entire possession, as in the SEC this year, and not be started after the ball crosses midcourt (the PCAA rule) or shut off in the last four or five minutes (seven conferences). Steitz thinks the three-point shot is a good possibility, too, but it's a "question of the distance." And also whether it is measured from the center of the hoop (six conferences) or the front plane of the backboard (three).

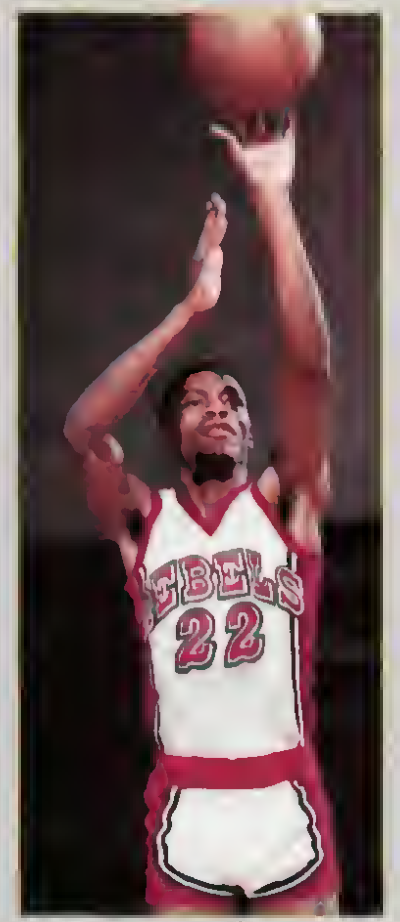
There are other possibilities to explore. Utah Coach Jerry Pimm, who's on the rules committee, suggests an arc inside which all offensive players must remain once they've crossed it. This would serve to compress the court and combat spread offenses. Tarkanian thinks the elimination of the hash mark would reduce wholesale stalling. How about a 60-second clock? And the one-point basket for inside shots? Or is that the 60-point basket and the one-second clock? END

A KID IN A CANDY STORE

Larry Anderson was bouncing a basketball as he walked across the University of Nevada, Las Vegas campus. "I'm serious," he said. "It seems like the farther out I am, the better I feel it. Sometimes I shoot it and it feels so natural that when I look down I'm surprised at how far out I am. For me, 25 feet is the same as 19 feet. I mean that."

Anderson, a senior guard, has led UNLV in scoring the last two years with averages of 15.5 and 17.2. This season, the Rebels' first in the PCAA, he can get three points every time he makes a shot from 19′ 9″. For Anderson, a career 49.3% shooter—which is excellent for a bomber—and for a dozen or so similarly talented "pure" shooters at other schools, the three-point line is a candy store and they're five years old again. "When I first heard about the three-pointer I figured they meant the pro distance [23′ 9″]," he says. "I thought, 'Hey, this is all right. That's my range.' Then I saw how close the line *really* is. I thought, 'Oh my goodness!' I'm telling you, I can just stand here and put that shot in all day!"

Anderson has arrived at UNLV's North Gym wearing sneakers and street clothes. It's two in the afternoon, an hour before regular practice. "I need to shoot a couple to get loose," he says, as a visitor stands under the basket to retrieve his shots. Looking on is Danny Tarkanian, UNLV's junior point guard, one of whose jobs this season will be to get Anderson the ball in candy-store range. "I just like to sit here and watch Larry shoot," Tarkanian says, "His shot is so pretty. It's like a work of art."



Anderson prefers gunnin' over runnin'.

Upon loosening up, Anderson works his way around the circle, making shot after shot from three-point range. Each jumper is the same. He goes up easily, with his arms extended, though not stretched out fully, and with his right, or guide, hand barely on the ball until he releases it with his left. The rotation of the ball is textbook perfect every time. "I'm not really around to my favorite spot yet," says Anderson between shots. "I like that left corner the best." After 12 shots, he finally misses from the left side about halfway between the top of the key and the corner.

Now he's in the left corner, the spot where they keep the jelly beans. Swish. Bounce pass. Swish. Bounce pass. Swish. Bounce pass. Read that 13 times because that's how many in a row Anderson makes before a shot goes in and out to end the streak. "Is that enough?" he asks.

Of course, it will be more difficult when nine other players are crowded into the candy store, but the test was relevant to this experimental season. This year players with Anderson's touch will have the capacity to dictate the outcome of many, many more games than usual. Not every sharpshooter will automatically become a three-point scorer. But the rule is tailor-made for Anderson. Although he's 6′ 6″ and a good leaper, he's almost exclusively a perimeter player. "Larry's better off not even taking the ball inside," says Tarkanian, sounding like the coach's son he is. "He's much more accurate from 25 feet."

"I've already seen that I don't have to think about the line," says Anderson. "Most of my shots today must've come from 21 or 22 feet, because the times I've looked down after I've shot, my feet are well behind the line."

Anderson's coach, Jerry Tarkanian, has lived in Las Vegas long enough to know a winning edge when he sees one. He's going to let Anderson pull up and take his jumper off the break. Tarkanian says he won't design any special three-point plays—unless one is specifically needed to win or tie a game—but Anderson can get into the candy store in Vegas' normal offense. "I'd bet that half of Larry's [238] field goals last year were from the three-point range," says the elder Tarkanian. "That's fine with us."

Anderson's teammates have total confidence in his shot. Sid Green, UNLV's second leading scorer and a fine outside shooter himself despite being 6′ 9″, says, "Larry's the best shooter in the nation. We're going to get rich on his three-point shot." And Anderson could get fat on all that candy. —J.M.

THE TOP 20

1 VIRGINIA

Ralph Sampson will live out his final year at Virginia on The Lawn, in a modest room where the only plumbing is a sink. The 7′ 4″ center is one of only 54 students, all seniors, who rate a room on the hallowed greensward, where in winter residents have to slip on a coat before they head to the head. Sampson got his choice of The Lawn rooms because the classmate who won the lottery for first dibs turned his pick over to Big Ralph. And for all these years we believed it was *Mr. Jefferson's* university. The Man at The University is on The Lawn for what should be The Year the Cavaliers win the NCAA title.

Of course, more bizarre things have happened to preseason favorites than even Edgar Allan Poe, a onetime resident on The Lawn, could have imagined.

All-ACC Guard Othell Wilson is Virginia's leading returnee in assists and steals. At the other backcourt spot junior transfer Rick Carlisle will probably start for the departed Jeff Jones. Carlisle, who averaged 14.3 points a game on 55.0% shooting in two years at Maine, is a clone of his court-smart predecessor. And junior backup Ricky Stokes will again be around to provide last-second heroics. Twice last season Stokes won games at the end, saving UVa's opener with a steal and an ACC tournament game by banking in an off-balance shot at the buzzer.

Both forwards have something to prove: Craig Robinson that his strong 1981-82 season (9.7 points and 5.3 rebounds per game), following two disappointing ones, was no fluke; Tim Mullen that his jump shot can make a comeback after disappearing last spring. Jim Miller, a 6′8″ reserve who has dressed up as Ronald McDonald to entertain kids at local franchises, didn't deserve a break (of his ankle) the first day of school, but that's what he got. He'll be ready for the opener. Sampson's backup, if there can be such a thing, is 6′ 7″ Kenton Edelin.

Weaknesses? Well, last season UVa shot only 68.0% from the line, and a certain two-time College Player of the Year made a miserable 61.5%. "Now it's a percentage play to foul him," says Coach Terry Holland. "As long as that's true, it'll be no fun for him to play." But, all things considered, it's no fun to play against him, either.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

Wilson is a key pillar in the Cavalier attack.

2 UCLA

To paraphrase the Four Tops, it's the same old song for the UCLA Bruins. They are quick, talented and two-deep at every position and have four starters returning from a team that went 21–6. But it wasn't exactly the same old song last season: The Bruins finished second to Oregon State in the Pacific-10, and they sat out the NCAA playoffs because of a one-year NCAA ban imposed on the school for recruiting violations. It was only the second time in 21 years the Bruins had missed the NCAAs.

The black-and-gold plaque on Coach Larry Farmer's desk reads I'M JUST HAPPY TO BE HERE, but after UCLA staggered to losses in its first three Pac-10 games, Farmer was anything but happy. The first-year coach benched Rod Foster for 12 games because of the Rocket Man's poor shot selection and worse defense. Senior Darren Daye, a starter as a sophomore, played only 38 minutes in his first four games last year. Stuart Gray, the 7-foot wunderkind who dominated fellow freshmen Pat Ewing and Greg Dreiling at the National Sports Festival in Syracuse in 1981, became a chubby, injury-plagued court recluse who refused to shoot.

But after Farmer appealed to the Bruins' pride in a midseason team meeting, the players decided to make the "regular season our tournament," as Foster puts it. Though they never got the help they expected from Gray, they won 15 of their last 16 games. With the talent on hand now, UCLA should play in a real tournament this year. The Bruin roster remains virtually intact from last season, and Farmer's new 1–4 offense makes better use of his personnel. Up front, 6′ 7″ Kenny Fields, the team's top returning scorer and rebounder, will pound the boards with the 6′ 10″ Brad Wright. The resurgent Gray is 15 pounds trimmer and more confident offensively. "People are expecting the same guy as last year," he says. "They're going to get someone different." Not in the backcourt, though. Foster, who averaged 10.3 points per game last year and whose 95.0% free-throw rate set an NCAA record, and Daye, silky-smooth and power forward-sized, will gun from the wings. Junior Ralph Jackson is back to direct an offense that should be more up-tempo. And Guard Michael Holton will come off the bench to tune the defense.

—ROGER JACKSON

3 VILLANOVA

Though Coach Rollie Massimino may look a little different this season after shedding 35 pounds, his team won't. Four starters return from last year's 24–8 squad that advanced to the NCAA's final eight before losing to North Carolina 70–60. With blue-chip freshman Forward Harold Pressley replacing the only missing starter, Aaron Howard, the Wildcats have returned to a preseason prominence they haven't experienced since the early '70s.

A born-again jogger, Massimino will have the Wildcats running more this year, too, though he cautions, "We'll have to live with some mistakes." Many of them will be made by senior Point Guard Stewart Granger, whose career has been a pastiche of spectacular successes and spectacular errors. After a superb sophomore year, last season he had 52 more turnovers (110) than steals (58). Villanova's off-guard, sophomore Dwayne McClain, isn't a strong ball handler, but he's a gifted athlete who will guard the opposition's top non-center threat, whether it be a small guard or big forward.

Only one thing will change Massimino's commitment to run—if it takes Center John Pinone out of the offense. At 6′ 8″, 230 pounds, Pinone, Villanova's leading scorer the past three years, may be handicapped by a fast-break game, but in the paint he's as quick, strong and effective as any big man in the college ranks. Pressley found out about Pinone when they were high school opponents in Connecticut. "I took a look at him and said, 'This will be easy,' " recalls Pressley. It wasn't: Pinone scored 48 points. "I vowed revenge," said Pressley. "I guess I won't get it now, unless it's in practice."

Until Pressley gets comfortable, senior Mike Mulquin will do just fine at forward. Sophomore Ed Pinckney—Easy Ed because of his laid-back nature—will do finer at the other forward. He averaged 14.2 points and a team-high 7.8 rebounds last season. The only thing Pinckney lacks is a body—he's 6′ 10″ but weighs only 195—and Massimino is constantly prodding him to get more physical. Pinckney doesn't always agree, but admits "some of my moves are weak for my size."

The only thing between Villanova and a 25-win season may be a murderous schedule, which includes North Carolina and Kentucky on the road. It's schedule enough, in fact, to keep any coach on the move.

—JACK MCCALLUM

Thompson has Louisville thinking big.

4 LOUISVILLE

It didn't take Billy Thompson long to discover that life in the country—or, at least, in Louisville—isn't quite as mellow as it might have seemed from his vantage point in Camden, N.J. The 6′ 8″ Thompson, regarded last winter as the No. 1 high school prospect in the country, came to town last summer and, in a matter of days, suffered a cut over his eye (scrimmage), a gash on his right thigh (fishing trip with Coach Denny Crum) and a banged-up knee that required five stitches (motorbike rendezvous with a cow on Crum's farm). And if all that weren't indignity enough, he won't even be in the starting lineup—at least for a while. So much for Southern hospitality, right? "I'm glad I'm at Louisville," says Thompson. "We have the players and the coaches to make it to the Final Four."

He's correct, even if starters Derek Smith, Wiley Brown and Jerry Eaves are gone from the 1980 national champions and '82 semifinalists. There are enough rebounders (Rodney McCray and Charles Jones), shooters (Milt Wagner and Lancaster Gordon) and all-around players (Scooter McCray and Thompson) to guarantee Crum's 12th straight 20-win season and, perhaps, a fifth trip to the finals.

The Cardinals will again try to turn the opposition into, well, basket cases with all-out, game-long pressure created by a full-court zone press and a blitzing break. Crum has a lot of talent, but not much experience. Nine of his 13 players are freshmen or sophomores, and that worries him.

The freshmen have adapted well to Louisville's fun-loving atmosphere. Around the gym they already laugh about the time Jeff Hall, who is white, asked Robbie Valentine, who is black, about his hair cream. "Jeff ain't used to being around black folks," says Valentine. Says Hall, "I don't know what it was, but it stopped the door from squeaking, too."

The team's weakness is point guard. Both Wagner and Gordon are shooters, so they will get help from 6′ 9″ Scooter and 6′ 7″ Rodney, who handle the ball with a skill that belies their size. After the loss to Georgetown in last season's NCAA semifinals, fans were quick to pass out T shirts that said, ALBUQUERQUE IN '83—RODNEY, SCOOTER, YOU AND ME. And Billy Thompson, too, of course—if he can survive a winter of Southern hospitality.

—WILLIAM F. REED

continued

5 NORTH CAROLINA

Though Coach Dean Smith now has the monkey off his back, there's no need to fear there will be a complacent paunch around North Carolina's collective middle. The defending national champs simply have too many problems to let themselves get fat, as last week's 78–74 overtime loss to St. John's proved. NCAA tournament MVP James Worthy and Point Guard extraordinaire Jimmy Black are gone, and Virginia's Ralph Sampson isn't. By voting in a shot clock, the ACC has legislated the four corners out of the first 36 minutes of every game, and the schedule makers have matched Carolina against 1981-82 NCAA or NIT tournament participants in at least 19 games.

And there are cosmetic matters, like Michael Jordan's tongue. Jordan, the sophomore swingman who flicked in the jumper that beat Georgetown in the NCAA final last March, can't seem to do anything without it hanging out. The photographer at the team-picture session this fall had him chew on a piece of paper to keep his tongue in check. The Tar Heels' 6′ 6″ Venus's-flytrap will have to do even more than he did a year ago, particularly while the new troops mature. An extra inch, a summer all-star tour of Europe and a new move will serve him well. The move is a jab-and-go number that Jordan uses when he's isolated.

Jordan isn't the only Heel with a new move or a new body. Center Sam Perkins now has what he calls a "counter-move." "It's with my right hand, for real close in," he says. "Last year people could deny me because I'd only go left." To spell Perkins, Smith will go to sophomore Warren Martin or freshman Brad Daugherty, who was just 16 when he registered this fall. Two other recruits will challenge for playing time: Steve Hale, the son of former Oral Roberts Coach Jerry Hale, is a good-shooting lefty and skilled floor general; freshman Curtis Hunter can play forward or guard.

Junior Matt Doherty, a two-year starter, will play some low forward opposite Perkins and some "swing," a la Jordan. The guards will be Jim Braddock, the captain and only senior, and sophomore Buzz Peterson. Braddock will be a deadly three-point shooter from the point, as proved by his 7-for-11 performance in a preseason game. "I suppose if everybody were back there'd be more pressure because we'd be picked to win it," says Smith. "But we'd be *better* if everyone were back." Dean Smith docsn't speak in tongues.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

Lee's artistry makes the Tigers winners.

6 MEMPHIS STATE

Is there anything Keith Lee can't do, except gain weight? Yes. Keith Lee can't play point guard. The opponents on Memphis State's 20-win (at least) schedule should consider themselves lucky. Lee is enough of a load as is. Last year the 6′ 10″, 210-pound freshman took an unheralded team to 24 wins and the East Regional semifinals; recalled the likes of Moses Malone and Magic Johnson; toppled Louisville in the Metro; and averaged 18.3 points and 11 rebounds per game, the only freshman in America to average double figures in both. Take that, Pat Ewing.

"People get confused comparing Keith to Patrick," says Assistant Coach Larry Finch. "Keith is a forward, and the best big man around because he plays the whole floor."

If the Tigers can find a lead guard, the 10th anniversary of their last trip to the Final Four may be celebrated on site in Alba-KIRK-que, as the MSU populace now calls it. Coach Dana Kirk fears opposing coaches "will snake-oil us, sell their teams on beating us to make their season."

Junior Jon Albright, sophomore Ricky McCoy and freshman Andre Turner are competing for the point, so Kirk says, "Our leader is an unfound." Even so, look for the 5′ 10″ Turner to be a burner by mid-year. The other notable freshman is Forward Baskerville Holmes.

Kirk retooled Memphis State with skilled athletes, an asphyxiating man-to-man defense and Lee. "Keith could play big guard in the pros," says Assistant Coach Lee Fowler. "He rarely shoots from out there, but when he does, we don't yell." Finch, the Tigers' link with 1973, says, "People talk about his weight, but I don't think he'll grow much." Lee's skin and bones do command inordinate space (102 blocked shots). Kirk says, "I can't recall us being out-rebounded since he came."

But there's more to Memphis State than Lee. Example: a sure-fire bucket is Lee floating a lob pass from the perimeter to 6′ 5″ Forward Bobby (Pogo) Parks.

Junior Center Derrick Phillips can board and bang. Junior Guard Phillip Haynes scored 12.4 a game last season and is deadly on bank shots, which MSU rooters anticipate with hums of his nickname—Doooooom! The Tigers' second-best player is swingman Parks (11.4 points, 5.6 rebounds), who averaged 33.2 points in a Memphis summer league. "Players one through 10, Louisville has more talent than anybody," says Kirk. But only five play at a time—unless you count Keith Lee as three.

—RALPH WILEY

continued

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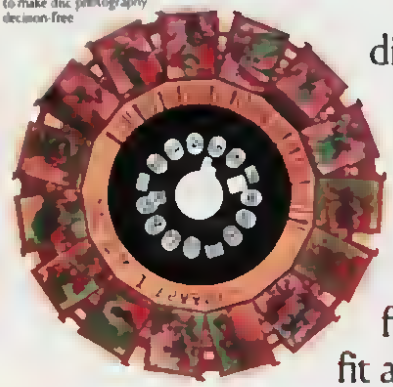

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7 GEORGETOWN

This team lost its best offensive player under 7 feet tall (Sleepy Floyd), its best defensive player under 7 feet tall (Eric Smith) and its meanest player under 7 feet tall (Ed Spriggs). Its best all-around player under 7 feet tall (Fred Brown) is likely to be out of the lineup until at least mid-December recovering from knee surgery. Sound dismal?

No, not really. That's because Patrick Ewing, who spent the summer working on Capitol Hill as Senator Robert Dole's best-rebounding 7-foot page ever, is back. Ewing's presence alone makes the Hoyas, runners-up to NCAA champion North Carolina last season, capable of challenging for the title. "People don't seem to realize that having Patrick isn't everything," says Coach John Thompson. "But it's a helluva start, isn't it?" Isn't it, though? Ewing may be college basketball's fiercest big defender since Bill Russell, and he's capable of scoring more than the 12.7 points he averaged last season.

The Hoyas don't have to worry about replacing Floyd's 16.7 average as much as other teams would. Ewing helps them win with defense, as they did last season when they held teams to 41.9% shooting from the field, second lowest in the country. "That's what Patrick is all about," says Brown. "We can cheat on defense because he's back there."

When he's able to play, Brown will probably be the most important cheater as he inherits Eric Smith's role of checking the opposition's top-scoring guard or forward. That's got to look easy after what he's been through the last eight months: surgery on his right knee for tendinitis and trying to live down his errant pass in the NCAA final that may have cost Georgetown the game. "I never knew I was so nationally known until I did that," says Brown.

Until Brown returns to play either point guard or small forward, Georgetown's lineup could be primarily sophomores and freshmen. That's not quite as bad as it sounds because Ewing, Swingman Anthony Jones and Strong Forward Bill Martin played a lot last year. Jones could become Thompson's big scorer, though he needs work on his defense. Martin should give Ewing the help he needs on the boards. The main man among the freshmen is David Wingate, who at 6′ 5″ can play small forward but would probably be most effective as a shooting guard. Another freshman guard possibility is Horace Broadnax, who was injured slightly this summer when the car he was driving collided with a train. That adequately describes the way most of Georgetown's opponents will feel after they collide with Ewing.

—JACK MCCALLUM

Whatley has 'Bama in the win column.

8 ALABAMA

The Southeastern Conference can be a tough place for a wimp, says a man who ought to know. "Brute strength is the most important thing in the SEC," states Alabama Coach Winfrey (Wimp) Sanderson. To get by in this league, a wimp needs to surround himself with muscle, which is what Sanderson had last season in 6′ 7″ Eddie Phillips and 6′ 9″ Phillip Lockett. Phillips and Lockett helped 'Bama go 24–7, but their departure has Wimp whimpering for a power forward. Don't be misled, though. There's a lot of talent here, particularly among the quick backcourt men. Ennis Whatley, a sophomore point guard who averaged 12.1 points per game last season, senior Mike Davis (11.4) and junior Eric Richardson (6.9) will dictate the roll of the Tide. Sanderson's concern stems from the slender physiques of his seasoned forwards, Terry Williams (3.5 points, 2.1 rebounds) and Cliff Windham (7.0 points, 3.3 rebounds). "Not a power man in the bunch," grumbles Wimp.

But Sanderson also beat Alabama at Birmingham in the state's biggest and bitterest-ever basketball recruiting war by signing freshman Alfonso (Buck) Johnson, a willowy, wonderfully skilled 6′ 7″ forward who can do everything. "Our recruiting was based on getting Buck Johnson," says Sanderson. And why not? Johnson averaged 24 points and 12 rebounds a game for Birmingham Hayes High. "Buck Johnson is the best basketball player the state of Alabama has ever produced," says one SEC coach. "I'm not worried about our guards, or Buck," says Sanderson. "I'm worried about rebounds, and the schedule."

The rebounding will be handled by a sophomore center, the inappropriately named Bobby Lee Hurt (10.2 points, 5.5 rebounds), a 6′ 10″, 240-pounder from Huntsville who, despite his majestic proportions, is more feline than ferocious. "Bobby Lee is the biggest, quickest six-ten man I've ever seen," raves Johnson.

Alabama's toughest assignments, in addition to the harrowing 18-game round-robin SEC schedule, are two dates in Southern California. In the Winston Tire Classic at Los Angeles on Dec. 28, the Tide plays Georgetown. On Jan. 28, right in the middle of the SEC rigors, Alabama returns to L.A. for UCLA and national television.

Whatley, All-America material, is the key player. As an unheralded freshman last year, he choreographed the season and the Tide's 48–46 SEC tournament victory over Kentucky at Lexington. He will be better. Though Sanderson says Kentucky and Tennessee should be the SEC favorites, he is known as a pessimist. It comes from being a Wimp.

—RALPH WILEY

continued

9 KENTUCKY

For months now, basketball fans in Kentucky have been wondering how a program with the biggest and best of everything can lose to a Middle Tennessee in the opening round of the NCAA tournament. That's what happened, of course, to the Kentucky Wildcats—Mildcats, some called them—last March. Inevitably, a lot of fingers were pointed at Coach Joe B. Hall. However, even as some disgruntled Kentucky fans passed out bumper stickers that said JOE BE GONE, others were getting ready for a season of retribution. After all, Big Sam—7′ 1″ Sam Bowie—would be back for 1982-83 after missing all of last season with a hairline fracture in his left shinbone. And with Bowie, well, the Middle Tennessees of the world wouldn't have Kentucky to kick around anymore.

But then it was learned that Bowie's fracture not only hadn't healed, but also that bone-graft surgery would be required. Now it appears that Bowie will be in a cast until Dec. 14 and out until at least mid-January. But this season Hall and his players will try to avoid the same kind of limb limbo—will Sam play it again or won't he?—that proved so distracting in 1981-82. "Last year we spent a lot of time looking over our shoulders for Sam," says senior Guard Dirk Minniefield. "But this year we're looking at it that Sam isn't going to come back. If he does, it's a big plus and hallelujah. But we've got to go with what we've got."

What they've got, of course, is enough to challenge for the NCAA title—provided, of course, they can avoid the late-season malaise that has caused each of the last three campaigns to end in abrupt disappointment. When Bowie and Minniefield came to UK in 1979 with Derrick Hord and Charles Hurt, it was a foregone conclusion that the Wildcats would be a national contender. Instead, their postseason tournament record is a poor 1–3.

To go farther this year, UK will need consistency from Minniefield and firepower from Hord. It also will need three newcomers—redshirt Bret Bearup (6′ 9″) and blue-chip freshmen Kenny Walker (6′ 8″) and Todd May (6′ 8″)—to fill in for Bowie and take some of the rebounding load off Hurt and Center Melvin Turpin.

At the guard opposite Minniefield, Hall can choose a shooter (Jim Master), a penetrator (Quicky Dicky Beal) or a ball handler (freshman Roger Harden). But the problem at Kentucky won't be talent or depth. It will be rebuilding the confidence that has been shaken by the Middle Tennessee debacle and the Bowie limbo.

—WILLIAM F. REED

Barnett and Little will score Sooner or later.

10 OKLAHOMA

In Oklahoma, where the football spiral comes whistling down the plain, basketball is reaping a whirlwind of interest. "I used to beg people to come out to games," says Guard Bo Overton. "Now they're begging me for tickets."

And for good reason. The Sooners will be runnin', gunnin', pressin' and generally scarin' the daylights out of other Big Eight teams. They'll be playing multiple, pressing defenses and a fast-break offense. "Any time our guys make more than three passes, they get migraine headaches," says Coach Billy Tubbs, who is at once affable, quotable and flexible. "My definition of a good shot is anything that goes in."

That's entertainment, but that's not why 10,800-seat Lloyd Noble Center will be sold out. Back from a 22–11 team are four starters, and Tubbs recruited one of the nation's prize freshmen in Center Wayman Tisdale. The 6′ 9″ Tisdale, 6′ 6″ Calvin Pierce and 6′ 10″ Charles (Big Time) Jones will rotate in the double post; Chucky Barnett, David Little and Don Gandy will share the two forward spots and Overton and Jan Pennell will alternate at point guard.

"Last year our inside guys were adequate on defense, but we didn't have confidence in their scoring," says Tubbs. "Our lack of an inside game put pressure on our outside game." Nonetheless, Barnett and Little finished one-two in Big Eight scoring with averages of 18.9 and 18.5, respectively. Still, Missouri beat the Sooners three times and won the league title because Steve Stipanovich had no competition under the boards. "With Wayman around, Chucky and I won't have to score so much to win," says Little.

But the happiest man in Norman is undoubtedly the 6′ 10″, 26-year-old Jones. After high school Jones spent three years on a construction gang and two laboring at McLennan Community College in Waco, Texas. Then he transferred to Oklahoma and was redshirted his first year and given an impossible rebounding job his second. Now he'll have some support. "The big man," he says, deferring to the shorter Tisdale, "should help a lot."

Tubbs, who went 9–18 his first year at OU and 22–11 his second, coaches by mixing invective and humor. "The most important things in being successful are recruiting and schedule," he says. Tisdale heads the best freshman class Oklahoma has ever had. And Tubbs says, "I don't see anyone on the schedule we can't beat. Our football team is a national contender every year. Why shouldn't we be?"

—JIM KAPLAN

continued

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11 INDIANA

At a recent practice, Indiana Coach Bobby Knight called over Ted Kitchel, his sweet-shooting senior forward. "Kitchel," began Knight, "do you have any idea how old I am? I've been screaming at guys like you for 20 years. Give me a break, will you, Kitchel? Don't make me yell today." Smiling and nodding, Kitchel trotted back out on the floor. The coach was in good humor. Later, the 42-year-old Knight would even say, "I feel as good about coaching right now as I ever have."

After the 1980-81 season Knight seemed to have a case of the blahs. He didn't really begin to understand how much coaching meant to him until Landon Turner, a forward on the 1981 national champions, was paralyzed in an automobile crash near Columbus, Ind. Then, following a season that was better than it had a right to be (19–10 and an NCAA bid), Knight was picked to coach the 1984 U.S. Olympic team. Goodby, blahs. Hello, Blabs.

The Blabs are what you get when you have a 7′ 2″ center from West Germany who has improved his grasp both literally and figuratively. Uwe Blab not only has increased his upper body strength and grip, but has expanded his understanding of the game. He and Steve Bouchie, a senior forward, will be IU's most improved players. Stew Robinson, a precocious freshman guard, will provide some badly needed ball-handling and passing.

The Hoosiers have at least nine players, maybe more, who figure to make a contribution this season. "These are the most competitive practice sessions we've had since I've been here," Knight said several weeks ago.

The player who may determine whether Indiana is a good team or a great one is Randy Wittman, the senior swingman. Wittman racked up some impressive figures in preseason practices, making 23 of 29 shots, 19 of 24, 19 of 25. Understanding Wittman's potential, Knight became upset last season when he saw Wittman failing to work hard enough to get the 10 or 15 shots a game that he needs for the Hoosiers to reach maximum offensive firepower. That's why, early this fall, Wittman worked a lot with the second team.

"I'll be the first to tell anybody that last year was pretty disappointing for me," said Wittman. "I wasn't much of a factor in many games. My goal this season is to become a factor on the floor. Last year I took the shots I had but didn't really work to get more." If Wittman works this season, everything should work out fine for Indiana.

—WILLIAM F. REED

Ellis of UT was the SEC MVP.

12 TENNESSEE

The situation is under control at Tennessee, which means the Vols haven't brought in Godzilla and Mothra from a juco, didn't sign everybody's Ultra-All-Universe out of high school, will continue to play in one of the SEC's smallest and, in terms of the sight lines, worst arenas (Stokely Athletics Center, capacity 12,700)—and should make the NCAA tournament for the fifth straight year. The only question is how does fifth-year coach Don DeVoe do it? "First, I don't put much stock in rankings," says DeVoe, whose team was picked to finish in the middle of the SEC last season, yet emerged to tie Kentucky for the title. "Don has a knack for getting players he can use. Not big names, just those who can fit in," says one Tennessee official. After DeVoe lost Point Guard Ed Littleton and Wing Gary Carter to academic ineligibility last year, the Vols were overlooked. But their replacements, Tyrone Beaman and Michael Brooks, helped Tennessee win eight straight SEC games and make it 20–10 overall.

Of course, the main man for the Volunteers last season was Dale Ellis, the SEC Player of the Year. The 6′ 7″ Ellis can not only zoom up, up and over, but he is also gold from outside. He shot 65.4% from the high post in 1981-82, second nationally, and scored 21.2 points per game.

The second most important player is Brooks, a 6′ 3″ junior who can man point or wing. Last year he averaged 11.6 points with 96 assists and shot 85.2% from the line. "He's always under control, he understands his limitations," says DeVoe. "He's been the iceman for us. It's nice to coach talent, but our people execute team ball as well as you could hope to see."

Littleton returns to challenge Beaman, a 5′ 11″ junior who leads DeVoe's strict man-to-man defense—"Our salvation," the coach says. Because DeVoe is a man of systems and detail, freshmen usually need a season to adjust to him. But one of three 6′ 7″ first-year forwards—Rob Jones, William Mills or Tyrone Harper—may contribute also.

When DeVoe began recruiting for Tennessee, he used the lure of a promised new arena. Only the current freshmen will play in the $30 million, 25,000-seat edifice that will be ready in 1985. "Nobody around here minds having something a little bit larger than Kentucky's," says Sports Information Director Haywood Harris, chuckling. Ground will be broken in the spring. The Vols, however, would love to be busy elsewhere. Like in Albuquerque.

—RALPH WILEY

13 IOWA

The Hawkeye fan, now immortalized in a poster that depicts an advanced state of inebriation ($3.75 at the university bookstore, $4 elsewhere), is loyal, generous and spirited. Why, last year when Guard Steve Carfino casually mentioned that he was homesick for California, the people in Seymour, Iowa officially adopted him.

The Hawkeye fan is also forgiving, which is good, because Iowa had a lot to be forgiven for last year. After going 8–1 in the first half of the Big Ten schedule, the Hawkeyes lost five of their next nine league games and finished third, with a 21–8 overall record.

This year hopes are high, even though Forward Kevin Boyle and Guard Kenny Arnold have departed. "Frankly," says Lute Olson, now in his ninth year at Iowa, "this team has more physical attributes than any team I've had, but intangibles like leadership often make the difference." Chief among those physical attributes is 6′ 11″ sophomore Michael Payne, a man of many moves who will be moved from center to forward. Payne averaged 11.4 points and 7.4 rebounds as a freshman, but he's perfectly capable of scoring 20 a game. The fans are excited at the prospect of watching 7-foot freshman Brad Lohaus play center, but Olson says, "Media hype would make you believe he's going to make us a national champion or something. Brad is going to be a very good player—someday." Until then, Greg Stokes will be the pivotman.

Taking Arnold's place in the backcourt will be Carfino, a 6′ 2″ junior who, in Olson's estimation, "just may be the best point guard in the nation. Bob Hansen, a 6′ 6″ senior who averaged 12 points a game, will swing from guard to forward. Mark Gannon will be on the wing when Hansen isn't. Olson will choose either sophomore Todd Berkenpas or freshman Andre Banks to be his third guard.

The gospel according to Lute is defense and a rather deliberate offense. Usually, Olson's word is sacrosanct around Iowa, but some people thought the Hawkeyes hung onto the ball a little too much last year. There were also suggestions that Iowa staggered at season's end because of the way Olson drives his players in practice, which is hard. "That's a lot of hogwash," he says. "Why didn't they point out that we had three of our starters ailing in the stretch drive?"

Barring any serious injuries and/or alibis, Iowa should have a nice team with which to inaugurate its new 15,000-seat Carver-Hawkeye Sports Arena. And that's not hogwash.

—STEVE WULF

Charlie has Oregon State Sitton real pretty.

14 OREGON STATE

For years now, the Oregon State football team has played like the Northwestern of the Northwest. But every fall, just when the losses and rains threaten to establish a feeling of permanent gloom in Corvallis, sports fans begin to smile again. Thankfully, basketball season is upon them. Two students at a preseason practice reflected this. "We *need* this team here," a young man said. "If they left, we'd probably transfer, too," his girl said.

Last year Coach Ralph Miller's Beavers were virtually ignored in preseason polls, yet they won their third straight Pac-10 title and made it to the final eight of the NCAA, losing to Georgetown in the West Regional final. Four starters are back from the club that led the nation in victory margin with a 14.6 average. The missing regular is Guard Lester Conner, who led the Beavers in scoring, rebounding, assists and steals last season. "Obviously he was an outstanding player," Miller says. "But I'm sure we'll still be sound defensively. We also have better shooters and a stronger front line than we did a year ago."

Anchoring the forecourt, and the team, is 6′ 8″ junior Charlie Sitton, who has seen his role in Miller's offense change each year. As a freshman, with Steve Johnson in the lineup, Sitton was a defensive specialist and rebounder, averaging only 6.4 points per game. Last year he moved underneath to fill the void left by Johnson and proved effective, doubling his scoring output to 12.9. Now he's the Beavers' leader, the player everyone listens to—even Miller, in a way. When Miller was recruiting Sitton, the kid made the coach promise he wouldn't retire until Sitton graduated.

Forwards A.C. Green and Danny Evans are excellent ball handlers, who could see time at guard while freshman Guard Darryl Flowers adapts to the discipline of Miller's high-post, low-post, quick-passing game. The other newcomers, 6′ 7″ Tyrone Miller and 6′ 10″ Steve Woodside, will get playing time underneath.

Despite this wealth of talent and experience, Miller remains as grumpy as ever. Consider this scene that took place a few weeks ago, during an all-out, full-court scrimmage, when a guard drove to the hoop and sank a spectacular reverse layup. "I know you can dribble," Miller said. "I want to see what *else* you can do!" A minute later a post man sank a classy lefthanded hook. "You've signed your death warrant if you ever take *that* shot again," barked Miller, thoroughly disgusted. Outside Gill Coliseum the rain poured down. Things are looking up in Corvallis.

—MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

continued

15 MISSOURI

Missouri plays a schedule that Coach Norm Stewart calls "professional suicide." The Tigers open against defending national champion North Carolina, have other early-season games with Oregon State, North Carolina State and Marquette and could face North Carolina once more in the Rainbow Classic. Another reason Missouri won't win its first 19 games and finish 27–4, as it did last season, is the fact that Guard Prince Bridges is out until January with a broken right foot.

Nevertheless, senior leaders Center Steve Stipanovich and Guard Jon Sundvold could still earn an unprecedented fourth consecutive Big Eight title. The 6′ 11″ Stipanovich is an excellent passing center, and Sundvold is a playmaker supreme who committed only 50 turnovers in 31 games last season. Both must improve their 12-points-a-game averages to compensate for the graduation of team scoring leader Ricky Frazier, the guy they went to in critical situations. And both must do more on defense because Marvin (Moon) McCrary, who always guarded the opponents' best shooter, is also gone. Clearly, those two will be difficult to replace.

Key members of the supporting cast are Ron Jones, Greg Cavener and Mark Dressler. Jones, a 6′ 4″ forward who replaces McCrary, plays tough but sometimes overly physical defense. "I tend to get overexcited," he says. Cavener, Frazier's successor, is a good offensive rebounder, but he hoists free throws like a shotputter, making 42.5% last season. The 6′ 6″ Dressler is a multipurpose player who will replace Bridges early in the season and later switch effortlessly back to forward.

Stewart preaches loyalty, uses words like "hard-nosed" and insists on unyielding man-to-man defense. But he's also thoroughly modern. This season he's using Frank Boehm, the director of a local psychiatric clinic, to teach the Tigers positive thinking. "They undergo covert rehearsals," says Boehm, "to achieve a strong visual image of what they're like playing at their best." Ideally, a player who used to "lose it" for a few minutes after an opponent beat him on a play will now show improved concentration, and a teammate who had one better-than-normal game will believe he can do it again. "If a player becomes responsible for being intense and concentrating, he can reproduce that game on a fairly regular schedule," says Boehm. This schedule is just what the doctor ordered.

—JIM KAPLAN

Mizzou leans heavily on Sundvold.

16 N.C. STATE

Imagine price supports for outside shooting and quickness instead of tobacco. That's how North Carolina State looks at the ACC's new three-point shot and 30-second clock. Chuck Nevitt and Scott Parzych, 7′ 5″ and 6′ 7″ plodders, respectively, are State's only major losses, and though both started last season, under the new rules they'd be like ballast overboard. The Pack has shooters and speed everywhere.

Take the backcourt. Senior Sidney Lowe, N.C. State's all-time assist leader, is the burner while Dereck Whittenburg just gets hot. They've played alongside each other for seven straight years, since both were sophomores at DeMatha High School in Hyattsville, Md. Lowe averaged more than 36 minutes and just two turnovers a game last season. Whittenburg made 92 of his 168 field goals in 1981-82 from beyond where the conference now has circumscribed its three-point line. "Both look like linebackers, but they're completely different players," says Coach Jim Valvano. "The only pass Whit knows is the one he might make at Sid's girl friend. Sid thinks 'shot' as a last resort." Says 6′ 11″ Thurl Bailey, State's leading scorer (13.7) and rebounder (6.8) last season, "We call Sid 'Squid,' because he has a lot of different arms. You get open, he'll find you."

Bailey, who last year was in the student production *Of Mice and Men* (hint: he didn't portray a mouse), plays "quick" forward with a down-filled jump shot to 18 feet. State has no proven center behind 6′ 11″ Cozell (Co-Rilla) McQueen, but there are plenty of bodies to rebound, including Strong Forward Lorenzo (Lo-Rilla) Charles and Alvin Battle, a first-team junior-college All-America.

Charles was nabbed as an accessory in the theft of two pizzas from a deliveryman in Raleigh on May 30 and had to perform 300 hours of community service and spend a day and a half in jail as part of a first-offenders' program. Says someone close to the Pack, "In the Brooklyn neighborhood where Lo's from, you *murder* the pizza deliveryman." Says Valvano, "It's been good for him in the end. Everyone should spend a day in jail, to see what it's like."

Of the schedule, Valvano says, "We're 'at' a lot of people. There's an old Italian saying. You can't win the NCAA tournament unless you get invited." Jimmy, don't worry, awready. State should be near the top of the guest list.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

continued

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17 WEST VIRGINIA

Practice was over and West Virginia's Greg Jones sat on the training table getting his calluses scraped by Trainer Jack Brautigam. "Ow! I'm telling you, Jack, I'm going to sue you if you don't stop doing that," he said to Brautigam.

"Hey, how many people was Greg going to sue last year?" teammate Lester Rowe asked no one in particular. "All Greg wants to do is sue people."

However, if Jones harasses opponents as he has for the past two seasons, he's a likely candidate for a lawsuit himself. Any opponent would love to serve papers on a player who has led his team in scoring, assists and steals for two years while wearing a kind of impish grin much of the time.

With Jones in the fore, the Mounties have won 50 games and lost only 14 the past two seasons. Last year they were 27–4 and went to the NCAA tournament, losing to Fresno State 50–46 in the second round of the West Regional. This year? "If we had a 6′ 8″ or 6′ 9″ power forward, I'm not sure we'd lose," says Coach Gale Catlett.

Catlett may be as quick with a quote as Jones is with a basketball, but the Mounties aren't *that* good. However, WVU could be a Top 10 team with another tough rebounder. Catlett would like to have a rough-and-tumble pivotman even more than a power forward, but he won't say it publicly because there's already enough pressure on Center Tim Kearney. The 6′ 11″, 215-pound junior is the team's only new starter, replacing Phil Collins, whose idea of a head fake was to rip his opponent's head off and pretend he didn't do it. But Collins' intimidating, bully-boy moves in the middle were useful to the Mounties, primarily a speed and finesse team. Kearney is more of a finesse player.

Catlett has two fine forwards in sophomore Rowe and senior Russel Todd. Todd is a solid four-year starter who averaged 11.2 points and 5.5 rebounds last season. Rowe is a more spectacular type—"The best leaper I have seen since Darrell Griffith," says guess who.

But WVU's strength is unquestionably in the backcourt, where Jones and Tony Washam (10.3 ppg) will start. "I can't understand why Greg doesn't get more attention," says Catlett. "Name me one guard in the country who's faster with the ball." UCLA's Rod Foster, maybe? "Let's go get him," says Catlett. "I'll bring the stopwatch." And Jones will serve papers on the loser.

—JACK MCCALLUM

Jones is building Mountaineer history, too.

18 ILLINOIS STATE

Last season Illinois State made a memorable debut in the Missouri Valley Conference by bringing defense to what had been known as a run-'n'-gun league, limiting Valley opponents to only 58 points per game and 44.1% shooting. "To be effective," says Redbird Coach Bob Donewald, "we had to control the tempo, play solid defense and stay within the team concept."

If that sounds familiar, it should. Before joining Illinois State, Donewald spent five years as an assistant to Bobby Knight at Indiana. In the four years Donewald has been at Normal, the Redbirds have built a record of 74–41. Over the past five years the school's 67.8 winning percentage is the 30th best in the nation.

With their belly up, aggressive defense, the Redbirds were like a Big Ten team suddenly let loose on the Valley last season, catching most opponents by surprise. While that's unlikely to happen again this season, that element now may not be necessary. On paper, Illinois State has the personnel to be an unsurprising winner. In a league full of transfers from junior colleges and four-year schools—"We don't take that route," sniffs Donewald—the Redbirds have all five starters and nine of their top 10 players returning from a 17–12 squad that finished the season by upending eventual NIT champion Bradley in the conference tournament.

But there are some questions. For example, how do you win with no starter taller than 6′ 8″? With a team lacking outstanding quickness and outside shooting? For Donewald, the answer is found in hard work. "We're fiercely competitive but limited," Donewald says. "If we play outside of those limitations we aren't nearly as effective."

The players realize that. "If we're listening to what the coaches say we can beat any team on our schedule, but if our minds aren't in it, anybody on the schedule can beat us," says Rick Lamb, a 6′ 7″, 230-pound center who has led Illinois State in scoring and rebounding the last two seasons. "People were upset when Coach Donewald first came here because he didn't play a light-it-up style like Wichita State's Gene Smithson. That's exciting to watch but it could be costly, especially for us."

Lamb will be joined in Dullsville by Guard Dwayne Tyus, and Forward Hank Cornley. If the names don't sound familiar now, Lamb says to just wait a little bit. "We're as good as anyone in the league, maybe nationally. Come March we'll be up there."

—ANTHONY COTTON

continued

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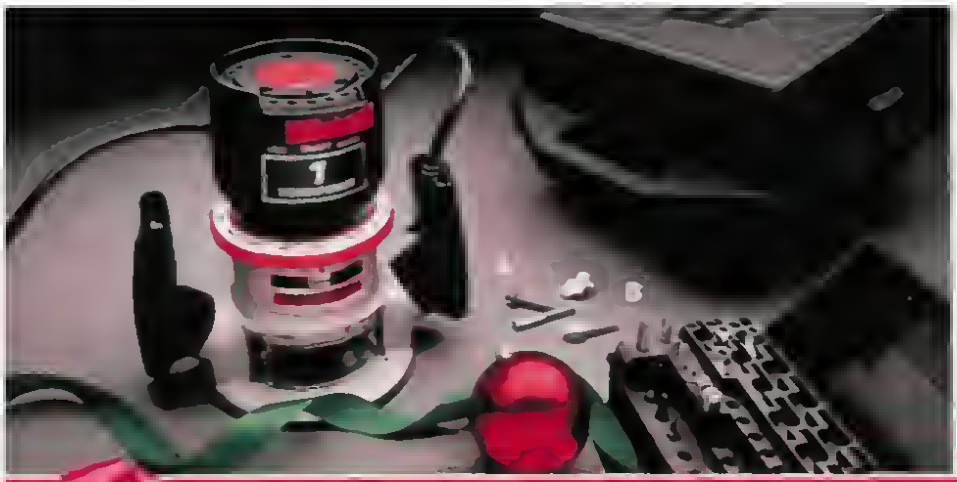

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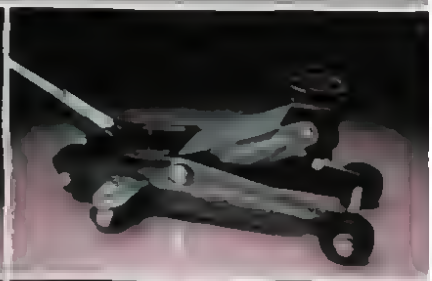

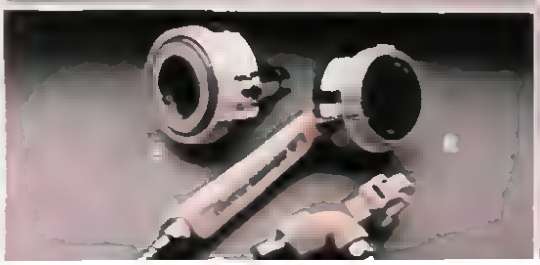

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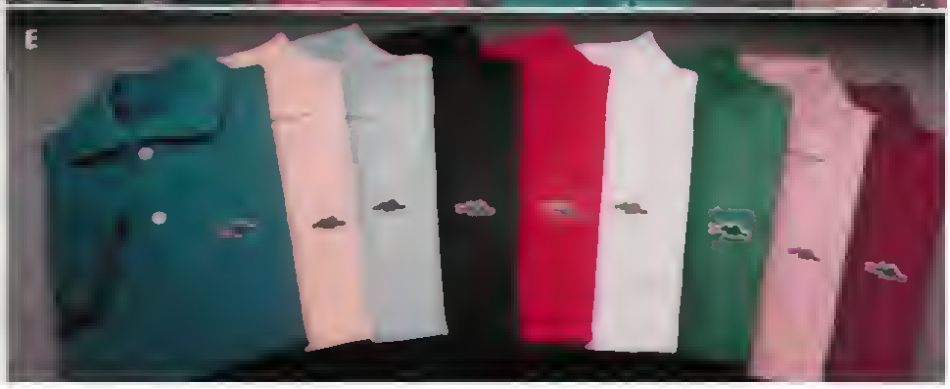

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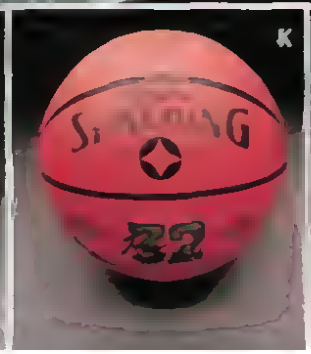

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19 CSU FULLERTON

Remember Cal State-Fullerton? Cal State-Who? That's what a lot of folks were saying in 1978 when Cal State-Who came within an eyelash of advancing to the NCAA Final Four. But when George McQuarn became coach in 1980, a few wise guys were calling the school Cal State-Disneyland. It was as much a reflection of the Titans' basketball ineptitude as it was the campus' proximity to the amusement park.

McQuarn's first team in 1980-81 finished 4–23 and was so bad that any five of the Seven Dwarfs could have given it a run. But instead of wishing on a star, McQuarn, a master recruiter in his days at University of Nevada, Las Vegas, went out and corralled a few. As a result, the Titans last season went 18–14, won 10 of their last 13 games and improved their record by 11½ games, the most dramatic turnabout in the country. They did it despite an inside game so weak that passing the ball to the post men was futile. "A lot of people thought that we won 18 games with three players," says McQuarn. That's in fact what the Titans did.

Two of that threesome, junior Leon Wood and senior Ricky Mixon, form as potent a backcourt as there is. Wood, who spent a fitful freshman year at Arizona, averaged 19.7 points and 7.4 assists per game. "He can penetrate and dish it off as well as half the guys in the NBA," says Golden State scout Pete Newell. Mixon scored 13.9 points per game, all from the outside. There's also a chance that sophomore Gary Davis, who is bigger (6′ 6″) and quicker than Mixon, could start beside Wood, leaving Mixon to bring his hot shot off the bench. The Titans will be tougher underneath this year, thanks to 6′ 11″ Ozell (Hoppy) Jones, who left Wichita State when grade problems made him ineligible for the 1981 NCAA tournament, and NCAA rules violations put the Wheatshockers on probation. Jones gives the Titans the mobile, hostile big man they have long needed and frees Tony Neal, Cal State-Fullerton's leading rebounder and the PCAA's top freshman in 1981-82, to play a more comfortable forward spot.

The other forward will be drawn from among all-star juco transfers DeWayne Shepard (if he's fully recovered from arthroscopic surgery to his right knee), Craig Fuller or Johnny Wilkes, the brother of former UCLA forward James Wilkes. You wouldn't be living in Fantasyland if you expected this team to have an outstanding season.

—ROGER JACKSON

Center Jones fully fills the Fullerton bill.

20 JAMES MADISON

When James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Va. fancified its name from Madison College and became a Division I basketball team six years ago, the world outside the Shenandoah Valley didn't much care. Did James Madison *play* George Mason? Or join him in debate? The Virginia legislature, which had originally chartered the college as the State Normal and Industrial School for Women at Harrisonburg, couldn't have cared less as long as the Commonwealth's classrooms were kept amply stocked with schoolmarms.

But look what's happening now. As Georgetown and Ohio State (losers) and Notre Dame and North Carolina (bare winners) discovered in the NCAA tournament the past two seasons, the Dukes are hazards. Coach Lou Campanelli confounded those teams largely with players that no other Division I school wanted. One of them, outside-shooting Forward Linton Townes, is with the Portland Trail Blazers. But the rest of the top eight are back. The leading returning scorer and rebounder is Center Dan Ruland, whose face-the-basket style—he's a 6′ 8″, 240-pound bull with a china-shop touch—is certain to give Virginia and Harrisonburg's own Ralph Sampson, problems when UVa visits Madison's brand-new, 7,600-seat Convocation Center on Dec. 1. Seniors David Dupont and Charles Fisher have started together in the backcourt since midway through their freshman season, and sophomore Forward Darrell Jackson returns after winning a starting spot 13 games into his first year. A pair of 6′ 7″ juniors, Keith Bradley and Woody Boler, are competing for Townes' old position. To Campanelli, who even coifs and clothes himself a bit like Bobby Knight, defense matters most. "People ask me at clinics how I get them to play so hard on defense," he says. "Well, we have kids who all have something to prove."

The guards make the defense go. Fisher plays the point like a bumper car. Last season he missed only three games despite suffering a chipped ankle bone, a cracked shoulder blade, a cerebral concussion, five impacted teeth, a cut hand and a broken wrist that forced him to wear a soft cast on his nonshooting hand. Dupont led the team in steals last season. Junior Derek (Bam Bam) Steele is a 5′ 7″ backup who's listed at 5′ 9″ at his mother's request. "Derek's too small to play major-college basketball," says Campanelli. "But he doesn't know it." Ditto the Dukes.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

THE REST OF THE BEST

These 32 teams should be among the 52 that receive bids to the expanded NCAA tournament

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

Scott's play at the point guard for Bradley is sheer artistry.

For years now, the major-college hounds have been a-bayin' The NCAA tournament is a mongrelization, the well-bred say, and mutts are getting in with no pedigree except an antiquated automatic bid. Well, over the summer the big dogs finally had their day. The NCAA decided that, if you're from the TAAC or the SWAC or the MEAC or one of five other less prominent conferences, you'll have to work to reach Albuquerk By expanding its field from 48 teams to 52 and holding steady the number of automatic qualifiers, the NCAA has in effect created four more at-large bids Winners of eight leagues (the Trans America Conference, Southwestern Athletic Conference, East Coast Conference, Ivy League, Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference, ECAC North, ECAC Metro and Midwestern City Conference), which had received automatic bids, will now play among themselves in an elimination round to determine who'll be the 12th seed in each of the four regions

"There can be no more jokes about this not being a major-college team," says **ARKANSAS-LITTLE ROCK** Coach Ron Kestenbaum. "This is a major-college team " That's true, even though the Trojans will again car-pool a few end-of-the-benchers to away games and will occasionally play in a 2,400-seat gym that even Kestenbaum calls "an eyesore to the state." Arkansas-Little Rock will win the Trans America title and qualify for the elimination round, thanks to seniors Jimmy (Back to You, Keith) Lampley, a 7-foot center who led the Trojans in scoring (15.4) and rebounding (6.6), and Guard Vaughn Williams, a three-year starter at the point. But **ALCORN STATE** will emerge from the SWAC to beat the Trojans and advance to the field of 52. Over the past five seasons no team has scored more points a game (86.6) or outrebounded opponents as decisively (a 10.5 margin) as the Braves, who welcome back four starters from a team that went 22–8 last season Erstwhile Center Tom Collie, at 6′ 8″ Alcorn's second-leading scorer in 1981-82, will move to forward, 5′ 9″ Ed Archie, who led the SWAC in steals and placed second in assists, returns to the point.

There's no truth to the rumor that all-state high-schooler Chip Greenberg, a 6′ 4″ passer from Philly's La Salle College High, chose **LA SALLE** so he wouldn't have to buy a new letter jacket. Greenberg should help the Explorers win the ECC, but La Salle's main man should continue to be Steve Black, whose 20 points a game last season led the nation's freshmen. But **PENN** will win the Ivy and then meet—and beat—its Big Five rival "No, Ralph will *not* be transferring here," said former Virginia Assistant and new Quaker Coach Craig Littlepage when he met his players. Penn will do well enough without Sampson. The Quakers have eight players back who started at least one game last season, when Penn lost nine in a row and then swept 14 straight to win its 10th Ivy title in 13 years Forward Paul Little, co-Ivy Player of the Year, averaged 11.6 points and 5.3 rebounds

NORTH CAROLINA A&T will emerge from the MEAC, if only because it badly wants a chance to atone for a 30-point loss to West Virginia in last spring's West Regional "You usually show the videos of good games or wins," says Aggie Coach Don Corbett. "But not here. The kids see that West Virginia film every day. They don't want to forget." Four of last season's starters are around to remember. The best is Forward Joe Binion, who last season averaged 19.1 points and 9.2 rebounds and was conference Player of the Year. Two ECAC North preseason all-stars, Guard Ray Hall and aptly named Lee Stringfellow, a 6′ 9″, 205-pound forward, will lead **CANISIUS** into the preliminary round. But A&T should show the Golden Griffins the way out

There's not too much metropolitan about Moon Township, Pa., home to **ROBERT MORRIS**, which will win the

ECAC Metro but lose to **EVANSVILLE** of the Midwestern City in the "urban" elimination round. After the Purple Aces' first-round loss to Marquette last March, Coach Dick Walters asked his players what they thought they lacked. "Coach, we're not strong enough physically," they told him. Five days later Walters put them on a weight program—and later on he turned down the Wisconsin coaching job so he could reap the benefits. The $25,000 customized purple van the Aces used to pick up recruits at the airport must have been impressive: Four fine freshmen and two juco transfers are on hand; the best of them is Forward Bubby Mukes.

The Wisconsin job that Walters rejected finally went to **BALL STATE's** Steve Yoder, who has been replaced by his former assistant, Al Brown. Yoder left behind three of the starters who won the Mid-American Conference by two games last season, including 5′ 9″ Ray McCallum, who'll probably become the MAC's alltime leading scorer this year. Over the last three seasons McCallum has averaged 17.5 points on just 13.7 shots a game and shot better than 50% from the field and 80% from the line. Last season he committed only 32 turnovers in 28 games.

BRADLEY figures to play in Peoria at the new 10,400-seat Civic Arena—though without the front line that led the Braves to the NIT title last March after Bradley was unjustly passed over for an NCAA bid. But the backcourt's back: 5′ 11″, 150-pound Willie Scott, the Munchkin of a point guard who set a Braves' single-season assist record, and Barney Mines. Center Pierre Cooper has licked a mysterious blood disorder that kept him out of action last season, and sophomore Forward Voise (as in Boise) Winters had a fine rookie year. Juco All-America Forward Booker Johnson is the best of three transfers.

According to Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds*, a cardinal goes *whoit whoit whoit*. The same question has been asked about the **LAMAR** Cardinals, despite their 92 wins and three NCAA appearances the last four years. In fact, Lamar could issue *A Birds' Guide to the Field*. It would include such tournament victims as Detroit, Weber State, Oregon State and Missouri. Because Southwestern Louisiana, which edged Lamar for the SLC bid last season, has gone independent, the Cards ought to make the tournament again. En route they should pad their Division I-leading 56-game home winning streak. Says Coach Pat Foster, "I feel like I'm coaching a whole team of DiMaggios." Maybe so, but Terry Long (14.8 points a game last season) has left and gone away.

SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA has six of the top seven players back from a team that opened the season by beating Georgetown, Washington State and Marquette to win the Great Alaska Shootout. Junior forwards Graylin Warner and Dion Brown return, with averages of 15.8 points and 8.5 rebounds, respectively. The Ragin' Cajuns, whose fans wear T shirts with big red dots on them, will play a spotty schedule in their first season as an independent, so they probably must win at least 22 games to earn their berth.

"Not to belittle those guys," says **DePAUL** Coach Ray Meyer of recent Blue Demon All-Americas Mark Aguirre and Terry Cummings, "but there were always worries about getting them their points. Now if anybody messes up, I can yank 'em." Forward Bernard Randolph averaged 14.7 points per game last season, twice as many as any other returnee. More will be expected from two sophomores, Walter Downing, possible heir to Cummings in the pivot, and Guard Kenny (Fast) Patterson.

"Brian [Winters] told me when I had a jump shot to take it, and Quinn [Buckner] helped me with my defense," says **MARQUETTE** Guard Glenn (Doc) Rivers of his off-season self-improvement sessions with present and former Milwaukee Bucks. The 6′ 4″ junior was MVP of the U.S. team at the World Championship in Cali, Colombia and opened fall practice trimmed and burning. "I've never seen him in such good shape," says Warrior Coach Hank Raymonds, who's beginning his sixth and last season. "He isn't turning it on and off anymore." Forward Marc Marotta is Marquette's other top returning scorer, while Swingman Kerry Trotter is the class of the freshmen.

Doc Rivers has a sure cure for Marquette.

"I don't have any catchy sayings or mottoes this year," says **NOTRE DAME** Coach Digger Phelps, who called last season's Fighting Irish The Rat Pack and said they'd "steal 20 victories." As things turned out, all 10 victories were well paid for. The Irish wouldn't have won that many without Guard John Paxson, who shot 53.5% and averaged 16.4 points. "We've had some spectacular play from the freshmen in practice," says Phelps of his excellent five-man class. "That worries me—I don't know if they're that good, or if the rest of the team isn't as good as it should be." Last year's results should answer that question.

A tougher schedule should earn independent **DAYTON** the at-large berth it barely missed last season. The Flyers are led by Guard Roosevelt Chapman, the team MVP who averaged 18.1 points a year ago. Chapman will join returning guards Kevin Conrad and Larry Schellenberg on the perimeter.

How can a team lose four starters to the NBA draft, its umpteenth recruit from its own backyard to the state school down the pike, welcome back just one starter—whose name sounds like a debutante's—and still be

continued

the conference favorite? In spite of it all, ***ALABAMA AT BIRMINGHAM*** will win the Sun Belt and dance in March, thanks to returning Guard Luellen Foster, transfer Forward Cliff Pruitt, a malcontent at UCLA who becomes eligible in December, and Center Lex Drum, who bolted Missouri two years ago but didn't get much playing time last season. Another new transfer is Forward Eugene Jones, from the Blazers' recruiting nemesis, Alabama. "If we have good luck injury-wise," says Coach Gene Bartow, "we could be better than last year [25–6] by the end of the season." That's when the Sun Belt holds its tournament to pick an NCAA rep. In Birmingham.

TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA choo-chooed through its schedule last season, going 15–1 in the Southern Conference and 27–4 overall, counting three straight wins in the league tournament. Though the Mocs lost Forward Russ Schoene and Guard Nick Morken, they still have junior Guard Willie White, who was conference Player of the Year as a sophomore. Transferring in from junior college is Gerald Wilkins, the 6′ 6″ kid brother of the Atlanta Hawks' Dominique, the Human Highlight Film. Wilkins began developing a reputation as the Human Highlight Trailer at the National Sports Festival, where he set a four-game scoring record while playing for the North team. The Mocs will play in a new 11,200-seat arena they'll call The Roundhouse—love those train metaphors.

Arkansas' Walker plays the star's role with a theatrical flair.

WASHINGTON STATE will be like a doughnut—centerless—when it plays Coach George Raveling's open post offense, but the Cougars will have height, depth and a three-senior forecourt. One of them is Guy Williams, who was the MVP in a 1979 NCAA first-round game as a freshman at San Francisco. Says Raveling, who expects more from Williams than the 11.1 points and 5.7 rebounds he averaged last season, "He thinks shooting a basketball is like a diving contest—that they award points for degree of difficulty."

SOUTHERN CAL Coach Stan Morrison, making good on a promise, did a cannonball into a swimming pool when the Trojans made last spring's tournament. Morrison promises that if USC makes it to the Final Four, he'll "do a cannonball off the Redondo Beach pier." Jacque Hill, who rarely turns the ball over despite handling it 80% of the time in the Trojan offense, returns to the point, and two sophomores who made the Pac-10 all-rookie team—Wayne Carlander (8.6 points per game, 6.3 rebounds) and Ken Johnson (9.5, 7.9)—will anchor the forecourt. Freshman Gerry (Sir Jamalot) Wright, a 6′ 8″ forward with an 11-inch handspan, can execute a 720-degree dunk.

Guards Alvin Robertson and Darrell Walker, two Hogs who can get high—38 inches each, to be exact—are two reasons why ***ARKANSAS*** will win the Southwest Conference. Another reason: Coach Eddie Sutton, who says, "Alvin and Darrell could play with three sorority mothers and still be winners." The Razorback center will be 6′ 11″ Joe Kleine, a transfer from Notre Dame whose playing style is more fraternity brother. That's in stark contrast to last season's center, mobile, soft-shooting Scott Hastings. Sutton is counting on 12 points and eight rebounds a game from Kleine, but doesn't expect the Hogs to shoot as well as they did the last five seasons, when Arkansas was second in the nation in field-goal percentage. "If the NCAAs were a game of H-O-R-S-E," says Sutton, "we'd finish last."

Since coming to ***HOUSTON*** from Nigeria in 1980, Akeem Abdul (Jelly) Olajuwon has added 55 pounds to his 7-foot frame, and the 245-pound Jelly hasn't even got a roll. Three other front-liners, instrumental in the Cougars' surprising rush to last spring's Final Four, return: Larry (Mr. Mean) Micheaux, an excellent inside shooter who sports a tattoo of an anchor on his right arm; Clyde (the Glide) Drexler, a fine offensive rebounder; and shooter Michael Young. The Cougs are wondering how they will replace departed backcourt starters Rob Williams and Lynden Rose.

SAN DIEGO STATE hopes that where there's smoke, there's fire. "Eddie's got to get more consistent," says Coach Dave (Smokey) Gaines of senior Eddie Morris. "He can burn them out one night, and the next he can't even light the fire." Maybe Morris won't mix 3-for-16 games with 20-for-25 outings in 1982-83. Keith Smith, the Aztecs' leading scorer (12.8 points) of 1981-82, will be in the backcourt with Swingman Morris or freshman Guard Anthony Watson. Michael Cage, a high school teammate of Keith Lee, is the best player in the WAC's finest front line that also includes Center Leonard Allen and Forward Eddie Gordon.

MURRAY STATE lost 5′ 10″ cruise-control Guard Lamont Sleets to a stress fracture three games into last season, so the Racers redshirted him and went 20–8 anyway. Now he and four other onetime starters—including two more former All-Ohio Valley Conference first-team choices, Glen Green (14.9 points per game in 1981-82) and Ricky Hood (13.5 with 8.9 rebounds)—are back.

Randy Breuer, a 7′ 3″ center, is ***MINNESOTA's*** only returning starter, but he led the Golden Gophers in scoring (16.6) and rebounding (7.2). Junior Jim Petersen and senior Zebedee Howell will get a lot of time at forward, vacated by Trent

Tucker and Darryl Mitchell. And Coach Jim Dutcher brought in three excellent recruits: 6′ 7″ Roland Brooks, the MVP of the California State J.C. Tournament, and guards Marc Wilson and Alonzo Skanes, both high school All-Americas.

"We're more physical than we were a year ago," insists **OHIO STATE** Coach Eldon Miller, even though rugged Clark Kellogg made an early exit to the NBA. Three recruits will account for that: 6′ 9″ Alan Kortokrax, Ohio's Class A Player of the Year, and the Smith (Clinton) and Wesson (Keith) boys, who go 6′ 5″ and 6′ 9″, respectively. A fourth freshman, Matt Lucas, is the adopted son of former Buckeye great Jerry Lucas.

Though nine of **ILLINOIS'** top 11 players are underclassmen, two of them—Forward Efrem Winters and Guard Bruce Douglas—were the best high school prospects in the state, and perhaps the entire Midwest. Among the three other all-state players, Guard Doug Altenberger is the third likely freshman starter. Veteran Guard Derek Harper led the Big Ten in assists (5.6) and steals (2.1) last season.

ST. JOHN'S beat North Carolina 78–74 last week and has its top eight back from a 21–9 team that came within a point of the East Region semifinals. But five of those nine losses were to Big East rivals Georgetown and Villanova, and that bodes ill. Chris Mullin did everything asked of him as a freshman guard, and senior Forward David Russell was often spectacular while amassing his 17.4 scoring average.

SYRACUSE doesn't lose a starter from the 16–13 team that beat Georgetown in the regular season. When Leo Rautins injured his knee last year and missed seven games, the Orange fast break became a lemon. But Rautins, a 6′ 8″ Canadian who led his country's national team to a win over the U.S. at the Knoxville World's Fair in August, is healthy again and says, "We'll be running more than ever." Guards Gene Waldron and Erich Santifer, Forward Tony (Red) Bruin, and centers Andre Hawkins and Sean Kerins will be joined by four freshmen, including two more Canadians. At 6′ 8″, 245 pounds, Hawkins is as solid as a curling stone, but must avoid foul trouble.

Last season was a rocky one for **MARYLAND**, whose Sylvester Stallone offense consisted of yelling, "Yo, Adrian," and dumping the ball in to freshman Forward Adrian Branch. His one-on-one moves led the Terps in scoring with 15.2 points a game. Maryland has seven players 6′ 8″ or taller, but it was 6′ 6″ Herman Veal who was third behind Virginia's Ralph Sampson and North Carolina's Sam Perkins in conference rebounding last year.

PEPPERDINE isn't particularly big or deep, but, says Coach Jim Harrick, "We resemble Louisville. We like to run and play good defense. And we've got good size that can jump." Even if the Waves can't come at you in waves, three starters return from the team that went undefeated in the WCAC last season. The best is Orlando Phillips (15.6 points per game, 8.7 rebounds).

He had a mission and chose to accept it. But now 6′ 7″ Devin Durrant is back at **BRIGHAM YOUNG**, where he averaged 13.3 points a game in 1979-80 as a sophomore before going to Spain to spread the word. Thus the Cougars really have three starters returning, with senior Center Greg Kite and soph Guard Scott Sinek also back. Among five newcomers are two 29-point-a-gamers out of Utah. BYU won't win the WAC, but a stout schedule will help earn it a bid.

IONA was furious when it didn't make the tournament last March despite going 24–9 with a top eight of mostly freshmen and sophomores. So the Gaels slunk off to Australia for a summer tour, vowing new motivation. Steve Burtt, a 6′ 2″ kangaroo who averaged 22.1 points a game in 1981-82, returns at one guard spot. Gary Springer, a 15.6 scorer, will get help up front from junior-college transfer Arnie Russell.

Kodak Coach of the Year Don Monson of **IDAHO** has three double-figure scorers back from last season's Sweet 16 qualifiers who should fight off a challenge from Montana in the Big Sky. Guard Brian Kellerman is a two-time all-league choice, Phil Hopson shot 63.2% last season; and 6′ 6″ Kelvin Smith led the conference in blocked shots. Two junior-college products, 5′ 11″ Joe Sweeney, who didn't play high school ball, and 6-foot Stan Arnold, are battling to start at point guard.

Auburn's Barkley combines the power and grace of a War Eagle.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS begins its first season in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association with intense pressure on Coach Jerry Tarkanian to qualify for the tournament. Sharpshooting Larry Anderson (page 49), Center Sidney Green and Tarkanian's son Danny are good players who have fallen short before, but the addition of freshman Eldridge Hudson, considered by some to be the top small-forward prospect in the class of '86, will help.

Charles Barkley of **AUBURN** is a War Eagle who looks like Big Bird. Last season, as a 6′ 6″, 260-pound freshman, he arrived in Kentucky to catcalls of "Hey, Fatty!" and unloaded 25 points and 17 rebounds. Then, in the National Sports Festival, he reported at 285 pounds, but led the South to the championship with 20 points and 11 rebounds in the title game. "Never in my life have I seen so much quickness and agility in a man so big," says Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson, Barkley's mentor at the Sports Festival. Barkley, who led the SEC in rebounding as a freshman, is back down to 260. He'll join four seniors who started last season. Among the freshmen, Forward Chuck Person is somebody. **END**

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORBES

Once about four a.m. in Charlottesville, this guy woke me up banging on the door. Usually on weekends the students who've had a few too many come over and finish doing their drunks on The Lawn, and they throw up and scream and pound on the doors, and I've gotten used to all that. But this was a week night, and this guy was some tourist from New Hampshire who said that he knew me. He kept on banging and insisted I come out and talk. Well, I didn't know, he might be some dangerous maniac or something. I told him to wait till I got dressed and then I called the police. They came and hauled him off. I never saw him. He was nothing but another crazy drunk, but you know what the dude told the cops? This is the best. Down at the station they asked him what he wanted from me. He said he was passing through, so he thought he'd come and tell Ralph Sampson that Pat Ewing is waiting.

Unless one or the other trips over a television cable or bumps his head on a passing helicopter, on the night of Dec. 11 at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md.—30 miles from Georgetown University of the Big East Conference and 140 miles from the University of Virginia of the Atlantic Coast Conference, or as equidistant as humanly possible in this age of something called major-media markets—Ralph Sampson and Patrick Ewing will meet for the first time on a basketball court. You may have heard about it. That's because the Sampson-Ewing matchup is a rare event. Watson and Nicklaus, Borg and McEnroe play against each other often enough. The Steinbrenner-Martin obnox-off is with us forever, it seems. Joe Paterno loses another big one. There's a Super Bowl every year—well, almost every year. But Sampson-Ewing is a one-of-a-kind—or, at least, a first-of-a-kind—thing.

Because the 7′ 4″ Sampson, over from Harrisonburg, Va. in the Shenandoah Valley, and the 7-foot Ewing, up from Jamaica via the streets of Cambridge, Mass., are so dissimilar in background, personality, temperament, style and effect, this contest is extraordinarily compelling—and its outcome is very difficult to project. It's as if Sampson-Ewing has taken on all the contrasting baggage of other somewhat unlikely, beguiling duels: Leonard-Hagler, the match that will never come off; Coe-Ovett, the one that may not come off again; even King-Riggs, the one that didn't really, or did it?

continued

What happens when an irresistible force such as Ralph Sampson meets an immovable object like Patrick Ewing? We'll know for sure on Dec. 11

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE

Sampson's sweeping hook is a devastating weapon, but so are Ewing's defensive skills.

When Ewing beats Sampson to the basket, a ferocious slam dunk is certain to follow

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

In Sampson's three seasons at Virginia, nearly every time he has been personally challenged in big games in the national spotlight he has responded with mammoth efforts and numbers. And who can forget the sight of Ewing, a *freshman* for wondrous sakes, that old gray gym shirt under his Hoya jersey, pulling Georgetown through the NCAA playoffs last March? The watershed for each was a game against national champion North Carolina. For each it was a defeat. During an ACC game on Jan. 9 in Chapel Hill, Sampson scored 30 points, controlled 19 rebounds and made at least 15 plays of such majesty that Virginia's 65–60 loss was incomprehensible. In the national championship game in New Orleans, Ewing had 23 points and 11 rebounds and goaltended or blocked everything the Tar Heels fired up before a teammate's disastrous pass denied him one last chance to wipe out Carolina.

Recently, after all the bromides were dispensed—it's a team game, of course, and we'll only be trying to prepare for our league season, and, oh yes, we're taking them one at a time (Georgetown has seven games before Dec. 11, Virginia six)—Georgetown Coach John Thompson bowed to reality. He said that Sampson-Ewing just might result in some imposing consequences. He said that because it would be the first of possibly many meetings between these two giants, it would be remembered always. He said that he recognized the occasion for what it was. "I suppose we *are* making history," Thompson said. "This game will have Ralph and Patrick frozen in time."

On the surface, Sampson would appear to have most of the advantages. He is taller, more mobile and more creative at the offensive end, where he knows what is coming, while Ewing, the nonpareil defender, can only guess. As a senior, Sampson has two years' age and experience on the powerful but raw Ewing, and both men admit this will be a factor. "Ralph is much more mature than I am," says Ewing. "He's got more of the basics down." Virginia is also a much older, deeper, and probably more versatile team than Georgetown, although the Hoyas, with eight players back from the NCAA finalist club of last season, shouldn't be lacking in big-game presence.

With the game being played so early in the year, the veteran Virginia lineup should have an additional edge over the freshman- and sophomore-laden Hoyas, who would seem to need more seasoning to perfect the Georgetown hole card—its suffocating all-court press. And then there's Hoya backcourt leader Fred Brown, the Brown of renown who threw away The Pass in the 63–62 loss to North Carolina in the NCAAs. Brown underwent surgery for tendinitis in his right knee on Oct. 11. If he's back for Virginia, which isn't likely, he can hardly be expected to be sharp.

There are other intangibles, however, that may hold just as much sway in this type of competition. One is coaching and playing style. Others are heart, courage, intensity. Still another is confidence, or overconfidence. "What rules will they play under?" asks North Carolina State Coach Jim Valvano. "ACC rules, Big East rules or Marquis of Queensberry Rules? If it's Marquis of Queensberry, I like Georgetown in the fourth round a TKO by Ewing." Actually, the game will be under the old Naismith rules—no shot clock, no three-point basket.

On occasion Virginia has displayed a kind of laid-back attitude that would seem to make it easy prey for the fearsome alley-clearing pressure defenses and stick-your-nose-in-it physical grinding of quicker Georgetown. That, of course, was last year, but the teams still

continued

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seem to be made in the images of their coaches. Thompson, he of the intimidating size (6′ 10″, 300 pounds) and sometimes abrasive, confrontational manner, was often criticized last season for permitting his team's, and especially his center's, emotions to run rampant. This behavior was characterized by Ewing's flying elbows and culminated when he put his hands in a stranglehold around the neck of a Columbia player. At the same time Virginia Coach Terry Holland, a lean, Ivy League-tailored 6′ 7″ (big games demand big coaches), was accused of letting his gentle nature influence the play of his team, creating a conservative, button-down team that too often lacked a killer instinct.

After Virginia climbed to No. 1 in the Feb. 15 SI poll, it seemed to abandon any semblance of a running attack in the face of opposition slowdown gimmicks on the road, and Holland turned almost exclusively to the Cavs' halfcourt game. Thereafter, Virginia was affected with the playing-not-to-lose syndrome.

When Virginia lost the valued aggressiveness of its dynamite-stick guard, Othell Wilson, to a thigh injury just before the NCAAs, the Cavaliers' spirit was further vitiated. Tennessee gave away a tournament game to Virginia, but then the University of Alabama in Birmingham beat the daylights out of Sampson and other Cavs down low to eliminate them from the playoffs. "It was like those other games when we got lackadaisical because they didn't mean much," Sampson says of the UAB debacle. "I looked up at the clock, saw the game was tight and didn't know what was happening. I wasn't asserting myself enough. I wasn't using enough energy to get the ball." In the last 10 minutes of Virginia's 68–66 loss Sampson *touched* the ball exactly four times.

Sampson's NCAA tournament experience as a sophomore had ended in a similar bummer after Holland told him that the Cavaliers needed a flurry of points from him if they were to beat North Carolina in the semis at Philadelphia. Sampson tightened up, hyperventilated and made only three of 10 shots as the Cavs lost 78–65.

Measure these performances against Ewing's semi-astonishing display in his Final Four appearance, during which he cavorted about against Louisville and Carolina, thriving on the pressure of the two most important games of his brief career. One wonders who may yet arrive better prepared psychologically for this clash between titans.

History offers little clear guidance as to who'll win. The pitched battles between Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell were routinely won (11 NBA titles to two) by Russell, the smaller man, the *defender*. "I always felt Wilt was kind to basketball to let it survive," says Philadelphia 76ers Assistant Coach Jack McMahon. "Every night everybody on the other team would pray Wilt would shoot the fadeaway rather than turn into the basket. But Russ worked on his psyche, Russ thought in terms of *team*, and Russ came to beat you no matter what. I think Ewing has more of that in him."

Chamberlain-Russell was exclusively a pro rivalry, though, and Russell usually had the better supporting cast. And nobody should liken Chamberlain's back-to-the-basket, post-up style to that of Sampson, who plays out on the court, more often than not in a face-up position, and is notably unacquainted with the word selfish.

A more valid rivalry for comparison would be a collegiate rivalry, the George Mikan-Bob Kurland duels of the mid-40s. They played five times over three seasons, with Mikan's DePaul team defeating Kurland's Oklahoma A&M Aggies on three occasions. Mikan, 6′ 9″, the slow hooker, outscored Kurland, a 7-foot defensive practitioner, 77–64 in the five games. But the total point spread between the teams was only seven—and in Oklahoma A&M's favor. The Aggies won the NCAA title in 1945 and 1946 without having to face the Blue Demons in the tournament; following the 1944-45 season, Oklahoma A&M did play DePaul, which had waited around for a week in Manhattan after winning the NIT, in a benefit for the Red Cross.

continued

After Ewing rebounds, Wilson will try his "sneak-up takeaway."

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Sampson's four-inch height advantage will make it easy for him to take sky-jumpers.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

Again, as in Chamberlain-Russell, advantage to the defender. The Aggies won 52–44—Kurland getting 14 points, Mikan getting nine as he fouled out early

More recently, the college game has seen two other center showdowns of historical as well as national-rankings significance. In both 1967 and 1968 UCLA and Lew Alcindor beat Houston and Elvin Hayes in the NCAA semifinals, but the game everyone remembers was the middle of the sandwich, on Jan. 20, 1968—Houston's 71–69 upset of UCLA. A crowd of 52,693 showed up at the Astrodome that night to see the first nationally televised, prime-time college game. (Hayes had 39 points; Alcindor, bothered by a scratched eyeball, went four for 18.) Six years later, in the 1973-74 season, North Carolina State and Tom Burleson upset UCLA and Bill Walton in the national semis—after having lost to the Bruins in the third game of the year—to end UCLA's NCAA title reign at seven in a row. Of course, the 7′ 4″ Burleson and the 6′ 11″ Walton did have two shorter helpers in David Thompson and Keith Wilkes. But the Sampson-Ewing matchup bears only a slight resemblance to these pairings of yore.

The other day Sampson was asked if he believed Ewing had reached Sampson's plateau. "I don't put myself on any level," he said. "I don't rate myself. I go into this game knowing he won't stop me and I won't stop him. It's who outthinks whom. I don't even know if we'll be the difference. Pat doesn't do a lot with the basketball, but he does what's needed. When he hit the turnaround jumper to start the championship game against North Carolina he surprised a lot of people. Not me. I figured he had the turnaround in there somewhere. He also may have a jump hook. We'll see."

For his part, Ewing plays down any *mano a mano* considerations. "I don't think either of us can singlehandedly beat the other team," he says. "I'm trying to learn the game as an art, a science—to pass better, set screens, receive the ball right, open my teammates for good shots. Ralph's a great player and he'll be able to do some things, but I hope anything he does I'll be able to offset. I don't have to score for us to win. All I need to do is play defense—any team plays defense, it'll come out on top."

Stripped bare, this struggle would seem to pit Sampson's offense, his size and his remarkable basketball skills against Ewing's defense, his athleticism and his competitiveness. But that's only one end of the floor. The game may turn on what happens at the other end, when Ewing and the rest of the Georgetown shooters converge on the defensive fortifications of Sampson and Virginia.

Last season George Washington lost to Georgetown 61–48 and to Virginia 80–54. Colonial Center Mike Brown, 6′ 9″, made six of 13 shots and scored 14 points against Ewing; he went three for 14 and had nine points against Sampson. "We took the ball right at Ewing and were fairly successful," says George Washington Coach Gerry Gimelstob. "We tried to take it to Sampson, but he was just too big." Brown adds, "I don't think Pat is ready. It's the principle of senior versus sophomore. Ralph's got a whole lot more stuff. He may eat Pat up."

Louisville's 6′ 7″ Rodney McCray, whose team lost to both Virginia (74–56) and Georgetown (50–46), says, "I could get my shot off Ewing. After a while I felt he was pretty much the same as me—we play against a lot of seven-footers, you know. But against Ralph—the four inch-

continued

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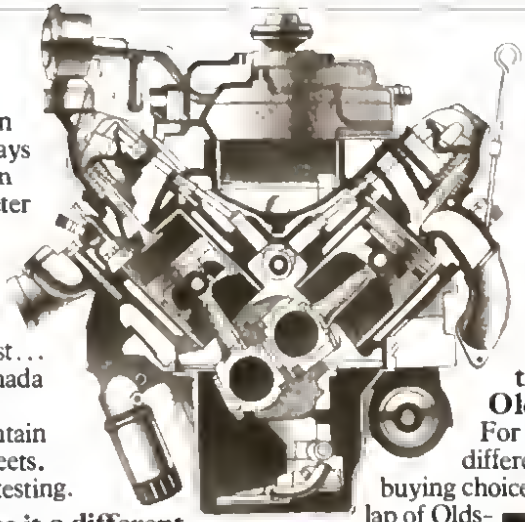

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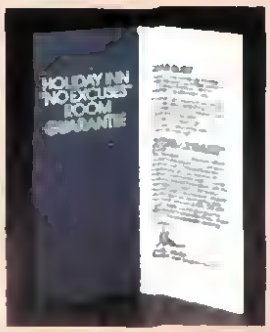

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es is a big difference. You spend a lot more time thinking about him. I feel Patrick is in for a long evening." Rodney's brother, Scooter, adds, "Ralph can stand five feet off you on defense and still get the block. How much taller can a man be? How much better?"

It's assumed that Ewing, now wider in the shoulders and up to 230 pounds from 220 after off-season weight work, has a strength advantage. But Sampson did some heavy lifting of his own this summer and hulked up 15 pounds to 230. He curled two 90-pound dumbbells and squatted 690 pounds on a hip sled. The latter exercise so developed Sampson's legs that his vertical leap increased from 31 inches to 34½. Combined with his reach of 9′ 8″, that means Sampson can touch a point two and a half feet above the rim. "Pat may have longer arms than me," Sampson said last summer after returning from a picture session in Chicago, where he roomed with Ewing. "But I think he's only about six-ten."

Long before Sampson bulked up, New Jersey Net Buck Williams, the 1981-82 NBA Rookie of the Year, was an admirer. For two seasons at Maryland the physical Williams effectively guarded Sampson from behind by ramming a knee into Sampson's buttocks. He body-checked and punished Sampson more than any other opponent had. Then, last March, Williams and some other Nets watched Ewing in the NCAA final on TV. "The man was so fast, so physical, he played so hard, we couldn't believe it," Williams says. "Patrick looked like some African tribal chieftain. We nicknamed him the Mogumbi Man."

From a pro's point of view, however, Williams still prefers Sampson. "Ewing is so quick off his feet that Sampson is going to be looking over his shoulder for him, and he's never had to do that," Williams says. "But let me tell you, Ralph is the best. He's a walking time bomb. Nobody else that size can do the things he does. Not even Kareem. If Ralph played with max intensity every time out, he'd be up there with Russell. If Ralph explodes in this game, it's over."

Sampson's most efficient tormentor last season was 6′ 11″, 254-pound Jim Johnstone of Wake Forest, who cannily used his considerable bulk to attain offensive position underneath the rim so Sampson had no room to block Johnstone's banked hook shot. This would be an advisable tactic for Ewing if he'd been trained to score with his back to the basket. Unfortunately, Ewing's offense is primarily face-on, and he has never faced on anybody like Sampson.

It's likely that at first Ewing will attack Sampson with drives and baby jumpers; he could get a slew of Colgate-Palmolives (facials) right back. By driving he also could pick up some charging fouls right away. (Meanwhile, everyone should plead with the Great Ref in the Sky to allow these fellows a wide berth and to make sure no Mickey Mouse calls interfere with the activity under the boards.) When this strategy fails, it will be incumbent upon Ewing, an accomplished passer in traffic, to feed and move and otherwise *occupy* Sampson in the lane long enough so that Sampson can't tarnish the shooting efforts of Georgetown's primary marksmen, Anthony Jones and David Wingate. Even if Brown were fully healthy, the Hoyas would need some shooting from freshman Wingate in this game. Without Brown, Wingate must score often to keep the Virginia defense honest. Another key for Georgetown is Bill Martin, a sophomore forward who had an undistinguished rookie season.

With Sampson having sealed off the middle—mostly within zone combinations, because it's unlikely Virginia will expose its one weakness, lack of speed, in a man-to-man against the quicker Hoyas—Ewing must search elsewhere for his baskets. Last season Guard Sleepy Floyd got the ball deep inside to Ewing. The question is, can Gene Smith, Brown's replacement at the point, do the same? It may not matter. Most of what Ewing gets offensively will come off his

Ewing's rebounding won't allow Virginia many second shots.

and Georgetown's defense: transition baskets after steals, fast-break layups, rebound follow-shots and an occasional ferocious dunk when he beats Sampson down the floor. The one thing Ewing has in abundance over Sampson is straight-ahead speed and stamina. He will run the Capital Centre court for 40 minutes, if he's in the game that long, and will never stop trying to wear Sampson out.

The team whose center dunks first

continued

The infighting will be rough, but it will get even rougher if Ewing throws his 'bows.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

won't necessarily win, but immediately following the first slam by each big man look for half the television outlets showing this game to experience technical difficulty because of the earthquake-size tremors set off by the crowd in Landover.

Georgetown won its 30 games last year on defense: ravaging full-court presses and traps and then a fall-back 1–3–1 zone, with Ewing in the middle covering three-fourths of Pennsylvania Avenue. The Hoyas were on the prowl for every minute of every half. "Each time Georgetown makes a basket or a free throw, you know the press is coming again," says Villanova Center John Pinone. "You can play 30 or 35 minutes and it just wears you down mentally. Then in two minutes they make three steals and the game is over."

Virginia would seem vulnerable to such pressure were it not for one man—and he isn't Sampson. The key figure in this game, in fact, may be Othell Coatlen Wilson, Virginia's lead guard, who has the body of a Herschel Walker and hits the hole just as hard. The 198-pound Wilson is the college game's only 6′ 0″ intimidator. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith has said Wilson "should be arrested for assault." Because of Sampson's fame and Wilson's injury just when he stood to get some tournament exposure last March—a truck must have run over him—Wilson is something of a national secret. But he shoots, scores, passes, breaks presses, defends and simply holds the entire team together. Virginia would be—and has been—lost without him.

Not only should Wilson be able to handle the Hoya press, but if Ewing isn't careful, Wilson may also be able to victimize him. Wilson has a specialty that infuriates bigger men—let's call it the sneak-up rebound takeaway. "Against us he must have created five or six baskets by himself with those steals off rebounds," says Louisville Assistant Coach Jerry Jones. As the Virginia shot goes up, Wilson weaves through the underpinnings of the massed defensive rebounders, and just as the ball is controlled by an opponent, he snatches it away to set up a quick Virginia score.

Traditionally, Virginia's offense has worked outside-in, with Holland attempting to involve everyone in the proceedings before turning to Sampson, who usually has been multicovered anyway. Against Ewing, however, Sampson may be turned loose early to see just what the other fellow has to offer. As North Carolina found out, that is quite a lot. "I hope he plays me man for man," Sampson says. "I would enjoy that." This would mean Sampson hooking inside; Sampson on the banked turnaround; Sampson floating to 12 feet for the sky-jumper; Sampson driving—clash the cymbals for this one, boys—for the windjammer stuff; Sampson anywhere and everywhere. Ewing may reject a few shots, but it's difficult to imagine his containing the varied arsenal of his inventive protagonist for very long. "Ewing has to bump him and bother him and keep Sampson away from where he wants to go," says Pinone. "The man can bury a layup from 12 feet. If Ralph gets close, I don't care who you are, it's two points."

Brown of George Washington predicts: "If Ralph stays inside, Ewing will try to muscle and intimidate him and give him his 'bows [elbows]. If Pat cheapshots him—and he will—I think I know how Ralph will react. He won't bother 'bowin' back or fighting. He'll just go outside and beat him bad."

The last man, the only man, to guard Sampson head up was Ohio State's Herb Williams. Sampson was a sophomore. Williams, now an established pro, was a senior. On national television on Super Sunday Sampson went for a cool 40 points. Williams later said, "Ralph embarrassed my coach."

Not long after the arrangements for the Virginia-Georgetown game had been completed, Thompson was teasing Ewing, saying that Sampson would "probably eat you up." Ewing stretched his arms up over his head, stared at the skies and said, "Coach, I will ask all the gods of Jamaica to help us."

Obviously, despite his marvelous individual defensive skills, even Ewing recognizes that he may need major aid. Thompson may have Ewing front Sampson in a 131 for a portion of the game, constantly reminding Ewing to keep in body contact with Sampson and to watch for the lob pass and beseeching his weakside forwards to be cognizant of picks

and screens on Ewing. In addition, the Georgetown defense must overplay Sampson toward the lane in hope of forcing him to shoot going toward the baseline and out of rebounding position. "Al McGuire says Ralph will drive right by Patrick," Thompson says, smiling. "But if he does and gets the basket, it won't be Patrick's fault. We'll be playing *team* defense."

Holland insists he'll let his men run with Georgetown; every other word in the Cavalier practices this fall was "attack." In opposition, Thumpson says he won't be adverse to slowing the game down if the situation so dictates. What switches these would be!

Inevitably, however, victory must go to the team whose center can impose his will upon the contest first and last and in a way that will prove who is truly the best big man in college. Though they may face each other again in the NCAA championships, this game will follow Sampson and Ewing into the pros and for the rest of their lives, simply because it is the first one. That will be a heavy burden to carry.

But for Ewing the load will be lighter. He's the younger, the less established, the one with more time, the defenseman—he doesn't have to put big numbers on the board to maintain his worth. The pressure, the onus, the game itself is mostly on the shoulders of Sampson, the offensive force, whose team will be favored, to boot. Just the fact that Sampson once again turned down millions of pro dollars and chose to return to Virginia for his fourth year may be a manifestation of the level of his desire.

Sampson says he has nothing to prove, and yet he does. What, really, have his teams won? He knows this is no NIT, no United Virginia Bank-Cavalier Invitational, no Clemson, no Chaminade. This might be the game for his future, the No. 1 draft-pick game. This is the challenge of his young life. This is it.

"I recognize that my approach this season has to be different," says Sampson. "It's my last chance to win the national championship. I'll have no excuses. I'm stronger, faster. I can jump higher. I'm in better shape than I've ever been in. I'm going full throttle every game, no slack-offs. My approach to this game is that somebody [Ewing] wants to play hard, so I'll play hard. Let's go at it. Let's get it on. I feel my time has come."

And it has. Somebody tell Patrick Ewing that Ralph Sampson is waiting. END

TV/RADIO

TURNER-ROUND IS FAIR PLAY

When Ted Turner's superstation, WTBS, bought the television rights to the Ewing vs. Sampson game for $575,000 last summer, it landed the most important sports event ever to appear on "basic" cable TV. The transaction also was noteworthy because it showed that for all their money and power, the major networks no longer can impose their will on every college athletic director with a game to sell.

On Saturday night, Dec. 11, WTBS will broadcast the Georgetown-Virginia game to a potential cable audience of 24 million homes. Most other viewers will be able to see the matchup via a syndicate of over-the-air stations. How the game wound up on cable and not on CBS, which will air a Disney special and a movie the night of Dec. 11, is a tale of principle and intrigue.

Long before Georgetown Athletic Director Frank Rienzo and his Virginia counterpart, Richard Schultz, agreed last May to schedule this game, the possibility of a Ewing-Sampson confrontation had been the subject of intense speculation. One person who thought the game would come off was Russ Potts, head of Sports Productions, Inc., a Dallas firm that buys sporting events for TV syndication. Potts is also a consultant to WTBS on choosing football and basketball games to telecast. On March 30, the day after the NCAA basketball final, he met in a New Orleans hotel room with WTBS President Bob Wussler and Executive Sports Producer Terry Hanson. Pledging themselves to secrecy, the trio agreed to go as aggressively as possible after any Georgetown-Virginia game that might be played. Turner didn't learn of their scheme until two months later.

Potts, 43, a former athletic director at SMU and assistant AD at Maryland, designed a proposal that initially called for the game to be shown via closed circuit in theaters and on pay-per-view TV under the auspices of Sports Productions, Inc. and WTBS. In April Potts began beating a path to Rienzo's door; by this time the game was all but set and Potts was trying to persuade Rienzo to go with WTBS. "I was holding hands and baby-sitting," says Potts. "It was like recruiting an athlete." Rienzo finally persuaded Schultz to schedule the game for Dec. 11 at the Capital Centre outside Washington, D.C. It would be a home game for the Hoyas, meaning Rienzo would control the TV rights. Rienzo, who's known as a shrewd negotiator, decided to hold an auction. On May 26 he invited bids from seven networks and syndicators—CBS, NBC, WTBS, Katz Sports, Tanner, Inc., TVS and Madison Square Garden.

On the morning of June 15, the deadline for bids, five CBS executives visited Rienzo in his office. Potts had told Rienzo that WTBS would carry the game from the Philippines at 3 a.m. on the Fourth of July if that's what Georgetown wanted, but the CBS contingent said the Hoyas would have to shift the game to the night of Jan. 8 if they wanted prime-time exposure. CBS further told Rienzo that Georgetown had a better chance of winning in January, when its young team would have gained some experience. The network heavies smugly described their proposal as "quite extraordinary." Keeping the exact amount of the bid a secret even from three of his colleagues at the meeting, CBS Sports Vice-President Craig Foster then wrote down the figure and immediately sealed the paper in a plain white envelope. He passed it to Rienzo, who filed it with the other bids. CBS' offer was $510,000—later to be raised to $635,000, the $125,000 increase encompassing a $50,000 "incentive fee" for a proposed switch of the Georgetown-St. John's Big East matchup from Jan. 8 to Dec. 11 and $75,000 for the rights to that game. The CBS representatives flew back to New York City confident the game was in hand.

Fifteen days later, in an upstairs room of the 1789, a posh restaurant a block from the Georgetown campus, Rienzo signed the landmark contract with WTBS. What went wrong for CBS? For one thing, it underestimated its opposition. Potts knew Rienzo well from his days at Maryland. Potts is also a hustler who met with Rienzo or Schultz half a dozen times before CBS showed up. More important, CBS seemed to misgauge Rienzo. Here was a man, perhaps a bit stubborn and pedantic, who resents the smallest intrusion into his affairs, who had wrangled with the networks for years over where their promotional banners would be hung at Georgetown games and over how many minutes the tipoff would be delayed to accommodate a telecast.

During the June 15 meeting Rienzo indicated to the men from CBS that he didn't want to change his schedule. He asked them a rhetorical question: "You mean you guys are going to walk out of this room and not submit a bid for the date [Dec. 11] I requested?" The answer was a cocksure yes. "As it turned out," says Rienzo, "the bids were comparable. I didn't have to sell my virtue."

—WILLIAM TAAFFE

SHE MAY WELL BE THE BEST EVER

That's what a lot of experts think about freshman Cheryl Miller of top-rated USC

BY ROGER JACKSON

As they say on TV, welcome to Miller time. Cheryl Miller, 18, the University of Southern California's spectacular 6′ 2″ freshman wing, made her college debut last Sunday in a 105–62 win over Pepperdine. As a high school senior she was the most highly recruited woman athlete ever. Now she can concentrate on becoming the best woman basketball player ever. She already possesses the deftness and charisma of a Nancy Lieberman, the virtuosity in fundamentals of an Ann Meyers, and the speed and athleticism of a Lynette Woodard—players who made All-America 11 times among them. To top off her talents, Miller has done what almost certainly no other woman player has ever accomplished in a formal game. She has dunked.

Last August, after nearly six months of deliberation, Miller chose USC over more than 250 schools. Her presence in an already powerful lineup has made the Trojans a heavy favorite to win this season's NCAA women's title. "Cheryl is the difference between USC being in the Top 10 and being the top team," says UCLA Coach Billie Moore. "Her skills at this stage are probably further along than those of any other player to come out of high school."

In four seasons at Riverside (Calif.) Polytechnic High, Miller led the Bears to a 132–4 record, California Interscholastic Federation Southern Section 4A titles in 1980, '81 and '82 and to the first CIF statewide 4A championship last year. She holds the CIF records for most points in a career (3,405), a season (1,156) and a game (105). Her 37.5-point average as a junior is also a record. She hit her 105 points last January in a 179–15 win over Norte Vista High, surpassing her previous high of 77, set the season before against the same team.

But that scoring mark wasn't her most memorable accomplishment; two of those 105 points came on a one-handed breakaway dunk. That gave her two dunks in her career—the other was also against Norte Vista. Those two dunks have made her a watershed figure in the history of the women's game. As far as anyone knows, Miller is the only woman ever to jam in organized competition. So she's much more than a basketball star—she's an attraction, something women's college hoops has sorely needed since the colorful Lieberman departed in 1980.

"When I dunk, it's like I'm on Cloud 15," Miller says with a smile as bright as her future. "But I can't do it every time out. I don't have it down pat yet. The conditions have to be just right, the game situation, the condition of the floor. But I know I can do it if my timing is right."

Her timing is perfect for the Trojans. Last season, USC won 18 straight games over one span and had a 23–4 record, the best in the history of women's basketball at the school. But the Trojans slumped during the second half of the season, losing three of their final six Western Collegiate Athletic Association games. Then, after two wins in the first two rounds of the NCAA Mideast Regional, USC lost in triple-overtime to Tennessee in the regional final.

"We were competitive," says Coach Linda Sharp. "But when we'd go up against teams like Tennessee and Louisiana Tech, we always seemed to be one player short. But now we have Cheryl. She's the finest triple-threat player I've ever seen." As dangerous an offensive player as Miller is—she's particularly adept on the offensive boards—she's prouder of her defense. "I like to intimidate my opponent," she says. "When I shut down someone who's scoring 20 or 30 points a game, that's a compliment to my defense."

That's as close as Miller will come to complimenting herself. She's mature beyond her 18 years and has already

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER READ MILLER

learned how to enhance her image by saying the right things to the media. Example: Though others may see her as a significant figure in the history of women's basketball, she says, "I don't consider myself a superstar." Her teammates, however, think otherwise. "She can do it all," says Paula McGee, the Trojans' leading scorer last year and one half of a dynamite twin-sister act. "She has an eagerness to get going, to see what college basketball is all about. She wants to see if she's the Cheryl Miller she thinks she is, or perhaps the player other people think she is."

Miller, who comes from an athletically inclined family of five children, received much of her early training at home. The Millers' athletic heritage runs deep. The father, Saul, a 6′ 5″ retired Air Force chief master sergeant, was an all-state high school forward in Memphis and played three years at Memphis' LeMoyne-Owen College before enlisting in 1951. The Millers' oldest son, Saul Jr., 26, played basketball for a season at Ramona High and is now a saxophone soloist with the 15th Air Force band at nearby March Air Force Base. Darrell, 23, an outfielder in the California chain, earned All-America honors in baseball at Cal Poly Pomona after rejecting several football scholarship offers, including one to USC. Reggie, 17, is a highly regarded forward at Riverside Poly, while Tammy, 14, hopes to begin her athletic career as a volleyball player next year, when she's a sophomore.

Saul has played an important role in his children's athletic development. "Their father was responsible for their being athletes," says Tim Mead, who works in the Angels front office and knows the family. "He's really been their coach as well as their father. Whichever sport they decided to concentrate on, he concentrated on it too. If Cheryl needed to practice her hook shot, he'd be out there watching her. If Darrell needed someone to go out there and throw him bad-hop ground balls, his father would be out there doing it."

Saul has been more than a coach and fan. After Cheryl sprained her right ankle her freshman year in high school, the same ankle she had broken a few months before and strained three weeks ago, the family doctor advised that she be taped before playing. "Cheryl had never been taped before," says Saul. "Our doctor told us that if she opened her eyes and even looked at a ball, she was to be taped. A relative was visiting who was studying sports medicine at the University of Arkansas. I told him I wanted to learn the right way to do it. Pretty soon I was taping the whole team."

There was some grumbling that Saul is so protective of his daughter that he choreographed the entire course of her recruitment. "He took a lot of flak," says Cheryl. "A lot of people who were criticizing my father didn't know what he's really like. All he was doing was making sure that no one took advantage of me."

THE TOP 10

1. SOUTHERN CAL
2. TENNESSEE
3. LOUISIANA TECH
4. OLD DOMINION
5. GEORGIA
6. MARYLAND
7. LONG BEACH STATE
8. TEXAS
8. CHEYNEY STATE
10. KANSAS STATE

It wasn't until Aug. 12, 25 days before the start of the fall term, that Miller announced she intended to play for USC. Sharp, normally as calm and businesslike as they come, sweated it out with the other finalists, the coaches of Louisiana Tech, UCLA, Tennessee and Kansas. She got the good news from Ted Dawson, a local sportscaster.

"When Ted called me, the first thing he said was, 'Linda, I've got some bad news for you.' I felt my heart skip," Sharp says. "I thought we'd lost her. Then he said, 'You're going to have to put up with a superstar for the next four years.' That was a mean thing to do."

Superstar is right, but truth be told, the Trojans wouldn't have done too badly without Miller. With nine players, including six of the top seven, back from last season's team, Southern Cal would have had a legitimate shot at the national championship anyway. Foremost among the holdovers are the glamorous McGee twins, Pam and Paula, who averaged 39.8 points (19.6 for Pam, 20.2 for Paula) and 21.9 rebounds (11.6, 10.3) between them last year and, with Miller, should form USC's starting frontcourt.

Paula spent the summer playing center for the U.S. team that came in second in the Jones Cup Tournament in Taiwan and has become an even more formidable inside player. Pam, whose poor defense last season would have made El Cordobes stand up and shout *olé!*, should now be a force at both ends of the court. And then there's 6-foot sophomore Tracy Longo, the daughter of a 1961 UCLA alumnus. When Tracy graduated from high school, her father, Tony, gave her a Ford Mustang and a license plate inscribed TRAITOR. Longo can fill in at any frontcourt position.

The only question is: Who will get the Trojan fast break off and running? Thera Smith, USC's alltime assist leader, has graduated, so Sharp is counting on a slick freshman, Rhonda Windham, from the nearby suburb of the Bronx. Windham is lightning quick and a dangerous open-court passer, but at 5′ 5″ she might be swallowed up by the increasing number of guards who can match her stride for stride and more than match her inch for inch. "I'm not worried about her size," says Sharp. "If she were 5′ 9″, she'd be playing above the rim."

USC is loaded at the second-guard spot. Senior Kathy Doyle, a steady player who always seems to do the right thing, should start alongside Windham. If Windham finds the adjustment to the college game difficult, Doyle will move to the point, where her size (5′ 11″), scoring ability (11 points per game in 1981-82) and savvy should offset her lack of speed. That would bring Cynthia Cooper, a 14.6 point scorer and a blazing end-to-end player, off the bench.

This embarrassment of riches could be just a plain old embarrassment if the Trojans don't win an NCAA title in the two seasons Miller and the McGees play together. "I really don't think it's fair that that's being said about us," says Sharp. "We've never had a superstar, someone to attract attention." Sharp wants skeptics to give the Trojans a year to jell. After all, Miller scored only 11 points against Pepperdine. But as Billie Moore says, "Some teams are so good they don't have to jell." END

HE'S BIGGER THAN HE LOOKS

Spud Webb of Midland College, the defending NJCAA champ, is 5′ 6″ (almost), but he plays as if he's 6′ 6″

BY RICK TELANDER

First, the nickname. Spud. Apparently, as in potato. With a last name of Webb you might expect Spider or Tangled. But it's plain old Spud, or in West Texasese, "SPU-uhd," as in, "Ask SPU-uhd if he wants white gravy on his chicken-fried steak, Joe Bob." Spud's older brother, David, is known as Bean. It's intriguing to think for a moment of a family named exclusively after vegetables, but this isn't the case.

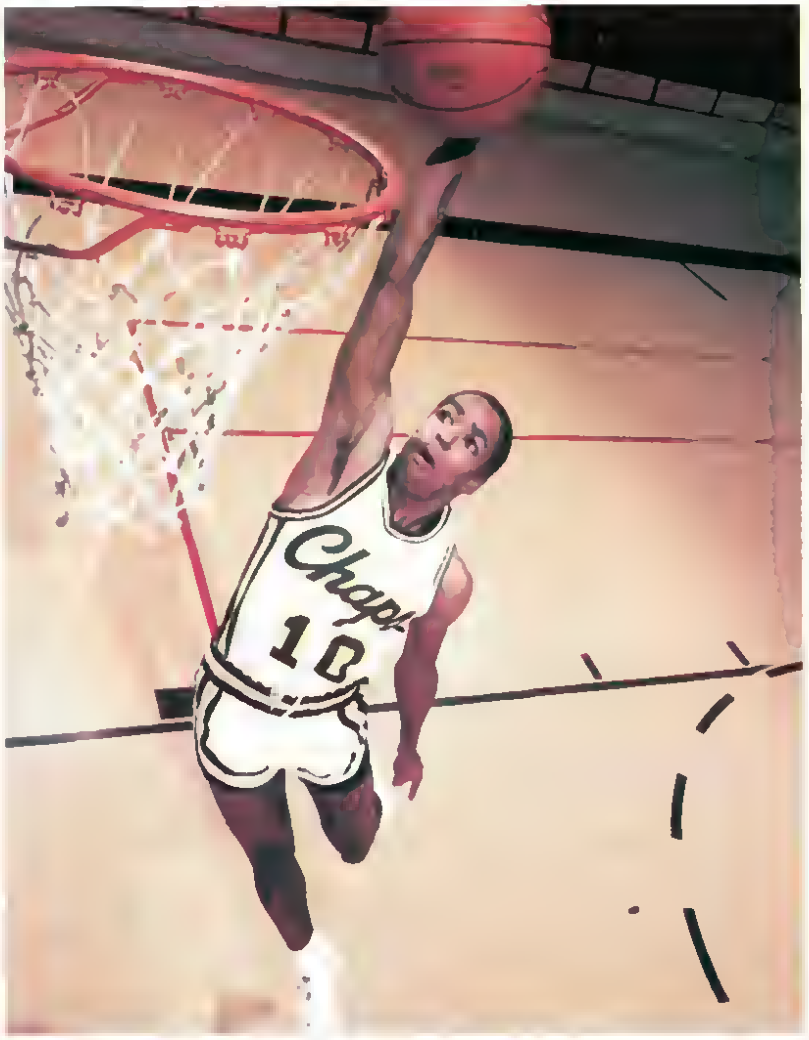
"When I was born, my head looked like a bean so they called me Beanhead," says 22-year-old David, who works in the family store, Webb's Soul Market, in Dallas. Bean notes that his three sisters and his other brother, Reginald, have no nicknames. "But Spud isn't named after a potato. I know people think that. When he was born, see, he had this big ol' bald head. People called him Sputnik-head, after that satellite the Russians put in orbit. That's where Spud comes from. But now, when Spud jumps, he really is in orbit."

Second, some stats. Spud (given name Anthony) is a 19-year-old sophomore at Midland College, a two-year school in Midland, Texas, a thriving oil town 325 miles west of Dallas. Midland won the National Junior College Athletic Association Championship in Hutchinson, Kan., last March, beating No. 1-ranked and previously unbeaten Miami-Dade North of Florida 93–88 in the finals in double overtime. Webb led all scorers in that game with 36 points, making 10 of 15 shots from the floor and 16 of 18 from the free-throw line.

For the season he averaged 21 points and 7.1 assists. He also had 77 rebounds, 20 blocked shots and two goaltending violations. Moreover, he had approximately—approximately, because no one has gone back and reviewed every minute of every Midland game tape, but people like Athletic Director Delnor Poss and Sports Information Director H.A. Tuck keep pretty good track of these things—40 dunks last season, a few of the slam persuasion. Webb was named the MVP of the NJCAA Region V tournament and the winner of the Bud Obee Most Outstanding Small Player Award in the national finals. Where the line of demarcation for small player ends and for normal or large player begins is unclear. But one thing is certain: Spud Webb is a small player. Midland's assistant coach, Reggie Franklin, weighed Webb after a recent practice, and he tipped in at 132 pounds. This reporter personally measured Webb against the Midland College gym wall and found him to be an armadillo hair under 5′ 6″.

But what about those dunks, you say. Forty of them? Yes. Approximately. There may have been more, of course. One of them came in the first game of the final round of the NJCAA tournament. It was against Westark College of Arkansas, the defending champ, in the second half. Midland had the lead, but Westark was coming back when Webb stole a

Webb is a BMOC, even when hanging out with 6′ 9″ Harris and 6′ 5″ Brian Essary.



Webb's 41-inch vertical leap helped him make 40 dunks and block 20 shots last season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

pass, raced downcourt and rose and jammed the ball viciously through the rim with a righthanded tomahawk. "The crowd went berserk," says Midland Coach Jerry Stone. "Before that, Spud was a rumor; after it, he was real. The screaming didn't stop until we won the championship four days later."

Two goaltends? Indeed. One was your garden-variety, descending-arc, get-rid-of-that-thing swat, but the other was a remarkable, perhaps even improperly called, orbiting-satellite nullification that had to be seen to be believed. Webb did it in a home game against Western Texas College on a breakaway. The shooter jumped high and laid the ball up toward a spot on the glass far above the rim. Webb came from nowhere to fly up cleanly over the opponent's back, leaning forward as he flew, one arm ahead, one at his side, like some kind of arrow or dwarf missile or elongated spud. With a bat of his hand he knocked the ball out of the air after it hit the backboard.

It's hard to tell from a videotape what the crowd did after that move, though it appears nobody breathed for at least two seconds. Franklin played basketball at SMU and later with the Harlem Globetrotters, but he says he has never seen a player as exciting, as *springy*, as Spud. "Every day he amazes me," says Franklin. "I've already told one of the Globetrotters about him."

Perhaps the only person who doesn't freak out when Webb takes off is teammate Chester Smith, a 6′ 7″ forward who was a varsity player at Wilmer-Hutchins High School in Dallas when Webb was a jayvee. Along with Webb and 6′ 9″ Center Ernest Harris, Smith is one of the reasons Midland is considered a decent bet to repeat as national junior college champion. "Spud and I used to go to Highland Hills Gym, a rec center in Oak Cliff," says Smith. "And when he first dunked—I think it was the summer after he was in 11th grade—everybody was surprised. But I wasn't. I knew he could jump. I just said, 'Well, ol' Spud can dunk now.' And these days, you know, once you get in college I think you *should* dunk."

Perhaps. Everybody on this year's Midland team, including 5′ 8″ Earl (Terrestrial) Wimbush, can. But when Webb first dipped, at age 16, he was only 5′ 3″. Last season, when he got his approximate 40, he was listed at 5′ 6″, though he was only 5′ 5″. Most college players can't even remember 5′ 5″.

Webb himself is noncommittal about his jumping prowess. "Dunking means I can dunk," he says. "In a way I guess it's good because people say I can't do something and then I do it, and they don't say nothing."

A shy, baby-faced young man, Webb clearly is seeking the dignity little people always must fight for. "He's a quiet, independent, proud little person," says Stone. "Nineteen is a tough age to be—you don't know if you're a man or a boy. But I don't want to be his father away from home; I don't want to analyze him. You can take the fight out of people if you talk about things too much."

Though he plays with a blank, occasionally scowling expression, Webb is openly responsive to Midland fans, many of whom wear buttons proclaiming, I'M A SPUD NUT. "Of course, children love him," says Poss, "because they can look him in the eye."

But inside that little body burns a big fire. At the student center recently Webb and Smith and two other students played noontime doubles Ping-Pong. On one volley Webb took a ferocious swing at the ball and smashed it, ending the game because there was no other ball to play with. In high school Webb didn't make the varsity basketball team until his senior year. "We could have brought him up from the jayvees earlier," says Homer Smith, the coach at Wilmer-Hutchins High. "It wasn't his height. He was scoring 25 or 30 points a game for the jayvees. But we wanted him to be more of a team player. He could have gotten discouraged or quit. But he's a tremendous worker, very intense, and he made himself into the great player he is."

Over a cafeteria lunch of meat loaf, french fries, white bread and Coke, Webb acknowledges that he's hungry for

continued

recognition. "People talk about my dunking and not the other stuff," he says. "I can pass, jump shoot, dribble, lead the team. Maybe they want entertainment, but I want to be known as a good point guard."

And in fact, Webb is a well-rounded, authentic, major college-caliber point guard. Last spring he signed a letter of intent with North Texas State, but decided to come back to Midland and try to improve on his opportunities. "Spud can direct the team, make assists and pass on the break as well as anybody I've seen," says Stone. "The jumping ability is just

Stone learned Webb is tougher than his youthful looks and fragile build suggest

icing on the cake." Tulane Assistant Coach Mike Richardson, who recently scouted Midland, says Webb is definitely big-time. "Coaches look for big guards, but Spud plays like a big guard," says Richardson. "Plus, opponents want to block his shot so bad, they don't play their normal game. They want to embarrass him and instead they end up embarrassing themselves."

Webb couldn't play well in a slowdown offense or in a laid-back zone defense. "He needs to be in a transition-type game. Running, moving around," says Richardson. That's how Stone uses Webb, allowing him to roam about both on offense and defense, creating havoc with his speed, timing and spring. "I mean, just imagine you're a six-seven forward and this little guy comes out of nowhere and blocks your shot," says Stone. "That's going to affect you."

With clearouts and screens Spud can score almost anytime he gets the ball—in the national finals last season four guards fouled out in four games trying to cover him. "He could average 40 a game if we went to him all the time," says Stone. "But that wouldn't be good for him or the team." This season, if teams mob Webb at the point, Stone says he'll even move him down to the *low post*! Does that mean Midland will set up alley-oop passes for Webb to ram home, a la David Thompson? "Yep," says the coach.

When Stone was recruiting Webb, it wasn't really Webb's height that worried Stone—he'd had success with other small guards at Midland—it was Spud's fragile build and babyish appearance. There is a 1978 calendar behind the cash register at Webb's Soul Market, which is just around the corner from the Cotton Bowl, and on the calendar is a portrait of the Webb family—five of the six kids, Mom and Dad. Spud, age 15, looks maybe nine. Bean says he recently found some photos of Spud at an even earlier age, dunking on a 6½-foot basket in the garage, smiling out at the camera and looking like a toddler.

Clearly, it's dangerous for anyone so small to constantly go so high. In recent years Webb has hit his head, neck and shoulder on the bottom of the backboard. Last summer he was undercut while dunking at a Dallas gym and fell on his side, injuring his neck and right knee. "That's why I hang on the rim," Webb says. "To protect myself."

Stone's concerns about Webb's toughness—"You know, he only wears a size-7½ shoe," says the coach—were alleviated by two things that happened early last season. One occurred when a reporter asked Webb why he insisted upon driving in among "all that tall timber." "Because that's where the basket is," Webb replied. The other happened after Spud was steamrollered while taking a charge in a defensive drill, knocking a couple of his teeth through the skin below his lower lip. "I wondered what to think," Stone recalls. "How was he going to react?" The next day Webb was back at practice, stitches in mouth, taking charges.

Still, it comes down to that launching power. Forty dunks? Goaltending? Good gosh! To find out what Webb could really do, I took it upon myself to measure his vertical leap. I tested him after Midland finished a long scrimmage with Sul Ross State at Midland's Chaparral Center arena in late October. Spud was exhausted and the gym floor is very hard, but he jumped 41 inches straight up and 48 inches after taking a short run. There is every reason to believe that when the adrenaline is flowing and Webb is rested, he can go even higher.

Chuck Dillman, a biomechanical engineer at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs says that a vertical leap of even 36 inches is "phenomenal"—David Thompson, for example, has jumped 44″—and that someone like Webb must have "optimal coordination of body segments" and possess "a very high force-to-weight ratio."

Jesus Dapena, an associate professor of biomechanics at Indiana University who specializes in analysis of high-jumping techniques, says Webb obviously has "a fantastic nervous system and fantastic muscles." With the aid of a formula that takes into account Webb's running leap, his height and center of gravity, Dapena calculates that Webb could high-jump 7′ 2″ using the crudest technique. With training, who knows, "maybe 7′ 5″, maybe 7′ 9″," says Dapena.

But Webb's place now is on a basketball floor. At the end of last week, Midland was 5–0 and he was averaging 15 points and 9.0 assists per game. In one win he scored 25 points and slammed two dunks. The crowd loved the show, but for some reason there were a few empty seats. That's odd. You'd expect a full house for a satellite launching. **END**

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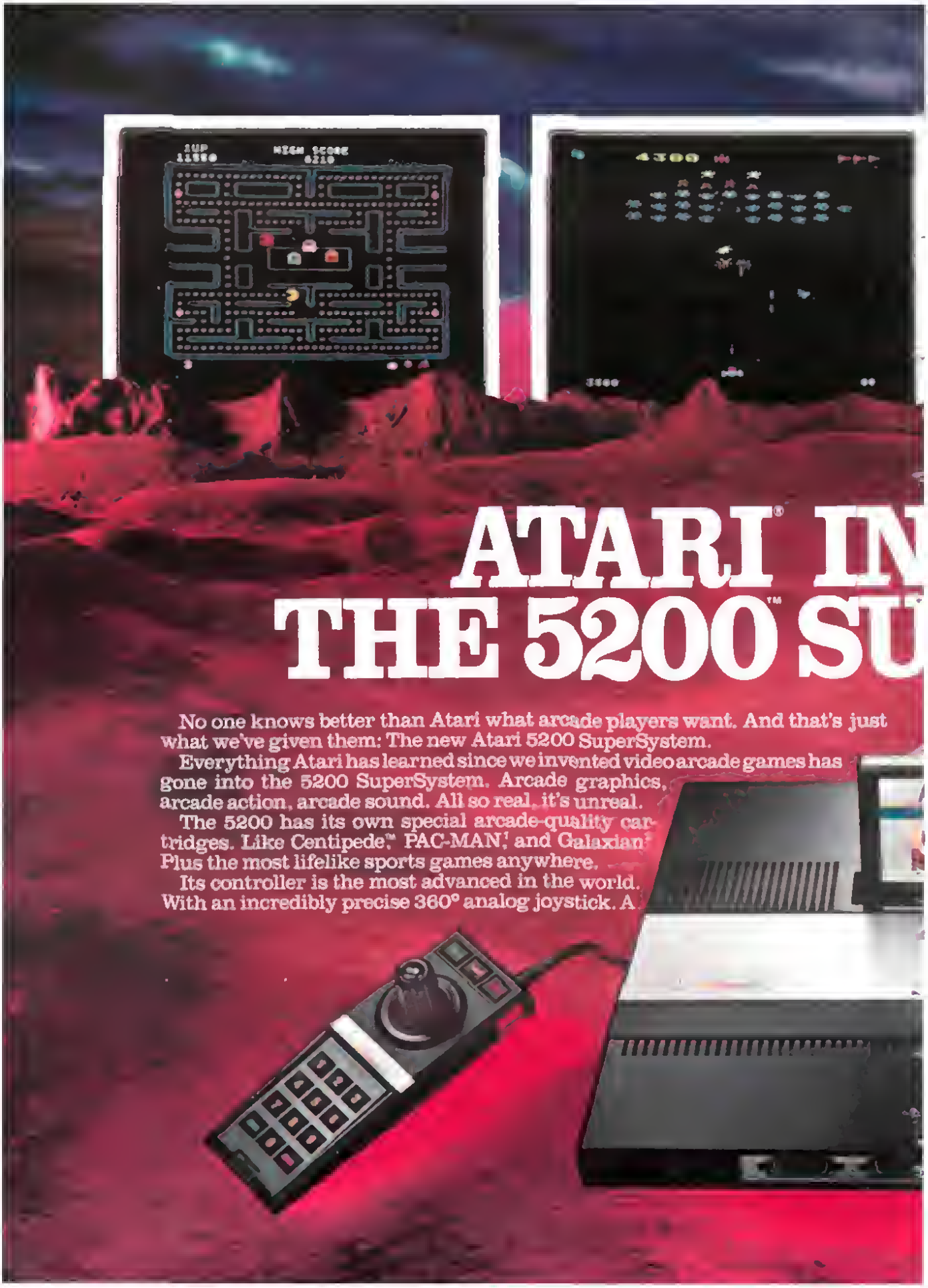

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

by Jim Kaplan

Pass to the Man from Glad

Record-setting End Henry Ellard helped Fresno State bag a bowl bid

Henry Ellard, Fresno State's probable All-America split end and world-class triple jumper, was asked last week to name the most spectacular play of his football career. "It happened two years ago," he said. "It was the first game in our new stadium. I had broken my finger in practice, but I wanted to play and they taped it up. We ran a quick five-yard slant over the middle. The defender was there. I must have closed my eyes for a second, because boom, boom, boom, I ran by him, broke something like five tackles and sprinted down the sidelines for a 60-yard touchdown, hollering all the way. It was really exciting."

You'd think a play like that would stick out in everyone's mind, but when you discuss Ellard, the "most memorable" moments are so numerous that you end up with a catalog rather than an answer. Jeff Tedford, quarterback of the 10–1 Bulldogs, who as PCAA champions will be the host team in the second California Bowl against Bowling Green on Dec. 18, mentions Fresno State's Sept. 11 26–6 win over Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo, in which Ellard leaped higher than several defenders, caught a pass and ran untouched to score a 38-yard TD. Coach Jim Sweeney cites a reception six weeks later. "He got hit on the sidelines by one of the best corners in college football—Gill Byrd of San Jose State—on a 10-yard out," says Sweeney. "But Henry just bounced off him and went another 29 yards for a touchdown."

Ellard's receiving is such that NCAA officials have been scrambling around in search of a new statistical category for him. Until University of Nevada, Las Vegas "held" Ellard to seven catches for 106 yards and no TDs in Saturday's regular-season finale, a 30–28 Fresno State win, Ellard had scored in his last eight games. He had also racked up 100-yard performances in 10 of his last 15 games and had three 200-plus outings in his last five games. This season, playing with a dislocated middle finger on his right hand since the second game, Ellard is fourth among major-college receivers in catches (62) and leads the nation in total yardage (1,510), TDs (15) and average yards per catch (24.4). The total yardage and touchdown stats rank among the best ever, but the yards-per-catch total is catchier still. "A few players have averaged more, but on significantly fewer catches," says Steve Boda, associate director of statistics for the NCAA—Elmo Wright of Houston, for one, averaged 27.9 yards on 43 receptions in 1968. "We're going to say that Henry holds the single-season record for 55 or more catches," says Boda, even though he calculates that Ellard would hold the record for anywhere from 50 catches on up.

An NFL team is going to say that Ellard deserves to be drafted on the first round, his size (5′ 10½″, 175 pounds) notwithstanding. "Our scouts feel that except for that fellow at Stanford [Quarterback John Elway], Ellard might be the best football player on the West Coast," says Pete Brown, director of player personnel for the Cincinnati Bengals.

Like Renaldo Nehemiah, the hurdler-turned-49er, and Herschel Walker, Georgia's spectacular tailback-sprinter, Ellard has benefited from mixing football and track. Last season he placed seventh in the triple jump at the NCAAs, and in one dual meet last spring had a wind-aided 56′ 6½″—at the time the world's best effort of the year.

"The triple is probably the most complicated of the jumping events," says Bob Fraley, Fresno State's assistant track and field coach in charge of sprinters and jumpers. "You have to coordinate horizontal and vertical velocity with the rhythm of your body. We work especially hard with Henry on staying vertical." The application to football is obvious. "More than anything," says Ellard, "triple jumping has helped my balance." Sweeney, a former assistant coach for the NFL Raiders and Cardinals, has built balance into his pro-style, pass-oriented offense so that opposing defenses can't key exclusively on Ellard. Despite his remarkable yards-per-reception average, Ellard is not just a fly-pattern specialist; he frequently goes into heavy traffic over the middle and is called on for reverses—100 yards and a TD on eight carries this year. Moreover, Tedford is the tenth leading passer in the country, having completed 153 of 298 this season, and the Bulldogs have another deep threat in Flanker Stephone Paige, who has aver-

continued

aged 21.1 yards on 33 catches this season.

Even when he is not homing in on a Tedford pass, Ellard cuts quite a figure. He has an earring in his left ear and protects his Jeri-curl hairdo with a plastic bag when practicing (teammates call him the Man from Glad). He also has gained a somewhat undeserved reputation as a showboat. Montana State fans certainly pegged him that way in Fresno State's 45–14 defeat of the Bobcats two weeks ago when he began running parallel to the goal line—not over it—after beating the defenders. Actually, Ellard had a pact with his linemen that, circumstances permitting, he would lateral the ball to one of them for the score. Unfortunately, the "big Montana cats," as Ellard calls them, got to him faster than his teammates did, and he had to step into the end zone.

A hot dog? Ellard, a Fresno native who spent his first semester at the school living in a dorm, has stayed at home with his mother and stepfather ever since. "Too much wall-banging in the dorm," he says. Flamboyant? He drives a 10-year-old Ford. Take him to dinner and he'll order a club sandwich and hot chocolate. To be sure, a wider world looms ahead: pro football and more track competition, possibly even the 1984 Olympics. In the meantime, Ellard counsels juvenile delinquents as he works toward a degree in criminology.

"He's like a Pied Piper with kids," says Track Coach Red Estes. "He'll walk onto a playground and won't be able to move. Kids will be hanging all over him."

Defensive backs should be so lucky.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST California beat Stanford 25–20 with some novel last-play-of-the-game shenanigans that resembled a Keystone Kops caper. Mark Harmon had seemingly given the visiting Cardinal a 20–19 win when he booted a 35-yard field goal with four seconds left. On the ensuing kickoff, Harmon had to tee the ball up on his 25 because of a 15-yard unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty on the field goal. As Harmon kicked off, the Cardinal band inched onto the field.

Kevin (Moon Dog) Moen helded the squib kick at his 43, made it to the Stanford 48 and, in a tackler's grasp, lateraled to Richard Rodgers who lateraled to Dwight Garner at the 44. Upon advancing a few yards upfield, Garner was nailed by three tacklers, but while going down he lateraled back to Rodgers at the Stanford 48. Rodgers then lateraled to Mariet Ford at the Cardinal 46. Ford, trapped at the 25, flipped the ball over his shoulder, hoping some teammate might grab it. Sure enough, Moon Dog was on the scene. But where next? Stanford band members and fans were all over that end of the field. Unstoppable, Moen motored by the saxes, juked a tuba and somehow made it to the end zone, where as a fitting ending to one of the most bizarre plays of all time, he bowled over a trombone player. It had been a game of *forward* passes until that five-lateral Garbazz play. Garbazz is the Bears' name for a game they play at practice that's similar to the one they scored on. Stanford's John Elway completed 25 of 39 throws for 330 yards, and Gale Gilbert of Cal hit on 17 of 31 for 289 yards.

The improbable also occurred in Pullman, where Washington State knocked Washington out of the Rose Bowl 24–20. About halfway through the season, Cougar Assistant Coach Ken Woody had told Head Coach Jim Walden that Husky Field-goal Kicker Chuck Nelson would end his NCAA record string of three-pointers with a game-deciding miss against State. With 4:35 to go, Nelson, who had run his two-season streak to 30 with two earlier field goals, missed a 32-yarder. That left Washington State in front 21–20. The running of Tim Harris (124 yards) and James Matthews (110 yards), both of whom scored on short rushes, helped the Cougars build their lead. The Huskies were also hurt by the loss of two fumbles and by an interception.

Yet another big play helped UCLA hold off Southern Cal 20–19. Nose Guard Karl Morgan of the Bruins sacked Quarterback Scott Tinsley on the Trojans' try for a two-point conversion with no time left. Who goes to the Rose Bowl from the Pac-10? Arizona State, if it beats or ties Arizona this week. Otherwise, it will be UCLA. The happiest Pac-men, though, may have been on the Oregon teams, both of which won for the first time this season. Oregon upset Arizona 13–7, and Oregon State beat Montana 30–10.

After scouting Notre Dame during its loss to Penn State a week earlier, Air Force Coach Ken Hatfield predicted a Falcon victory. Naturally, he was laughed at. But Marty Louthan helped Hatfield get the last laugh by directing the Air Force's wishbone and rushing for 115 yards and two TDs as the Falcons won 30–17. It was the Irish's first loss to a service academy in 33 games since 1963.

Four turnovers and 10 penalties cost Utah a 17–12 loss to Brigham Young. The Utes led 24–11 in first downs and by 468 yards to 300 in total offense, but the Cougars still sewed up the WAC title. Runner-up New Mexico scored 27 points during a 7½-minute onslaught in the fourth period that wrapped up a 41–17 win over Hawaii.

SI TOP 20

1.	GEORGIA (10–0)	1 *
2.	SMU (10–0–1)	2
3.	PENN STATE (9–1)	3
4.	NEBRASKA (9–1)	4
5.	PITT (9–1)	7
6.	ARIZONA STATE (9–1)	6
7.	LSU (8–1–1)	11
8.	UCLA (9–1–1)	10
9.	ARKANSAS (8–1–1)	9
10.	WEST VIRGINIA (9–2)	14
11.	WASHINGTON (9–2)	5
12.	OKLAHOMA (8–2)	12
13.	CLEMSON (8–1–1)	15
14.	TEXAS (7–2)	18
15.	MARYLAND (8–3)	19
15.	SOUTHERN CAL (7–3)	16
17.	FLORIDA STATE (5–2)	8
18.	TULSA (10–1)	—
19.	BOSTON COLL. (8–2–1)	—
20.	NEW MEXICO (10–1)	—

* Last week

SOUTHWEST SMU's vaunted Pony Express was bushwhacked by Arkansas, which held Eric Dickerson to 81 yards rushing and Craig James to 72. Nevertheless, the Mustangs rode off with the Southwest Conference title and a spot in the Cotton Bowl against Pitt thanks to a 17–17 tie. Dickerson may have been slowed down, but he sure wasn't stopped. He scored on a six-yard burst and broke Earl Campbell's career conference running record by raising his total to 4,448.

Baylor, which had upset Arkansas the week before, gave Texas a scare. But Longhorn Defensive End Kiki DeAyala spoiled the Bears' comeback by dropping Tailback Alfred Anderson for no gain on a fourth-and-one at the Texas six with 46 seconds to go to preserve the Longhorns' 31–23 win. Texas got 202 yards rushing from Darryl C[illegible] 209 yards passing from Robert Brewer and [illegible]d 52-yard scoring receptions from Herkie Walls.

Missouri Valley champ Tulsa beat North Texas State 38–20. The Mean Green lost despite the efforts of Flanker Marvin Walker, who tied an NCAA record for all levels of play by making 22 catches for 164 yards.

MIDWEST Ohio State, which had already said goodby to its Rose Bowl dreams, dumped Pasadena-bound Michigan 24–14. The Buckeyes thus earned a chance to meet BYU in the Holiday Bowl. In a cold drizzle in Columbus, Ohio State forced six turnovers and broke away from a 14–14 tie in the fourth period.

A 24–18 victory at Michigan State put Iowa in the Peach Bowl against Tennessee. Following a 24–0 defeat of Minnesota that lifted Wisconsin's record to 6–5, Badger players were so ecstatic about their invitation to the Independence Bowl in Shreveport, La. that they danced around the field.

Wisconsin's bowl opponent will be Kansas State, which beat Colorado 33–10. The 6–4–1 Wildcats' first-ever bowl bid vindicated Coach Jim Dickey, who redshirted 16 players in '81 with an eye to making 1982 the school's second winning season in 28 years.

Oklahoma State clinched third place in the Big Eight by drubbing Iowa State 49–3. National rushing leader Ernest Anderson, who was nursing a broken rib, carried 43 times for the Cowboys and gained 160 yards.

SOUTH Gray and orange were the predominant colors in the second half as Louisiana State overpowered Florida State 55–21. The gray was a dense fog that rolled into Tiger Stadium from the nearby Mississippi River. The orange came in the form of thousands of oranges hurled onto the field during the wild goings-on in Baton Rouge. As the game ended, there was one final, humongous salvo of oranges, celebrating LSU's clinching an Orange Bowl berth.

This matchup involved a Florida State team that was second in total offense in Division I-A (485.7 yards a game) and an LSU squad that was second in total defense (213.4 yards a game). Although the Tigers gave up 425 yards, they got 620 of their own. Alan Risher passed for 212 yards and started the scoring with a 46-yard pass to Dalton Hilliard. Hilliard also scored on runs of two, one and 28 yards as part of his 36-carry, 183-yard night. With Tulane still on the regular-season schedule, Hilliard has 16 touchdowns, a I-A record for a freshman.

Seven SEC teams were chosen for bowls. In addition to LSU and Tennessee (Peach), Georgia (idle) will meet Penn State in the Sugar, Alabama (idle) will face Illinois in the Liberty, Florida (a 21–7 winner at Tulane) will take on Arkansas in the Bluebonnet, Auburn (idle) will face Boston College in the Tangerine and Vanderbilt (a 27–16 victor over Tennessee-Chattanooga) will go to the Hall of Fame game to meet Air Force.

A hula dancer greeted Maryland players in the locker room after a 45–14 blowout of Virginia that earned the Terps a spot in the first Aloha Bowl in Hawaii.

Despite being sacked four times and being helped off the field twice with bruised ribs, Ben Bennett led Duke to a 23–17 upset of North Carolina. His five-yard pass to Carl Franks early in the final period broke a 17–17 tie. For Bennett, a junior, that was his 38th career TD pass, an ACC record. Carolina's consolation: a Sun Bowl berth against Texas.

Clemson, last year's national champion, will not appear in a bowl. That decision was announced by Clemson President Bill Atchley early in the week and came as a prelude to NCAA and ACC penalties for recruiting violations that are expected to be announced this week. Clemson did retain in-state bragging rights by beating South Carolina 24–6.

Louisiana Tech (9–2) pulled off a 13–6 upset at Southern Mississippi. The Golden Eagles, who had stunned Alabama the week before, had their option game bottled up by the Bulldogs and by six turnovers.

Coach John Ayers Merritt notched his fifth unbeaten season in 20 years at Tennessee State as his Tigers (9–0–1) defeated North Carolina A&T 34–6.

EAST Pitt's offense was alternately lethal and lethargic during a 52–6 rout of Rutgers. After scoring on its first three possessions, the Panther attack sputtered for the next 22 minutes. Then, in the third quarter, Pitt blew the game apart by scoring on five consecutive possessions. Dan Marino did some of his best passing of the season, completing 22 of 30 attempts for 262 yards and three touchdowns. Pitt's defense was its consistent self, which is to say viselike, allowing a mere 76 yards in total offense.

West Virginia's first shutout since 1977—26–0 over Syracuse—led to a spot in the Gator Bowl against Florida State. The Mountaineers got four field goals from Paul Woodside, who has kicked a Division I-A-record 28 in 31 attempts this year.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Junior Quarterback Ben Bennett paced Duke to a 23–17 upset of North Carolina by hitting on 25 of 34 passes for 273 yards and a touchdown against the nationally top-ranked Tar Heel defense.

DEFENSE: Linebacker Marcus Marek, a 6′ 2″, 224-pound senior, helped Ohio State knock off Rose Bowl-bound Michigan 24–14 by taking part in 19 tackles and running back an interception 17 yards.

News flash: Game delayed by tangerines. After Boston College fans, exuberant over the tendering of the Tangerine Bowl bid, rained tangerines on the field during a 35–10 victory over Holy Cross, Eagle Coach Jack Bicknell held up the game and ordered his players to police the area. Cleanliness counted. After the game BC officially accepted its first bowl invite in 40 years.

Dartmouth, Harvard and Penn finished in a tie for the Ivy League title. The Big Green earned its share by beating Princeton 43–20, and the Crimson got into the act by clobbering Yale 45–7. Penn missed a chance for a solo reign by losing 23–0 at Cornell. Big Red Coach Bob Blackman thus ended his 34-year career with a 202–118–9 record. In the last of 323 games at 60-year-old Baker Field in Manhattan, Brown beat Columbia 35–21. END

LONG AGO, HE WON THE BIG ONE

The much-awaited NCAA title he got last season wasn't the most important victory of Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith's career

by **Frank Deford**

With 32 seconds left against Georgetown, Dean Smith, who couldn't win the big one, called time. Except at the end of a game, such as now, Smith will signal time-outs only in the most desperate straits. Professionally, he's flexible, even aggressively innovative, but there are certain tenets he clings to, and that's one of them. Now, Georgetown: The Hoyas had only one time-out remaining, but they were a point ahead, 62–61.

Smith gathered his players about him and, kneeling, told them to take the first good shot. Most everybody watching assumed that the ball would go to James Worthy or Sam Perkins, but Smith, thinking a move ahead, figured that Georgetown would operate on that same premise and try to deny the two stars the ball. So somebody else would be clear. Smith guessed that it would be Michael Jordan. The last thing the coach did as the huddle broke up was to take a step after the freshman and say to him, "Knock it in, Michael."

A few seconds later, sure enough, Jimmy Black swung the ball left, overhead to Jordan, just in front

continued

Smith could smile both before the 1982 championship game, when he greeted Thompson, and after it, Jordan having sunk the winner.

of the Carolina bench. Another instant, and it was apparent that Jordan had the first good shot.

Larry Miller was watching from the third-row seat he had obtained at the last minute. He hadn't even come down to New Orleans from Virginia Beach, where he runs a construction firm, until after Carolina had won its NCAA tournament semi. But now Miller had an excellent view of Jordan as he got set to shoot. Miller was always a savvy kid, and bold. When he arrived in Chapel Hill in 1964, he told Smith he didn't think he should have to go to church, as required by a team rule, because he wouldn't be going to church if he were home, so why do it in college? Smith thought it over and agreed, the first time he'd ever given in to a player like that.

Miller was "the key, the one player who turned it around for Dean," says Billy Cunningham, a former Smith player who now coaches the Philadelphia 76ers. In 1963-64, Miller's senior year in high school, he was, after Lew Alcindor, the most desired recruit in all the land, but he was headed for Duke, glamorous Duke, the dominant team in the ACC and the East. Once Miller changed his mind, Smith had another outstanding player to go with his first prize recruit, Bobby Lewis. Duke was thwarted, Carolina was ascendant, in the Final Four by Miller's junior year. The rest was a glide. Fact is, except for a few minor setbacks, there wasn't all that much drama (let alone trauma) for Smith and Carolina over the next 15 years, except, of course, for the one thing—that he couldn't win the big one.

On television, Mike O'Koren watched Jordan go up from 17 feet out, shooting over the weak side of the Georgetown zone. O'Koren now plays for the New Jersey Nets, but once before when he watched the crucial moment in a Carolina NCAA final, he had been considera-

Dean and Linnea, holding Kristen and Kelly, are joined by Sandy, Scott and Sharon, from Smith's previous marriage, and Sharon's husband, Tim.

bly closer, kneeling at the scorer's table, trying to get back in the game. He had had the hot hand that night. Eddie Fogler, one of Smith's assistants, suggested to his boss that he call time and get O'Koren right in, but Smith shook his head. Carolina had gone up a point, and Smith had put his team into the Four Corners. In any place where it matters, the above piece of business is known only as The Marquette Game. Carolina lost it by being outscored 22–14 in the last 12:45 of the contest. It's said that the two things in his life Smith doesn't care to get into are his divorce in 1973 and The Marquette Game in 1977.

On TV, O'Koren watched Jordan's shot fly. "But you know," O'Koren says, "the really more fascinating thing is to look at the picture of Jordan's shot. That tells it all." The picture shows the whole grandstand behind Jordan up on its feet. Down the way, the Georgetown bench stands, too, the coaches having wandered, in the tension, down the sideline. But the Carolina bench: It is so calm, even detached, that it appears otherworldly. Smith's top assistant, Bill Guthridge, holds his chin in his hands, idly; Fogler contemplatively touches his fingertips together; Smith's own hands are peacefully locked, palm to palm. There is no fear on his face. "Go look at it," O'Koren says. "It's like they're all just hanging out." There were 17 seconds left when Smith watched Jordan's shot drop through the net.

All along Smith has said that he wasn't monomaniacal about his failure to win the big one. The NCAA final, he asserted, was no different to him from "Duke at Duke," and it was the party line in Chapel Hill, N.C. to point out that it was far more difficult to go lose in the Final Four six times than to win it once. Statistics were trotted out to prove this. The coaches, though, never once so much as mentioned the subject to the players, even though the topic was otherwise so ubiquitous that Point Guard Black had felt obliged to call a team meeting in his room weeks before to discuss how they must gain victory for the coach, so that everyone would lay off Smith and stop saying that he couldn't win the big one. And now, at last: 63–62, :00.

Then there was a great deal of hugging. Smith hugged his players, and when some fool microphone person jammed the apparatus right in Smith's face, he roughly pushed it away. "Wait, wait!" he cried. "First, I've got to find my coaches." And he hugged them, one by one. And then he hugged John Thompson, the Georgetown coach and his friend.

Like a good assistant, Fogler noticed something extra in the films of that scene, too. Fogler saw that after Thompson and Smith hug, they break, and everybody figures, well, that's that. Thompson turns, and the photographers scurry off, but Smith lingers. His eyes follow Thompson, studying him. You can see it clear as day on the films, Fogler says. He has stopped the movie at that spot, frozen it, just as if it had revealed a good pick, and watched Smith's face. "He's been in Coach Thompson's position so many times, and he had to check to make sure he was O.K.," Fogler says.

Only then does Smith go back and rejoin the celebration, mere *Duke* at *Duke* again. Only: "His eyes gave him away," Worthy says. "There was a drop of a tear here and there." Still, who would ever know what Smith was crying for, whether it was in joy for the triumph finally gained or lament for the quest finally lost? Striving has its advantages, too, that's for sure. "Creativity rises out of the pit of life, rather than the high places," Smith had read 17 years before, in the days right after he had been strung up in effigy at North Carolina and was pondering whether he was right for coaching, or it for him.

Smith's '77 NCAA loss to Al McGuire is a sore subject.

On Aug. 5, 1961, Dean Smith, 30, was appointed to preside over what survived as basketball at the University of North Carolina. It was something of a shotgun marriage. There were only a couple of months left before practice opened, and the team was just coming off a one-year NCAA probation for recruiting violations. Meanwhile, the fear of gambling influences had prompted the university to cut back the 1961-62 schedule from 23 to 16 games, and to limit recruiting to two players a year from outside ACC territory. These restrictions were especially debilitating because the region had little high school basketball tradition, and besides, more than half of what good homegrown players there were came in a shade that still contrasted starkly with Carolina blue.

As for Smith, he was largely an unknown quantity. He had been assistant coach to Frank McGuire for three seasons, but he was an outlander from Kansas, content to stay in the background juggling X's and O's. As Marquette's Al McGuire was to say later of coaching

continued

Miller was "the player who turned it around"

staffs: "Only one of us can wear the brassiere." Dean Smith knew that that was not his attire. Carolina's McGuire, the man who had hired Smith, was the hero who had guided the Tar Heels to their first national title in 1957, a fellow with a D cup worth of charm. Now Frank had gone off to coach Philadelphia and Wilt Chamberlain in the NBA, and on this summer's day Smith was introduced to Carolina and the world.

"The successor to Frank McGuire, one of the most dynamic men in sports, is not overpowering in personality," one of the local papers noted, gagging on understatement. And another: ". . . McGuire in one corner, parrying questions with the dexterity of an accomplished fencer, supplying the correct anecdote at the proper time, dropping a joke when the atmosphere became too solemn. And Smith, with his back to the wall, answering everything with the only public relations weapons at his command—a smile and straightforwardness."

The boy coach was duck soup for impressionists, a regional Ed Sullivan, the staple of every press box comic's act. Even now that he's venerated and lionized, Smith is everywhere still *done*. The impersonator turns his voice into a numbing buzz saw, droning, a verbal ebb tide of forced humility and transparent obfuscation, all the while glancing at his watch, smoking or, with one hand, alternately circling and jabbing the air, index finger and pinky raised. Nobody ever said it was pretty.

Such a pale presence did Smith offer in those early years that a folk tale grew up, still repeated in some precincts, that William Aycock, the university's chancellor at the time, had purposely hired Smith because he wanted the program de-emphasized, and he figured that Smith, in hopelessly over his head, would hasten the ruin. Aycock, who's now a professor at the North Carolina law school, puts that canard to rest—"I ain't that big a fool," he says, laughing—but he readily acknowledges that Smith's very lack of stature worked in his favor. "Coach Smith was, primarily, a case of the right man at the right time," Aycock says. "He was quiet, but it was also apparent to me that he was smart, and there was something fundamentally strong about this guy."

Smith understood, however, that Aycock would be leaving the chancellor's office soon enough to return to teaching and that otherwise his support was virtually nonexistent. "Dean is the program now," Cunningham says, "but people forget. He really paid his dues. You know, he wasn't Dean Smith when he started. He wasn't anybody then."

Chapel Hill wasn't anything very special at that time, either. Now . . . oh, now it's very chic. The present chancellor, Christopher Fordham (who just happens to be one of Smith's closest friends), says that even *W*, a women's fashion review, has fallen for Carolina, listing it as an In in its regular compendium of great American Ins and Outs. Carolina is widely accepted as one of a handful of outstanding American state universities, its campus beautiful, its athletic teams triumphant—UNC, the stickers boast, UNIVERSITY OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONS. Now, God help us, even its sissy baby blue has come to be admired as manly handsome. Why, the whole place reeks of momentum itself. At least during those blessed intervals when the state's two antediluvian senators—Jesse Helms and John East—keep their mouths shut. North Carolina is generally admired in a way that no southern state has been since Thomas Jefferson dined alone. And there's no doubt that much of this esteem derives from the glamorous university and its basketball team and, thereby, from the little man with the beef nose and the pot belly and the grating voice who coaches it.

In 1961, though, neither Carolina nor its university were much to treasure. The shroud of segregation still covered the state, and the enmity of much of the rest of the U.S. was specifically directed against North Carolina because of the lunch-counter sit-ins that had originated in Greensboro the year before. Tobacco

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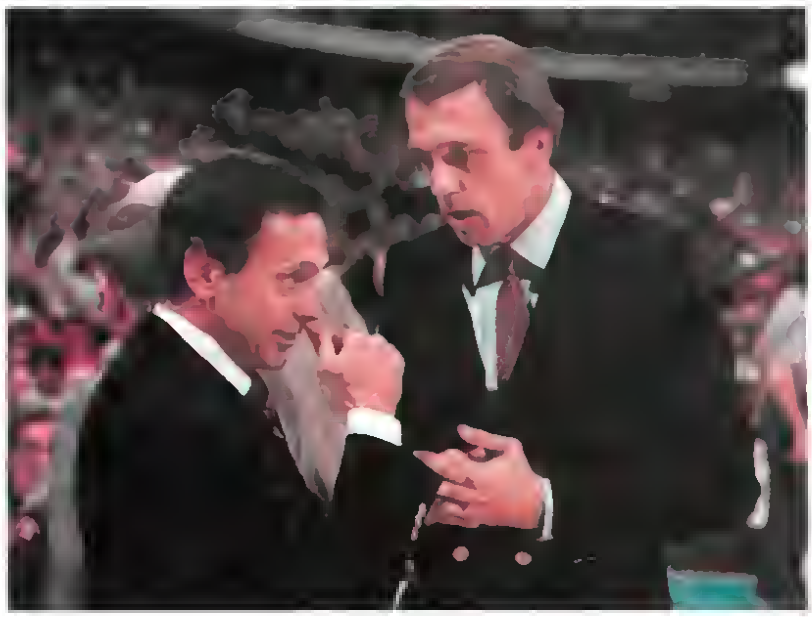
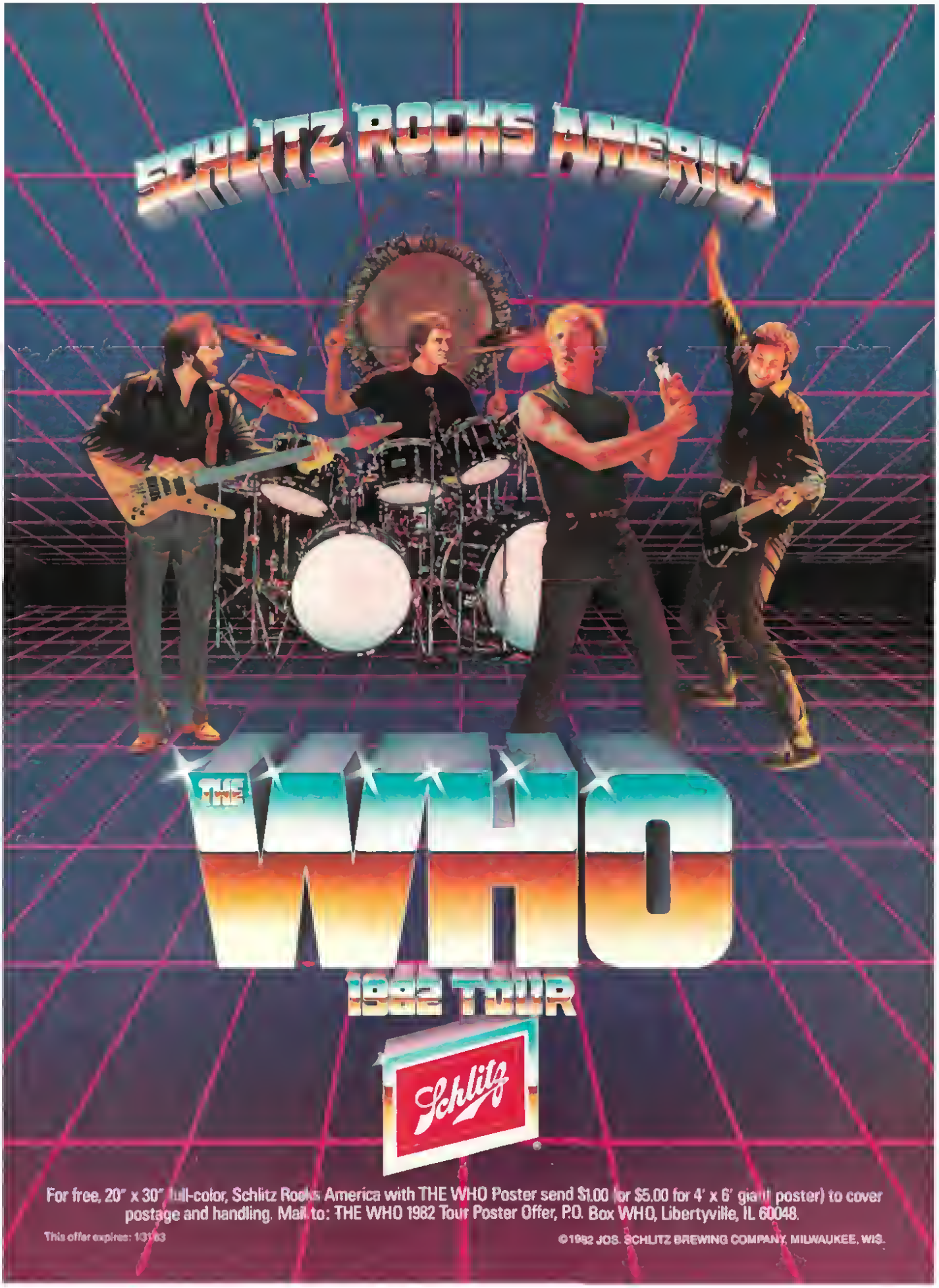


Teammates under Smith, Brown and Cunningham are now opposing coaches in the NBA.



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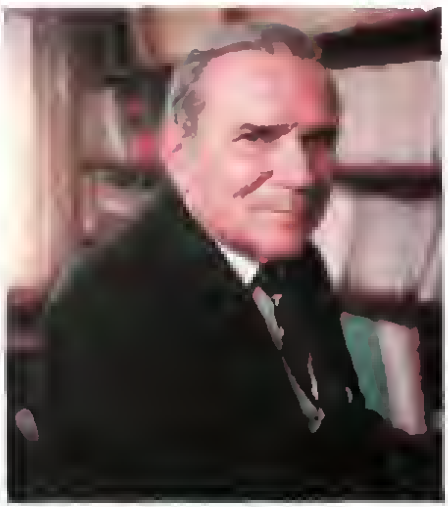
DEAN SMITH

continued

Rev. Seymour led Smith into the desegregation fight.



Aycock chose the little-known Smith to be the coach.

Chancellor Fordham is one of Smith's closest friends.

reigned; Tobacco Road. The university itself probably was a fine regional institution, but to say that some place was a good Southern school then had the same odor of faint praise as when one talks of "fine English cuisine." Sports was in ragged retreat at Chapel Hill. McGuire's 1957 championship was a memory fading before the harsh present of probation here and Duke divine. The woebegone football team had scuffled to a 3–7 record in 1960.

So, Smith installed a tightly controlled offense that was completely at variance with the popular wide-open style McGuire had won with; Carolina finished below .500 the first year (*see box, page 116*). Of Smith's recruits the next, none made an impression. The third season began with the freshmen whipping the varsity in a scrimmage watched by 5,000 fans. By the middle of Smith's fourth year, each defeat was supposed to be his *sayonara*. Larry Brown, the coach of the New Jersey Nets and the best player on Smith's first team, says, "I don't know how many men could have gone through those first few years."

Also, it was during this grim time that Smith began to understand that his marriage was broken and probably could never be put back together, and that was tearing him into even smaller and more jagged pieces.

Of course, almost nobody knew that. Smith is an insular being, and, almost pathologically, his existence is built upon giving. He seems to fear that if for one moment he were to relent from his outpouring of care and concern, those on the receiving end might seek to help him, to give back, to encroach, to *pry*. Blessed with a need for little sleep and with an extraordinary memory for names and minutiae alike, Smith takes the lead in any conversation he has with a player and never lets up.

In fact, virtually everything under discussion always concerns the younger man across the desk or at the other end of the phone line. That's the way Coach wants it; that's the way it must be. And the players respond by turning to him for advice in all aspects of their lives.

Each description of Smith the mentor is more cloying than the last. If Tar Heel basketball were a food, you would never let your children touch it for the sugar content. Nearly 100 of Smith's 121 lettermen paid their way back to Chapel Hill two summers ago to attend a tribute to him. By all accounts it was like OD-ing on Osmond Family reruns. The blood runs cyclamate. The highlight of the evening—numerous grown men *giggle* uncontrollably as they recount this—came when Doug Moe, the coach of the Denver Nuggets, the class clown, kissed Smith on the forehead and actually called him El Deano.

"I know nobody on the outside can believe all this stuff is that good," Cunningham says, "but I swear it is. I'd hate Dean Smith, too, if I were a guy who had to coach against him all the time."

Smith may, in fact, have made himself a coach, but what he is first is a born uncle. Accounts of his childhood indicate that he was never less than 62 years old. It's no wonder that his first years as a coach were the most difficult, because it is obvious he was never cut out to be a young man. "Whoever heard of anybody *named* Dean?" Frank McGuire railed in mock anger when he first met Smith. "Where I come from, you become a Dean. You're not named Dean." But Dean is the perfect name for Smith, and he can only get better as his chronological age catches up with the real old age he has always been.

"What about your youth?" an interviewer asked Smith shortly after he had gotten the head coaching job. "Do you see it as an advantage?"

"It could never be an advantage," Smith replied. "The more experience you have, the better job you can do."

Smith, the uncle-child, planned to grow up and teach math, his major at the University of Kansas. As an athlete, he was a basketball playmaker, a football quarterback and baseball catcher. "I've always wanted to call the signals," Smith intones. When he did become a head coach, he employed the word "family" as a euphemism for "team," and his program was constructed in that vein, inside out, rather than the way most coaches do it—by seeking to create aura first. Smith has often said that he could never coach a sport like football, which has too many athletes for a family setting. Above all, what distinguishes Smith as a coach is his singular ability to treat all his players as equal members of the family, regardless of their unequal status as components of the team.

Originally, though, it wasn't easy for him blithely to dispense family spirit. While his players sensed his avuncular

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DEAN SMITH

continued

attitude and his inherent fairness/honesty/loyalty, which they all cite as if it were a litany. Smith's natural aloofness guaranteed that what he sought to build could only grow over a long time.

"He was so different from Coach McGuire," Brown says. "Until you knew Coach Smith well, he could give you a very uncomfortable feeling. Why, he could give you a compliment and still make you wonder. Coach McGuire would get mad and call me a Jew bastard, and it rolled off my back. He called everybody something. But Coach Smith would just say, 'Larry, I think you could have fought over that screen,' and it would hurt me much more. It would go through me like a knife."

As a rookie head coach, Smith was too unyielding and overreacted to players' innocent indiscretions, and at the blackboard Smith was just as rigid, force-feeding his myriad defenses and the incontrovertible math of the shuffle offense. "There'd be some mumbling from the back," says Charlie Shaffer, who played on Smith's first three teams. "There'd be some laughing. There were times he had to stop and say, 'Hey, remember, I'm coaching this team.' "

Recruiting, however, was something else. That was not exactly Smith's long suit, and his distance and diffidence usually left him at a disadvantage against the hail-fellow raconteurs who plied blue-chip parlors with grace and aplomb and silver tongues.

Now, of course, it's a breeze. Smith comes advertised as an athletic demigod, and prospects genuflect when he deigns to enter their humble abodes. North Carolina doesn't recruit now; uncle taps. Back then it was altogether different. "Now, I know, the kids go for Dean Smith," says Bobby Lewis, who rejected Kentucky and other notable powers for Carolina in 1963. "Then, you went to Carolina for itself and what you thought you could find there." The lovely campus, matching coeds, the McGuire memories—embodied best by Cunningham, personable Billy C, the Brooklyn boy—and Ken Rosemond, Smith's down-home assistant, were all more responsible for attracting what early talent did play for Smith than Smith himself.

Rosemond remembers well his visits to Larry Miller's home on Wood Street in Catasauqua, Pa. Day after day he would spring for a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon and sit with Larry's father, guzzling it down, never letting on that he hated beer, talking about any number of things, especially, whenever he could fit it in casually, about why Larry might choose Carolina over Duke. For his part, Smith was so awkward then, so distant, that even after Lewis and Miller did come to Carolina, even as they were becoming the fabled L & M Boys, when Rosemond left to become head coach at Georgia, both Lewis and Miller independently "made overtures" to Rosemond to transfer with him. It was that close. Even in 1966-67, the season Carolina finally began to prevail, when it was on the way to the Final Four, a friend of Smith's remembers cringing one night as one of the team's top players banged on a motel wall and screamed "I hate you, I hate you" over and over at the top of his lungs. "He wanted Dean to hear. He wanted him to know."

Art Heyman, the Duke All-America in Smith's first two seasons, was amazed when, years later, he visited North Carolina and found out how revered Smith had become. "Dean Smith?" Heyman said. "Why, he was the biggest joke around."

The year after Miller enrolled, Smith picked up three very good local players—Rusty Clark, Joe Brown and Bill Bunting. At last, a decade later, Frank McGuire's Carolina legacy was complete. The state had begun to develop its own talent. Now, Smith gets his pick of the litter virtually every year. It's instructive that three other North Carolina colleges—Duke, North Carolina State and North Carolina at Charlotte—have made the Final Four in the last decade, but their coaches soon fled the state, unable to compete with Smith.

Moreover, beginning with the recruitment of Charlie Scott in 1966, Smith was in the Dixie vanguard of bringing in blacks. In the black community the word got around that in 1960, years before Smith could bring blacks to Chapel Hill and use them to his advantage, he had gone out of his way, as we shall see, to do something personally valorous, something dear to black people.

And so, as a consequence of all these factors, the Tar Heels are inexorable. They have made the Final Four seven times since '67. They have had 12 straight 20-win seasons, and 15 of 16. And, most impressive of all, over the last 16 years they have finished no worse than second in the ACC, the nation's most competitive conference. There are just never any off-years. Over this time the two men who have most resembled Smith in the steadiness of their accomplishments are Earl Weaver and Tom Landry, but they did it in the pros, supported by whole computerized organizations. Carolina is still uncle-powered.

Steve Previs, UNC '72, who many think is probably the most intelligent player Smith has ever had and, more important, does the best Dean Smith imitation, perhaps sums up his old coach most precisely: "He's a mathematician, and, in effect, he's simply written a program for winning basketball games." And then Previs smiles and adds, "Or, even better, Coach Smith is a Japanese car."

Smith was a reserve on Kansas' 1952 NCAA champs

Yet these are not exactly endearing qualities. Would you want your daughter to marry a Celica? At first, Smith's considerable basketball intellect was the only reservoir he had to draw on. True, the players accepted their young coach; it was impossible not to see how much he cared. But he was ill at ease, and certainly no laff riot; for light reading in those salad days Smith pored over theology, Kierkegaard and Buber, and otherwise carried the weight of the world on his shoul-

continued

ders, trying, as Brown says, "to be everything to everybody." Without the personality to sustain a holding operation, Smith needed something more substantial to prove he wasn't just another brilliant assistant who had been promoted to illustrate what we now call the Peter Principle.

In Smith's second year, Cunningham moved up to the varsity to play with Brown, but skinny as he was and barely 6' 4", Cunningham had to be used at center. A rout at Indiana showed the Tar Heels how thin their soup truly was. And more of the same was expected two days later when the team moved on to Kentucky. When the players entered the huge Kentucky arena, the Wildcats' freshman juggernaut was shell-lacking somebody something like 130–18 in the prelim, and the crowd was screaming for more blood. Shaffer remembers looking around on the way to the locker room and saying out loud, "What have we got ourselves into?" In the locker room, the tension was so great that Brown broke out in hives all over his body. Smith went over the plans. On defense the Tar Heels would play a box-and-one, with a senior by the euphonious name of Yogi Poteet shadowing Cotton Nash, the premier player in the land. Then, on offense, if Carolina got ahead, it would try something that had worked in practice, with Brown taking the ball in the middle of the court and the other four players spreading out. "And, look, don't worry about the crowd, and don't think about who you're playing," Smith said. "Pretend it's Tennessee, not Kentucky."

As soon as the teams hit the floor, Brown's hives went away. And Carolina stayed with Kentucky. Yogi Poteet would not let Nash get the ball. And early in the second half Carolina moved ahead. The first time Smith signaled Brown to give the special spread offense a chance, Brown faked his man out and got a layup. The second time, one of the other Kentucky players came over to help out, and Brown dished the ball off to Shaffer for another layup. As he ran down the court, Shaffer thought to himself: "Hey, you know, that thing works." It was just a thing then. It didn't have a name. Later it would be called The Four Corners. Old Adolph Rupp, as they used to say, didn't know whether to spit or wind his watch. By the end of the game Nash was so frustrated he just went over and stood to the side, where he and Yogi Poteet watched the other guys go four-on-four. Carolina won 68–66.

In the locker room, Shaffer came over and said, "Coach, that was the greatest game of basketball anybody ever coached." All of the players were saying that. "Now we know," Shaffer says. "We had proof that everything he said made sense."

But even with the Kentucky win, which sent Carolina off to a fine 15–6 season, Smith couldn't get the players. One of the prospects he recruited about this time remembers, with embarrassment, that a schoolmate had come into the high school locker room and asked him, "Who's the bum out there with a hole in his shoe?"

Smith was Frank McGuire's invisible right-hand man in 1959-61.

The player explained that it was the coach from North Carolina. "North Carolina?" the other kid said, incredulous. "What'd he do, walk all the way?"

More and more, Miller loomed as the prize. But he still leaned toward Duke. "You know, Larry, the saddest thing is," Rosemond told him one day, "that if you went from here down to Duke, then you'd be going all that way and you'd still be five minutes from heaven." Miller seemed to like that, Rosemond recalls. But more important, another idea was forming in Miller's mind: "Maybe I want to be the start of something." He wasn't quite sure anymore. He almost cried once when the Duke coaches came to visit him, and he couldn't bring himself to accept their offer of a scholarship and invite them to his high school graduation. Whoever won, Miller would have them there, for all the world to see, at his graduation.

Duke still had the inside track. And, this year, 1963-64, the Blue Devils made the NCAA finals while Carolina dropped to 12–12. Smith's patron, Aycock left the chancellor's office that summer, and the next year, his fourth as coach, Smith was even more vulnerable. The Tar Heels lost four straight and fell back to 6–6. As Y.A. Tittle once said, "You can be a bum-hum-hero but you can't be a hero-bum-hum." The team bus came back to Chapel Hill from a bad loss at Wake Forest, and when it arrived at old Woollen Gym, there, over the front door, was an effigy, hanging high, of Coach Dean Smith. Everyone on the bus saw it right away, and no one dared breathe a sound.

In 1977 Terry Holland, the coach at Virginia, made a most memorable remark about Smith. Holland said, "There's such a gap between the man and the image the man tries to project." Consider the source.

And, consider the source when Chancellor Fordham says, "Dean has great character. He's an exemplar. He's all he appears to be." But, as Fordham also says, "You never get Dean to talk about himself." That's a problem: Smith's pro-

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DEAN SMITH

continued

Rosemond, more than Smith, got the likes of Miller.

clivity for privacy, increasing all the time, causes more suspicious misunderstanding than relaxed revelation ever could. Likewise, his regularly professed humility, no matter how sincere, appears phony, as it would for most any man who works in a vainglorious profession. The public simply won't accept certain types—basketball coaches prominently included—auditioning for roles in The Beatitudes.

Perhaps more damaging, though, Smith has a convoluted way of concealing what passing flaws he does possess, thereby encouraging his detractors to discover hypocrisy where there may well be none. The easiest example: cigarettes.

It's a well-known fact that Smith goes through something like three packs a day, yet often, in public places, he will sneak off and smoke with his hand cupped over the cigarette, like some teen-ager out behind the shed. It requires very little cynicism for someone to think. Well, if he can't even own up to that little failing, what else is he hiding?

Then, too, Dean Smith—a Baptist deacon, son of Baptist parents who had him in church four hours every Sunday, grandson of a Baptist preacher—that Dean Smith drinks Scotch. Not even his snidest critics have ever whispered that Smith abuses alcohol, but his deviousness with the Demon Rum—he hides his glass when minors enter a room, and he still won't drink in front of his parents—only widens the alleged man-image gap.

Baptists, of course, are traditionally expected to be abstainers, perhaps especially in Carolina, where, as Frank McGuire suggests, "The only thing there's more of than Baptists is sparrows." But Smith is also widely known to abhor the Baptist-deep Moral Majority and to possess serious reservations about certain tenets of slick fundamentalist sports religiosity. Smith plays dumb in these matters, helping the gap to widen. "He's so concerned with what people may think," Brown says. "The reason he wears a tie all the time is because he worries: You never know who may come by."

Smith's friends acknowledge that his deep penchant for privacy derives largely from his divorce and his determination never to be vulnerable. Smith came from a family, from a whole culture, in which people didn't get divorced. Divorce was failure. Divorce was shame. By the best accounts, Smith all but drove himself to the brink of madness, wrestling with his conscience, his morality, as he realized that his marriage had collapsed. Compulsively he immersed himself in his basketball family. "I think coaching literally kept Dean's sanity during that period," Bill Guthridge says. "He could throw all his energies into that." Well, not quite all. Between the breakup of his first marriage and the start of his second, Smith was something of a lady's man, and much of the criticism of his being holier-than-thou, dates to that period.

Smith also suffers merely for being a success in his profession; college basketball is such a corrupt enterprise that victory carries with it the implicit assumption of guilt. The wise guys wink that not even Saint John Wooden could escape his program's being tainted. Furthermore, on the bench, Smith isn't Mrs. Caesar, and when he's less than completely decorous, his critics are quick to wag their fingers. So Smith's winning record and his sanctimonious air encourage—beg—closer scrutiny. In a way, he's reminiscent of what Churchill once said of John Foster Dulles: "He is the only case of a bull I know who carries his china closet with him."

Smith can be stubborn, too, and occasionally it verges on haughtiness. It is, for example, the prime sin in his decalogue for anyone to be late, and on one occasion when Smith was himself late for a call-in radio show, the coach went on for several minutes of air time about how he couldn't possibly be late: Must be the clocks were all wrong. Any criticism of The Four Corners is his special tar baby, Smith never conceding—never conceding squared—when talk turns to The Four Corners and The Marquette Game. Smith has regularly made pious statements about how "society measures success too much through winning and losing." But though The Four Corners is demonstrably a bore and bad for Smith's sport, he invariably defends it on narrow legal grounds, that it's a useful instrument he has no qualms about wielding because it helps his team win . . . and the devil take the hindmost.

So there are contradictions. But hypocrite? Consistency, thy name is El Deano. The coach rises to any challenge. His regular golf games are legendary for their unholy intensity and gamesmanship. His contentiously happy foursome regularly includes Fordham; Simon Terrell, a high school athletic administrator; and Earl Somers, a psychiatrist. (Smith's present wife, Linnea, is also a psychiatrist. For a man so guarded, Smith certainly sticks his head in the lion's mouth a lot, doesn't he?)

Ultimately, as with most any coach, the inner duel Smith fights is between his compassion and his competitiveness. But his own little private sin, if it be that, appears to be an odd form of hubris, which makes it possible for him to readily accept the greater limitations of man but hard for him to deal with the petty, trifling flaws of excess and omission. It's only the everyday china he breaks. But therein lies his problem of image, and that is unfortunate, too, because Dean Smith certainly is a stouthearted man, carrying with him a noble spirit and a warm dignity and, as his pastor says, "an enormous conscience."

One day in the summer of 1959, the Rev. Robert Seymour approached Smith. Then, as now, Seymour presided at the Binkley Baptist Church, which Smith has belonged to since he came to North Carolina. The Chapel Hill area was intellectually ahead of its region

continued

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then, but like the rest of the state it still lay adrift in the horse latitudes of segregation, and so some clergymen and other citizens were attempting to integrate the town's public facilities.

A young black theology student was visiting that summer, and Seymour asked Smith to join the two of them in trying to eat a meal at a segregated restaurant in town. Smith was crucial to the action, for this restaurant served many training meals to Carolina athletic teams. Smith was only an assistant, just 28 years old, largely unknown, but, as Seymour understood, "He was bread and butter for this one restaurant." And so the three men, two white and one black, entered and took a table. If the waitress and the shocked customers didn't know Smith, the manager did. He nodded at the waitress, and she handed out the menus, and the day was carried.

Smith was the ultimate assistant back then, loyally subordinating himself to McGuire. No one can remember Smith's ever asserting himself before. It's revealing what he chose to do the first time he acted independently in Chapel Hill.

The 1963-64 season, Smith's third, was a dismal disappointment, and as spring wore on, there were no eye-opening recruiting accomplishments. School let out, and in June Smith was using Woollen Gymnasium for his basketball camp. It was a sultry Sunday evening when the kids first congregated, and Smith was making his welcoming address when somebody told him he had a phone call. Smith, peeved, said he was obviously busy. The messenger persisted, saying it was Larry Miller from Catasauqua, P-A on the line. Smith went to his office and picked up the receiver, and Miller said he had thought it over and he'd like for Smith to come to his high school graduation.

Even now, in the basketball office at Chapel Hill, there are only two teams singled out for display. There is, of course, the 1981-82 club, the one that won the big one; the names of all the players are printed on a large, fancy stein. And the other is the 1966-67 team, the one starring Lewis and Miller, which was the first Smith team to make the Final Four. It's celebrated larger than the other squad: Up on the wall there's a huge, dark, hideous painting that features all the players' signatures.

How close Smith came to not being the coach of that team—and thereby missing all the success that followed—isn't certain. But it was close. Even after he got Miller, but before Miller reached the varsity, Smith was wrestling with himself about whether he should get out of big-time sports. And anyway, after the 1964-65 season, if things hadn't improved, he wouldn't have had any choice, no matter what he decided. The hue and cry to fire him was rising. Shaffer, in law school by then, recalls walking along with Smith after a defeat over in Raleigh and being appalled at the things people called Smith right to his face. Shaffer says, "I thought, 'My God, how can he stand this? This is a heckuva way to make a living.' " Cunningham, the senior, the captain, led the players in worrying that they were going to have blood on their hands, that they were going to get their coach fired. "You could see the strain on him," Cunningham says. "It was horrible."

THE DEAN'S LIST

YEAR	RECORD	TOURNAMENT FINISH
1962	8–9	ACC first-round loser
1963	15–6	ACC semifinal loser
1964	12–12	ACC semifinal loser
1965	15–9	ACC first-round loser
1966	16–11	ACC semifinal loser
1967	26–6*	NCAA fourth place
1968	28–4*	NCAA runner-up
1969	27–5*	NCAA fourth place
1970	18–9	NIT first-round loser
1971	26–6*	NIT champion
1972	26–5*	NCAA third place
1973	25–8	NIT third place
1974	22–6	NIT first-round loser
1975	23–8*	NCAA East Reg. third
1976	25–4*	NCAA first-round loser
1977	28–5*	NCAA runner-up
1978	23–8*	NCAA first-round loser
1979	23–6*	NCAA first-round loser
1980	21–8	NCAA first-round loser
1981	29–8*	NCAA runner-up
1982	32–2*	NCAA champion

*ACC regular-season and/or tournament champion

And then they came back from Wake that night, having been routed by 22, and there was the effigy. Lewis, only a sophomore, remembers that he was too appalled to move. He ducked his head. No one dared even to look at Smith. But there they were at the gym, and that was the end of the line. Across the road, in Winston Dorm, the students had thrown their windows wide open to the chilly January air so they could lean out and watch the fun.

Suddenly, Cunningham shot up from his seat. He only remembers thinking, "How could they do this to this man?" Before he knew it, he was tearing down the bus steps and running and grabbing the effigy, yanking it down and kicking it aside. Then the rest of the team filed off, giving the effigy a wide berth and stealing away into the night.

The main question now had gone past "Will Smith leave?" The only speculation was, who would replace him?

In these depths, Smith began reading a book by Catherine Marshall entitled *Beyond Our Selves*, which his sister, Joan Ewing, had given him. Joan is his only sibling, and they are particularly close. Smith focused on a chapter entitled "The Power Of Helplessness." He began to see how little control he, a man of control, really had. "Crisis brings us face to face with our inadequacy and our inadequacy in turn leads us to the inexhaustible sufficiency of God," he read. And: "No sinner is hopeless; no situation is irretrievable. No cause is past redeeming." And: "Helplessness is actually one of the greatest assets a human being can have . . . the crucible out of which victory could rise."

Yes, just so. Before the next game, a few days later, over at Durham, five minutes from heaven, Smith gave a fiery pep talk. He never does that. And Carolina beat Duke 65–62. *Duke at Duke.* There was a crowd waiting when the team got back to Woollen Gym, and they cheered for Smith to speak. "Billy," he said to the captain, "you step up there and greet 'em. My throat's still sore from the other night."

Two years later Dean Smith made the Final Four. The big ones had all been played by then. END

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Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

A YARN ABOUT A COWBOY WHOSE BEST FRIEND WAS HIS M.L. LEDDY SUPREME

Some of y'all may recall when I told you in these pages about the days when me and four other worthless cowboys were getting it down the road from one rodeo to another (SI, April 2, 1979). If you do, you'll remember that we had what we called the double-barreled pickup, which we had bought on time from one of our daddies and had subsequently converted to what was maybe the first of the two-seated pickups you see on the road today. I believe they call 'em crew-cab pickups, and it seems like they're pretty popular, but when we put ours together back in the early '50s, we had no thought of taking out a patent, else we might be wealthy men today. But that right there is a fair indication of how our luck was running, not only in contesting the bucking events in the rodeo but in just about all else.

As I said, our intention was other than commercial when we cut the cab of Player's daddy's 1948 Ford pickup in half and moved it back three feet and welded in a piece of sheet metal. If we'd known then that the idea was going to catch on, we'd have painted that piece of sheet metal and done better for a rear seat than the leatherette and chrome bench we'd stole out of the Greyhound bus station in Amarillo, Texas. God knows we took enough hoorahing about the appearance of that pickup from the cowboys who'd be standing around the contestant's gate when we'd come skidding up, late as usual, for the next rodeo. But I'm not bitter about our loss, even though Detroit stole our idea. All we were trying to do at that time was alleviate the suffering of the two of us who usually rode in the truck bed. This had been a sore spot ever since we'd all five gone rodeoing together, and it generally ended up in dispute, especially when we had to make a long haul through rainy weather or when there was a cold wind blowing that those in the truck bed claimed aggravated the cuts and bruises they'd received from being bucked off some bull or bareback horse.

But this story isn't about the double-barreled pickup. I only mentioned that to put you in touch with the general class of our outfit. This story is about rodeo cowboy hats—in particular, the hat that was the pride and joy of J.B. Kingman.

The five of us had gone rodeoing in a partnership. We were going to pool our money to pay expenses and entry fees and then split all winnings equally. Another way of putting it, given the caliber of our ability at riding bucking stock, was that misery loves company.

There was me, who, at 18, was an adequate-to-useless contestant on bareback horses and saddle broncs, primarily because I was too tall and generally ended up spurring myself in the heels instead of spurring the horses in the shoulder. I could've been a good bull rider because of my size and the strength in my right arm, but I was what was generally referred to as a 50-50 man. I had 50 percent of my mind on riding the bull and 50 percent on getting to the fence ahead of him. That isn't a combination that often goes to the pay window.

Then there was Player, whose daddy had sold us the pickup. To digress a moment from rodeo talk, in which praise is the kiss of death, Player was the best man I've ever known. He wasn't much in appearance, just a scrawny boy from East Texas with sandy hair and a crooked grin. He wasn't very much as a rodeo contestant, either; he wasn't my equal on the bulls and couldn't ride bucking horses better than me or any of the rest of the partnership. But he was our leader and I'll never know why. I've searched the souls of men ever since and never found one that could match Player's.

But, Lord, was he a joker! He once mayonnaised the sheets of my motel room bed just as I was about to tumble into it with a lady that I'd just fallen in love with and wanted to marry. But that's another story for another time.

Nor am I going to tell about the time when I'd broken my neck at the rodeo in Albuquerque and was lying in the hospital and he come in the room and give the nurse a raw calf's liver and told her it had fallen out of my body in the ambulance and ought to be replaced.

I will tell you that he got me out of that hospital by wearing one of those green doctor's smocks and without my having to pay the deductible that was due off the insurance we got from the Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Player wasn't his real name. He got it as a nickname because he was so good in the card games that were constantly going on in the rodeo clown's trailer. At 20 he already knew a good deal more about cards than the rest of us would ever learn.

We called Jack and Billy Jack the Twins because they were both from Louisiana. When me and Player had got up the partnership, we'd needed two other sources of $10 a month, and Jack and Billy Jack had been afoot and willing to put in that amount. We owed Player's daddy $50 a month for the pickup, and we figured that the best way to pay him was to have five partners at 10 bucks a head.

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But, to tell you the truth, Jack and Billy Jack weren't all that bad. As a matter of fact, Billy Jack later developed into a pretty fair saddle bronc rider. But at that time they were both kind of square built, both in the shoulders and in the head, and we treated them accordingly—especially by making them ride in the back most times.

But now to bring you to the man whom this story is about, J.B. Kingman. He was what you'd call an all-around good fellow and a wonderful chap. He was also the best rodeo contestant among us, and he never let us forget it. He'd been without transportation just like the rest of us until we'd put together the deal to buy Player's daddy's pickup, but he'd somehow forgotten that. After we'd got on the road and he'd been winning a little more than the rest of us, he'd sit up in the middle of the three of us in the front seat of the pickup and say, darkly, "I name no names, but since I'm carrying this outfit and some of us have not been winning as much as others, I ought to be riding on the outside."

I always took that personal since I had the seat by the window.

I'll give you an idea of J.B.'s loyalty to the group. As poor as we were, we'd always send in one guy to rent a motel room as a single, and then the rest of us would slip in on the sly and bunk down the best we could. J.B. once went down to the front office and complained that there weren't enough towels. Naturally we all got thrown out, but he never admitted it was his fault.

On another occasion me and Player were trying to borrow gas money from a rodeo producer. At the exact second that we were into making deep and serious assurances about our reliability, J.B. walked up and folded his arms and said, "Huh! Well just be damn sure you get enough to cover that four dollars I loaned you three days ago." Ah, yes, he was a wonderful human being.

But he did have a hell of a hat.

Now a good-looking hat, a quality hat, is a rodeo cowboy's main show-off. RCA (Rodeo Cowboys Association—now called the Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association) rules required that all cowboys in the arena be attired in a representative Western hat. We pretty much all wore the same jeans and the same shirt. And we all wore fairly cheap boots because they were going to be cut and scarred by our spurs and by the way we treated them.

But a hat was different. When we weren't getting ready to go out on a bronc or a bull, we'd all stand in the arena with our backs up to the bucking chutes and our arms folded, staring up into the crowd for any good-looking girls that might catch our eye. We figured that a good-looking, high-quality hat was the best possible advertisement for what was underneath. So you could depend on the fact that a cowboy was more careful of his good hat than he was of his mother's picture in his billfold.

And in the first (and last) year of our partnership, J.B. bought himself an M.L. Leddy Supreme. It caused a little bit of a sensation on our circuit. Now, of course, rodeo cowboys like Casey Tibbs and Jim Shoulders could afford hats like that and never turn a hair. But for brush hands like us, cowboys who found out what rodeos the good contestants were going to and then went the other way, that hat was a sharp stick in the middle of a sore eye.

We warned J.B. about it, that he was building up a lot of antagonism, but he never paid no mind; he just went on flaunting that hat. Now at that time we were eating Vienna sausage and crackers out of little roadside grocery stores and sleeping in $5-a-night motels. I wanted a Leddy Supreme, as did every other man in our outfit. In that day a Leddy Supreme, made by M.L. Leddy of Fort Worth, cost $90, and I could never get within $40 of owning one. Since that time, since I've gotten too old and belly-huckled to stand with my arms folded and look up into the grandstands and wonder which Shiny Bright would like to take me home, a friend has given me one. It set him back $350, but still my wife wonders why I treat it with such reverence. Well, she never knew what that hat could get you.

So there we were, with that wonderful human being, mostly riding between me and Player—Player driving, me on the outside, and him with his hat on his head in the middle.

It was a beautiful hat. Some hat companies rate a hat by the amount of beaver in it, triple X or four X or even eight X. A Leddy Supreme was all beaver, 10 X, and the maker didn't have to put a symbol on it to prove it. J.B.'s was a high-crowned, pearl-gray beauty with a 4½-inch brim

continued

Earning a buck is hard. Enjoying it shouldn't be.

Whether giving or sharing, Kessler should be there...as part of the Holidays. Because Kessler's a smooth, easy whiskey–as smooth as silk. For Holiday giving, Kessler's a smooth, easy whiskey on the pocketbook. That's easy to take, too.

He used to sit there in the pickup, being careful that it wouldn't touch the roof where the sheet metal was.

We used to eat in a lot of cheap cafés in small cattle towns. They were the kind of places where you'd walk in the door and find a little hat rack right there where you could hang your hat before you went on back to sit down at a booth or table. I guess it was one of those kind of places

that gave Player the idea about J.B.'s hat.

The rodeo circuit ended up at Dallas, where they also had the Texas State Fair in conjunction with the rodeo. One day me and Player were kind of wandering around the fairgrounds when we come upon one of them booths that stitch your name or your girl friend's name or whoever's name you want on hats the booth provided. A whole bunch of hats were hung up like strings of fish from the poles around the booth. They was nothing but cheap junk, and I could see that and was about to walk on past when Player said, "Now, look here. Just wait a minute."

He was staring hard at one of them poles of hats. I couldn't see what he meant. All I saw was a bunch of cheap beaver-board imitations, the kind that would wilt if you got them out in a light fog.

But Player said, pointing, "Look at that! Don't that look like J.B.'s hat?" Then I saw what he was seeing. It was at the top of one pole. True, it was pearl gray and it had a high crown and a 4½-inch brim, but I knew it was just made out of cardboard. I said, "So what?"

But Player was already pushing through the crowd of teen-agers around the booth and taking the hat down and asking the lady how much it cost.

She told him $2 and he bought it. We walked away, him carrying that hat and me asking what the hell he wanted with it. But he had that crooked, cynical grin on his face, and he just said, "Never you mind. I'll show you later."

Well, it wasn't until we got to Weatherford, Texas that I found out what he intended. We got out of the pickup there and went into a café to eat supper. We'd just made one of our standard drives of about 300 miles, and we were all tired and should've been just a little cranky. We all stopped near the door and hung up our hats just like we always did. Then we went on back and found a table. That's when I should have seen something coming, for just as J.B. was about to take a seat that would have had him facing the door, Player got him by the arm and steered him around to a chair on the other side of the table. J.B. said, "Now what the hell is this?"

Player said, kind of whispering in his ear, "Listen, there's a good-looking girl sitting in the back, and I figured you'd want to sit like this so you could see her."

J.B. give him a suspicious look and said, "Now when did you ever take any interest in my pleasure or comfort?"

Player sat down by him, leaned over and said earnestly, "Well, I don't think we've been treating you fair, J.B. You've been winning the biggest part of the money we've won lately and we ought to show you more appreciation." Then he clapped J.B. on the shoulder like he was the most sincere man around.

J.B. looked at him a long time, but Player never changed his expression; he just kept sitting there looking grateful.

Finally J.B. said, "Well, if you mean it, it's been a long time in coming. I'll just tell you that—it's been a long time in coming."

And Player said, "Hell, I know that. And so do the rest of us. And to show you how appreciative we are, I think you ought to have a double order of chicken-fried steak."

This set up a squawk from Jack and Billy Jack, but Player waved his hand at them and said, "No, now look at it. J.B.'s been winnin' the money that's allowin' us to eat tonight. Hell, we got to keep him strong and healthy!" Then he clapped J.B. on the shoulder again.

After that, J.B. turned nearly impossible. He kept wanting us to pass the salt and pass the pepper and pass the butter and pass the bread. Hell, he even sent me to get the waitress to bring him some more coffee. I looked at Player, but he merely had the satisfied expression on his face that he got when things were going just as he wanted them.

Then about halfway through the meal Player suddenly remembered he'd forgot something in the pickup. I was the only one who saw him take J.B.'s hat off the rack before he went out the door.

He was gone about five minutes, and when he come back in, he hung a hat on the rack that looked a lot like J.B.'s, but that I knew for certain wasn't.

We sat around for a good while, like we always done, stretching out our meal with crackers and ketchup. Finally, when the waitress refused to bring us any more crackers, we got up and paid and then went on over to the hat rack and got our hats and started to leave. Except J.B. just kept standing there with his hat in his hand and a funny look on his face. Player stopped and turned back to him and asked, in this real serious voice, if something was the matter.

"Hell, yes," J.B. said. "This ain't my hat!"

Player looked at it, even reached out his finger and touched it. He said, "Why sure it's your hat, J.B. Looks just like it."

"But it ain't!" J.B. said in this kind of anguished voice. "It ain't got no silk lining on the inside, and it ain't got that little tag that says it's a Leddy Supreme. Hell, it's just a damn old junk hat!"

Player put his arm around him again. "Why, it looks just like your hat, J.B."

continued

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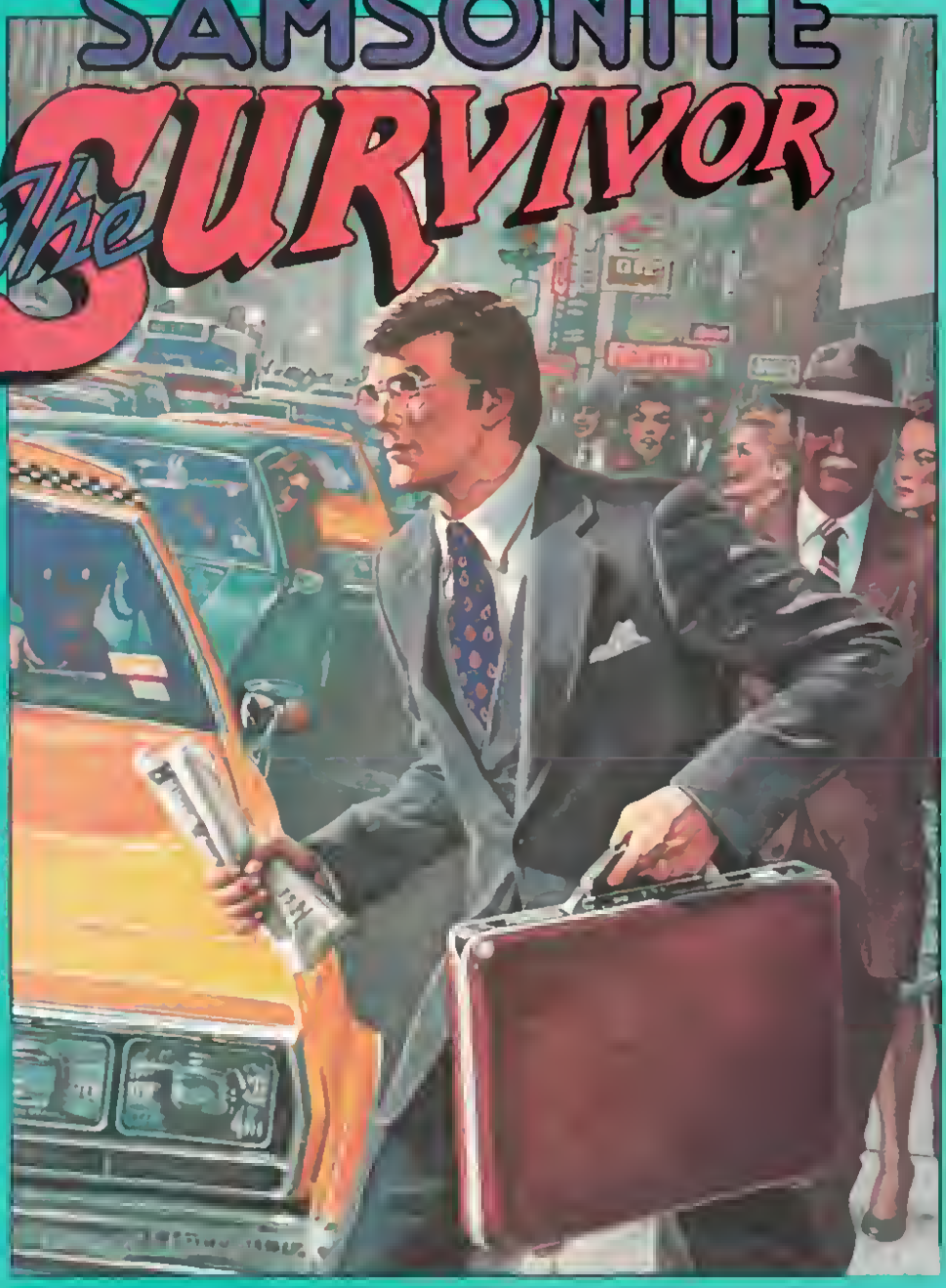
SAMSONITE

The SURVIVOR



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He turned to me. "Ain't that J.B.'s hat?"

"I—I guess," I said.

"Don't it look like it?"

"Yeah," I said. "Sure does."

But J.B. said, in a voice that kind of went up and up and up and then took off from there, "But this ain't *my hat!* This is just some old junk hat."

After that J.B. went kind of crazy. He went around that café, grabbing customers and waitresses and demanding to know who had his hat. We tried to restrain him but he was like a bull on the loose, and somebody finally called the law and a deputy sheriff come in and told us in meaningful tones to quit the premises or we wouldn't have to pay for beds that night. He said, "Now I don't know what you rodeo bums are up to, but I know ain't none of you got a hat anybody would want to steal. And if you don't get out of here and quit bothering these good folks, I'm going to put you where you won't need a hat to keep the sun out of your eyes."

We got a motel room later that night, but Player had to sit up with J.B. I was in my sleeping bag over in the corner, and I could see them in dim outline sitting by the window and hear Player saying, "J.B., it's all in your mind. This is your hat."

"But it ain't!" J.B. said, and it almost sounded like he had tears in his eyes.

And Player saying, "Now, J.B., you know you been taking some hell of a lot of crashes lately on them bulls. You know they say that can mess up your eyes."

I'd asked Player on the sly if he'd been careful with J.B.'s real hat. He'd said, "Don't worry. I got it in a cellophane bag under the driver's seat of the pickup."

Things got sort of strange after that first night, because J.B. took to wearing that hat just like it was his real one. But he'd changed. It appeared that the poor quality of the hat was giving J.B. a poor opinion of himself. Nobody ever, in my hearing, actually said anything bad about his hat, but you could see cowboys giving him kind of funny looks. It appeared like it was working on his mind. He didn't stand in front of the chutes anymore with his arms folded, looking up in the stands for a Shiny Bright. And he didn't even seem to take as much personal care of himself.

But what was worse was that his contesting had gone into a dead tailspin. He was bucking off of horses and bulls that he once might have rode, and he wasn't getting us those third places that had previously formed a substantial part of our income.

I told Player one night, after the joke had run on for about two weeks, that we had to put a stop to it, that we couldn't afford it, that if he didn't give J.B.'s hat back to him and get him back on track, we weren't going to be able to make the next payment on the pickup. Player just nodded.

But I knew what he was up to. Ever once in a while I'd hear him talking quietly to J.B. He'd say, "Now, J.B., I know

you're a man who is generally right. I know you was right that time you reported to the management of that little hotel in Wichita Falls that we didn't have enough towels." Or he'd say, "Now, J.B., I know that's your hat because you are not a man that makes a mistake."

Well, the next night, in Fort Smith, Ark., we went in a café and Player took pains to make sure that J.B. was seated with his back to the front door. Then, just as he'd done before, he made some excuse that he had to go out to the pickup. I saw him take that wreck of a hat off the rack by the front door and I saw him come back in a few minutes later and hang up J.B.'s real hat.

We left not too long after that and stopped at the rack to get our hats. J.B. took his down from where he knew he'd left it. But he just stood there, holding it in his hands and staring at it. I'd wondered what his reaction was going to be when he got his real hat back, but I hadn't counted on the way Player had been working on him.

After a long moment J.B. said, "This ain't my hat!"

Player said, "Sure it is. Look at it. Ain't it got that silk lining and that M.L. Leddy Supreme tag in it?"

"*This ain't my hat!*" J.B. said louder.

"Hell, yes, it's your hat."

Then J.B. said, in a loud voice, "This ain't my hat. Somebody stole my hat."

I was standing right beside him and I saw little drops of sweat suddenly come out on his forehead. Player tried to say something reassuring to J.B., but he suddenly yelled, in that high voice of his, "Some son of a bitch has stole my hat!"

There was a party of four men eating at a table pretty near the door. One of them was a pretty good-sized old boy with a bald head. J.B. suddenly launched himself at that man and began beating him over his bald head with that $90 M.L. Leddy Supreme, screaming, "You stole my hat!"

I rodeoed off and on for six years and I got my share of injuries. I had a broken neck and a broken leg and had both my collarbones broken twice and had several broken ribs and have bone chips in the elbow of my riding arm to this good day. And I'd seen a bunch of injuries that were comparable or worse. But I never saw a man as broken up as J.B. Kingman was over the recovery of his hat.

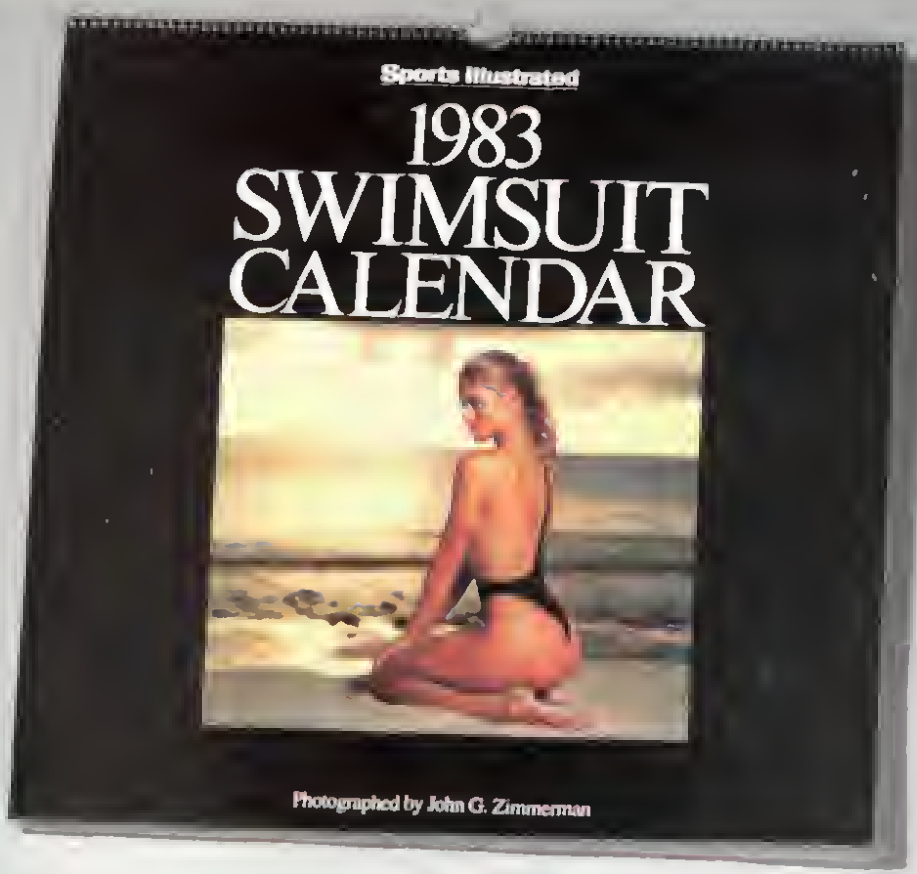
We were lucky that it happened at the end of the season, 'cause after we got J.B. out of jail, we didn't have enough money to go on rodeoing.

That was just as well. We were of too uneven a caliber to go on rodeoing as partners. Jack and Billy Jack went on and done pretty well on their own. Me and Player went on together in the partnership and then drifted off into other things. J.B. quit the rodeo that year. The last time I saw him he was driving a custom farming truck that would turn your corn, stalk and all, into silage for cattle feed. That Leddy Supreme of his had become a work hat and didn't look a hell of a lot better than the cardboard one that Player had bought him.

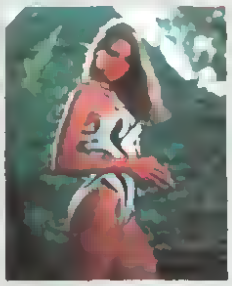
But he was still full of advice. Standing by his truck, he folded his arms and told me never to marry a pretty woman or buy a good hat. "Because," he said, "if you do, someone will steal them."

But that was a long time ago, when we were so young and strong that you could have thrown us against a wall and we'd have bounced right back.

And I didn't take J.B.'s advice. **END**



You waited all year for this



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 15-21

Compiled by ARMEN KLEYEJIAN

BASKETBALL—Chicago Guard Reggie Theus can't seem to get off the number 111 and because of that the revitalized run-and-gun Bulls shot up in the Central Division standings. For the second time this month he scored 111 points in a three-game stretch—all Chicago wins—and increased his season average to 30.0 points per game, good for third place in the scoring race behind leader Adrian Dantley of Utah. Theus opened with 29 points in a 125–120 win over Golden State and then hit a career-high 42 on 17-of-24 shooting in a 127–111 romp over Utah. His biggest points, however—all 40 of them—were made in a 131–128 victory over Central Division rival Detroit. The Bulls reached .500 with that win and trailed the Pistons and Bucks by just 1½ games. Philadelphia stayed atop the Atlantic with wins over Detroit and Milwaukee. After a 2–2 week, San Antonio led Kansas City in the Midwest Division by one-half game, with Dallas, which beat Los Angeles 118–117 on Mark Aguirre's three-point bank shot from the corner with one second left, two games back. In the Pacific Division Phoenix had its five-game win streak snapped 118–107 by Denver and still trailed front-running and once-beaten Seattle by 2 games.

BOWLING—STEVE *FEHR* closed with six straight strikes to defeat Steve Cook 240–196 and win a $110,000 PBA event in Glendale Heights, Ill.

BOXING—DWIGHT MUHAMMAD QAWI, the former Dwight Braxton, retained his WBC light-heavyweight crown with an 11th-round TKO of Eddie Davis in Atlantic City.

PRO FOOTBALL—As action resumed after the NFL players' strike, the kickers were clearly in midseason form. Cleveland clipped New England 10–7 on Matt Bahr's 24-yard field goal with no time left, and Cincinnati couldn't kick after beating Philadelphia 18–14, mainly because Jim Breech did. His three field goals were the difference against the Eagles. Chicago upset Detroit 20–17 on John Roveto's three-pointer with five seconds left, and a final-period field goal from 21 yards by Uwe von Schamann gave undefeated Miami a 9–7 win over Buffalo *(page 24)*. Pittsburgh became another American Conference unbeaten by humbling Houston 24–10. Ken Stabler's 13-of-18 passing performance for New Orleans killed off Kansas City 27–17. Washington and Green Bay emerged as the only unbeatens in the National Conference. The Skins struggled past the New York Giants 27–17 on two Joe *Theismann* TD passes, while the Pack's Lynn Dickey did in Minnesota 26–7 by completing 15 of 22 passes for 244 yards and a score *(page 30)*. Baltimore got blasted by the New York Jets 37–0 as the Jets' Freeman McNeil ran for 123 yards and a pair of TDs. Dallas withstood 13,439 no-shows and three Bill Capece field goals to beat Tampa Bay 14–9, and Atlanta sent Los Angeles reeling 34–17. Seattle shocked Denver 17–10 with Jim Zorn hitting Steve Largent from 34 yards out with 49 seconds left for the game-winner. San Francisco won its first game since Super Bowl XVI, smacking St. Louis 31–20. Joe Montana relived his playoff heroics, throwing for 408 yards and three TDs *(page 28)*.

HOCKEY—Minnesota's Neal Broten, who last year set an NHL record for most points (98) by a U.S.-born player, had to be wondering where the magic went after he scored only three goals in the North Stars' first 18 games. Then, last week Broten had four goals and two assists as Minnesota went 3–0 and grabbed a share of the Norris Division lead with Chicago. Broten scored two goals in an 8–3 defeat of Los Angeles and put in the game-winner in a 2–1 besting of Buffalo. He finished up with a goal and two assists in a 5–1 drilling of New Jersey, which has now gone 16 games without a win. In New York another red-hot center—Mike Rogers—led the Rangers to two trouncings of Toronto. Rogers scored in a 6–1 rout that extended Toronto's winless road streak to 20 games and then had a hat trick in the Rangers' 6–3 rematch victory. The Rangers ended the week by blasting the New York Islanders, still first in the Patrick Division despite a 5–6–2 record in their last 13 starts, 7–3. Adams Division leader Montreal enjoyed its third straight 3–0 week, which kept the Canadiens safely ahead of surging Boston and Buffalo. The Bruins went three for four, and Buffalo won two of three. Edmonton stayed atop the Smythe Division thanks largely to eight points from Wayne Gretzky, the NHL's runaway points leader with 53, 15 more than Marian Stastny of Quebec.

HORSE RACING—PRINCE SPELLBOUND ($6.40), Marco Castaneda up, and THE HAGUE ($48.40), Fernando Toro in the irons, won split divisions in the $800,000 Turf Cup at Hollywood Park. Prince Spellbound and The Hague, three-year-old colts, ran the 1¼-mile turf course in 2:14 and 2:13⅗ to beat Majesty's Prince and Caterman, respectively.

MOTOR SPORTS—In the final event of the NASCAR season, TIM RICHMOND won the Western 500, averaging 99.823 mph in a Buick over the 2.6-mile Riverside (Calif.) International Raceway oval. By virtue of his third-place finish, DARRELL WALTRIP wrapped up his second straight driving title, 4,489 points to 4,417 for Bobby Allison.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL Baltimore tied in the Eastern Division with Buffalo and New York when it defeated Los Angeles 6–3 Sunday night. In the West, division-leading Phoenix edged Cleveland 8–7. A former member of the Force, Ruben Astigarraga, led the Inferno with two goals and two assists.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED: By unanimous vote of an eight-man selection committee, the Outland Trophy as college football's outstanding lineman, to Nebraska Center DAVE RIMINGTON, the first two-time winner in the 37-year history of the award.

FIRED: As football coach at TCU, F.A. DRY, 53, following a 3–8 season. In six years, Dry had a 12–51–3 record with the Horned Frogs.

NAMED: As the National League's Most Valuable Player, Atlanta Brave Centerfielder DALE MURPHY, 26, *who batted .281, tied for the league lead* with 109 RBIs and hit 36 home runs.

TENTATIVELY SETTLED: The 57-day strike of the NFL Players Association (NFLPA) against the league, pending a simple majority ratification vote by the 1,500 NFLPA members *(page 19)*.

SIGNED: To a one-year contract to manage the Oakland A's, former major league Infielder STEVE BOROS, 46.

By Oakland, free-agent Relief Pitcher TOM BURGMEIER, 39, to a two-year contract for a reported $600,000. Burgmeier, the first 1982 free agent to sign, was 7–0 for Boston last season.

DIED: South Plantation High basketball player GEORGE WADE, 15, a 6′ 10″ center; of a ruptured aortic aneurysm, in Plantation, Fla. Wade collapsed during a layup drill and was dead upon arrival at a local hospital.

DUK KOO KIM, 23, four days after losing a WBA lightweight title fight against Ray Mancini; of a severe brain injury, in Las Vegas. Kim never regained consciousness following a 14th-round TKO by Mancini *and, after 2½ hours of surgery,* he was kept alive by a life-support system. He was declared legally dead Wednesday night at the request of his mother, Sun-Yeo Yang, after four Korean acupuncturists were unsuccessful in a last-ditch effort to save his life. Kim had a 17–2–1 record. He was the fourth boxer to die this year from ring-related injuries and the 351st since 1945.

Former Minneapolis-Los Angeles Lakers and Washington Senators-Texas Rangers owner ROBERT SHORT, 65, of cancer, in Minneapolis. Short bought the Lakers in 1957 for less than $100,000, moved them to L.A. and sold them to Jack Kent Cooke for $5.4 million in 1965. Best known for talking Ted Williams out of retirement in 1969 to manage the Senators, he moved the club to Texas in 1972.

CREDITS

6—Manny Millan. **24,25**—Manny Millan. **26,27**—Manny Millan (top, bottom center); Carl Stalak (2). **28**—Jerry Wachter. **29**—Tony Tomsic. **39**—Roy Hobson (bottom). **46**—Richard Mackson. **50**—Jerry Wachtel. **51**—Bill Luster. **52,55**—Manny Rubio. **56**—Doug Hoke. **58**—Steve Goldstein. **59**—Mickey Pfleger. **60**—Bill Smith. **62**—Jerry Wachter. **71**—Andy Hayt. **72**—Bill Smith. **73**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **76**—Steve Goldstein. **75**—Manny Rubio. **80**—Mickey Pfleger. **102,103**—Manny Millan; Heinz Kluetmeier (inset). **104**—Bill Eppridge. **106**—Rich Clarkson. **106**—Jerry Wachtel (top); James Drake. **108**—Bill Eppridge (3). **111**—Rich Clarkson. **112,114**—University of North Carolina Photo Lab. **127**—Max Hirshfeld; Mark Short.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JEROME DAUSMAN
ARLINGTON, VA.

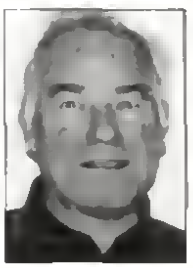
Dausman, 29, consultant to a public accounting firm, wheeled and dealed his way to first place in the sixth U.S. Monopoly Championships. He survived play against 50 state, four regional titlists and the 1981 champion to win the crown.

JAMAEL L. JAMES
CHICKASHA, OKLA.

Jamael, 13, an eighth-grader at Chickasha Junior High, amassed 5,372 yards and 31 touchdowns during the 16 games of the 1981 and '82 seasons. Averaging 335.6 yards in all-purpose rushing, he scored on 11 runs of 75 or more yards.

DION WOOLEY
SHAWNEE, KANS.

Dion, a senior at Shawnee Mission North High and a pool player for a little more than a year, went undefeated against four other regional champs in round-robin play to win the girls' division of a national high school 8-ball championship.



JOSEPH HEYES
BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Heyes, 66, swam 12,972 laps of a 25-meter pool—some 200 miles—over an eight-month period to become the first swimmer to complete a Swim Lake Ontario fitness program. Heyes has swum more than 1,700 miles in the last seven years.

DAVID ALDEN
BROOKLINE, MASS.

David, 18, a Northfield-Mount Hermon senior, ran his school's 2.55-mile cross-country course in 13:29 minutes to break Frank Shorter's 18-year-old course record of 13:40 in the Big Red's 22–36 triumph over Phillips Academy, Andover.

SHARON HENDRIX
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Hendrix, 35, has coached the Loves Park Harlem High girls' softball team to a 140–13 record since 1972, including 22–2 this year. Her Huskies have won 14 league, district and regional titles and were 25–0 and state champs in 1980.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUGAR RAY'S RETIREMENT

Sir:

Many thanks for that great cover shot of Sugar Ray Leonard (Nov. 15), which, unfortunately, will probably be his last. What a fitting tribute to the best welterweight boxer of this century.

ROBERTO SANTIAGO
Oberlin, Ohio

Sir:

A straightforward account of why the champ retired (*I Just Don't Want to Fight Anymore*, Nov. 15) is exactly what his fans wanted. After reading his story as told to Pat Putnam, I'm convinced Leonard did the right thing.

MICHAEL A. MADSEN
Niles, Ohio

Sir:

I never understood why Sugar Ray Leonard was voted SI's 1981 Sportsman of the Year—that is, I didn't understand until now. Thanks to Leonard and Pat Putnam for showing us the meaning of the word champion.

DUNCAN ARMSTRONG JR.
Bolingbrook, Ill.

Sir:

One can't help but admire Sugar Ray Leonard for deciding to retire from boxing despite the monetary temptations. But in determining his place in boxing history, one also can't forget that he never had rematches with his major challengers, such as Wilfred Benitez and Thomas Hearns, and never seemed all that anxious to fight Aaron Pryor, Alexis Arguello or Marvin Hagler. The great champions of the past beat up everybody in their divisions, gave the challengers a second chance and beat them again.

JAMES FRANCIS
Houston

JUNIOR TENNIS LESSONS (CONT.)

Sir:

I'm 10, and my dad suggested that I read the article on kids' tennis (*The Glitter Has Gone*, Nov. 8). This is what I think. Some kids have more desire than others. Desire comes from inside. You can't push kids. If you push us and we don't want it, we deteriorate because we lose our desire and will. Let us push, or not push, ourselves. If I say, "Push me to my limits," then push me. But the desire has to come from me. Let kids pace themselves.

If our parents get angry and put us down when we lose, we get scared of losing. If we lose, tell us what we did wrong, but don't forget to talk about what we did right. No kid purposely plays lousy. We're doing the best we can.

Maybe the parents once had a dream and it didn't happen, so they want their kid to fulfill it. But kids have dreams, too. Their own dreams. Maybe if the parents and coaches were happier and more satisfied with their own lives they wouldn't need their kids to win for them. Winning should be a high—not a necessity.

BRANDON MOGLEN
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sir:

My son, who plays at the national level, is one of the vast majority of the 90,000 or so junior tennis players who have found the sport a rewarding, character-building experience.

Your article was a discredit to the kids, families and people who make the junior tennis program what it is in America. Contrary to your article, the people who are involved with this program are the epitome of sportsmanship. The most damaging comments of all were the ones concerning the pressures of being a winner. If you think that striving to win has its pressure, take a look at the pressures of *mediocrity*.

Lori Kosten, good luck to you on your comeback—and don't quit!

IKE MCKELVAIN
Fairhope, Ala.

P.S. My kid hasn't read your article—his choice—because he knows it could affect his most precious gift, his mind.

STRONG CENTER

Sir:

As a Nebraska football fan, I enjoyed Terry Todd's excellent article on Dave Rimington (*A Man of Heft Who's Also Deft*, Nov. 8). Rimington's weight and vertical jump numbers reminded me of the power formula given in your Oct. 4 article on Herschel Walker, also by Todd. In his earlier piece Todd noted, "One way to determine the output of physical power. Multiply the subject's weight in kilograms by 2.21, and then multiply that product by the square root of the subject's vertical jump measured in meters. Walker's leap of 40½ inches [1.03 meters] at his body weight of 222 pounds [101 kilos] produced one of the highest power outputs ever recorded—226.5." Calculating this measure of power for Rimington's 290 pounds (131.8 kilos) and 29 5-inch vertical jump (.7493 of a meter), I obtained 252.2.

After a proper warmup, the reader can try a vertical jump and calculate his or her power value. I did, and it's a real eye-opener! I'm 150 pounds, and I jumped 18 inches. That gives me a power output of 101.9.

JIM KAUFFOLD
Belmont, Calif.

Sir:

In your article on Nebraska's Dave Rimington you dwelt on Rimington's poor play in this fall's Penn State game without mentioning probably the worst performance of his career—the 1982 Orange Bowl. Clemson's Bruise Brothers, William (The Refrigerator) Perry and William (Junior) Devane, got the best of Rimington and shut down the Nebraska rushing attack. So weary was Rimington that he was guilty of holding a couple of times and often headed for the oxygen tank between offensive series.

TERRY A. WILLIS, D.M.D.
Greenville, S.C.

BUMPING AND HOLDING

Sir:

Craig Neff's article *And This Too Has Come to Pass* (Nov. 8) contains two errors concerning the NCAA football playing rules. Neff stated, "Now defenders are permitted just one 'bump' before they become involved in a high speed chase." The 1982 rule permits the defender unlimited legal contact, including bumps and blocks.

The 1981 rule was liberalized to assist defenders by permitting legal contact after the ball is thrown if the receiver is not involved with a catchable forward pass.

Neff also stated, "Officials are reluctant to call holding because the use-of-hands rule is so vague." Rule 9–3–3–c defines holding as grasping, pulling, encircling, lifting, hooking, clamping or otherwise obstructing an opponent. This has been the definition of holding since 1947, and although officials may have problems detecting the violations, I am sure they know holding when they see it and are not handicapped by a vague rule.

DAVID M. NELSON
Secretary-Editor
NCAA Football Rules Committee
Newark, Del.

CHASING THE SUGAR LAND EXPRESS

Sir:

We in this area have had more than a casual interest in Ken Hall, who was the subject of a recent SI feature (*Whatever Happened to the Sugar Land Express?* Sept. 27). Steve Ampey of Gobles (Mich.) High just missed tying Hall's national high school record of having rushed for 100 yards or more in 21 consecutive games. At the end of the 1982 regular season, Ampey, a 5′ 7″, 165-pound senior, had 19 in a row. He then ran for 190 yards against Mendon High in the first round of the state championships, but the Tigers lost 30–22 in overtime, thus ending Ampey's high school career. However, he did end up in second place on the all-time list, ahead of such lu-

continued

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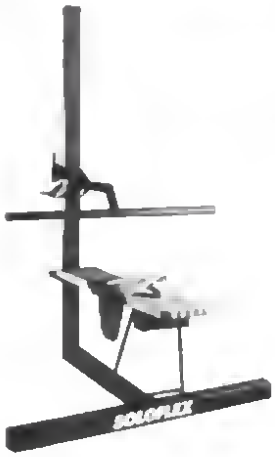

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TIME

19TH HOLE *continued*

minaries as Herschel Walker (15 in a row) and Eric Dickerson (13 straight).

I've had a minor role in assembling and publishing the national records for prep athletes; the major credit belongs to the staff of the National Federation of State High School Associations and to the tireless efforts of sportswriter Doug Huff of Wheeling, W. Va. Your readers might be interested to know that a compilation of these records, more than 200 pages covering 22 different sports, is in a book available from the National Federation (P.O. Box 20626, Kansas City, Mo. 64195; $4.95, including postage and handling).

DICK KISHPAUGH
Parchment, Mich.

PERFECTION DENIED

Sir:

What bothers me most about the Glenn Allison controversy (*Thrice Perfect, Once Scorned*, Nov. 15) is that the American Bowling Congress just won't *admit* that a modern miracle took place on July 1, 1982. What happened that day was never supposed to happen. How could it? But it did, and all those stuffed shirts at the ABC are acting like ignorant children. I bowl occasionally and have always fantasized about the day when some human would throw 36 times and watch 10 pins drop each time. Let the ABC deny Allison on paper, it won't change the facts. Here's to him.

MICHAEL J. KLEINWAKS
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir:

To brush aside such an effort that has so many other variables and not give Glenn Allison his place in bowling history is intolerable. If lane dressing is so important, why not have sanctionable record-breaking scores categorized according to lane-dressing data? Heck, Roger Maris' 61 home-run record is asterisked to show it was set in a 162-game season. Let's find a way to recognize Allison's achievement so that posterity may know.

BRUCE RUTHERFORD
Downers Grove, Ill.

NOMINATIONS

Sir:

If Jimmy Connors isn't Sportsman of the Year, then I don't know who is. Nobody ever expected him, at age 30, to win the big titles again, but he changed his serve and came back to win Wimbledon and the U.S. Open and regain the No. 1 ranking, which he hadn't held since 1978. Also, Connors is now a "good guy." He should be the runaway choice.

ANDREW KROUSE
Waukesha, Wis.

Sir:

Alberto Salazar. Never has a runner been as successful as Salazar in such a short period of time. In 1982 Salazar established himself as the premier marathoner in the world by winning the Boston Marathon, the New York City Marathon—for the third year in a row—

continued

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STEPHEN GRAHAM [redacted]

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Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married**: One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

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"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

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Ad Council

and other road races. Add to all that his world marathon record time of 2:08:13 set in '81, and there is no doubt that amazing Alberto is the Sportsman of the Year.

R.L. MOTZKIN
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

With Mary Decker Tabb shattering world and American records in track and field events ranging from 800 meters to the 10,000, and Martina Navratilova winning two major tennis titles and 64 of 65 matches, including 41 straight leading up to the U.S. Open, how can anyone else be close? The choice for Sportswoman of the Year has to be either Tabb or Navratilova—or both!

DAVID W. WEST
KEVIN S. DREWES
Jackson, Miss.

Sir:

Joe Montana, 1982 Super Bowl MVP.

MIKE DUFFY
Dayton

Sir:

Wayne Gretzky.

MARTIN E. MARONEY
Lee, Mass.

Sir:

The Mahre twins—Phil and Steve—deserve the honor for their outstanding accomplishments in international skiing. They have finally taken the U.S. to the top in world-class competition.

JUDY JOHNSON
Yankton, S. Dak.

Sir:

The sport: soccer. The man: Italy's Paolo Rossi.

BILL MOORE
Plano, Texas

Sir:

More often than not, the word superstar is incorrectly used. For one very special golfer it isn't. I nominate JoAnne Carner.

MIKE PETROSKY
Merion, Pa.

Sir:

I suggest Ralph Sampson, Herschel Walker and other gifted college athletes who have resisted the temptation of turning pro to complete their commitment to their colleges and teammates.

MICHAEL B. MEYERS, D.D.S.
Middletown, Md.

Sir:

I nominate the Rev. John La Schiavo, S.J., president of the University of San Francisco. A more dedicated and truer Sportsman cannot be found anywhere.

HARRY WHITESIDE
Roanoke, Va.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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